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LAST LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF
JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG, A.M.

Edinburgh : Printed by Thomas and Archibald Constable

FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

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LAST LEAVES

FROM THE JOURNAL OF

JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG, A.M.

RECTOR OF ILMINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

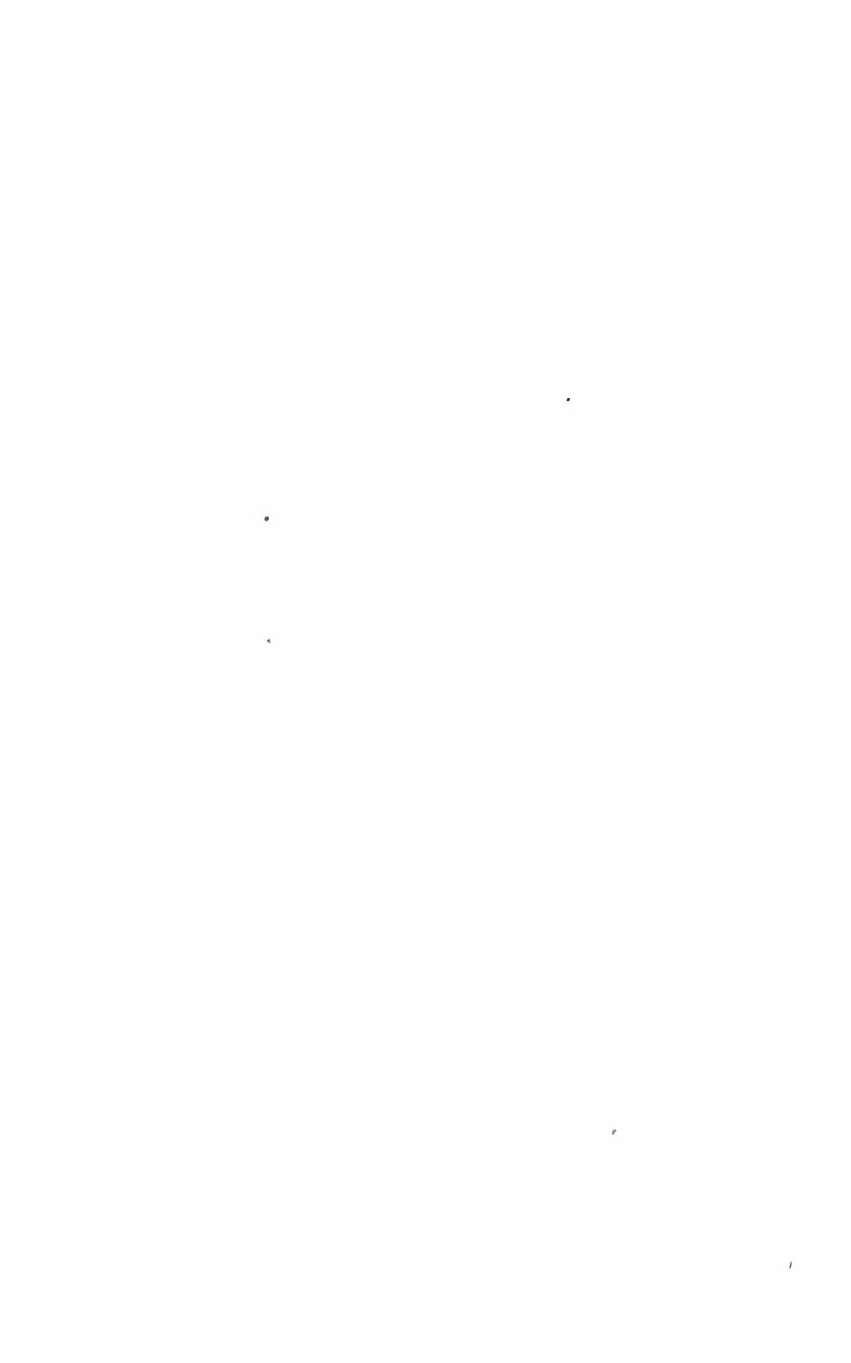
EDINBURGH:

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

1875.

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THESE LAST LEAVES
FROM
THE JOURNAL OF
JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG
ARE INSCRIBED TO THE
FRIENDS WHO LOVED HIM.



PREFACE.

I HAVE yielded somewhat reluctantly to the earnest request of the friends to whom this volume is dedicated, and have consented to the publication of these 'last leaves' of my husband's Journal. The closing months of his life were sweetened by his reminiscences of Scotland, the country, not indeed of his birth, but, of his 'heart's adoption.' After fifty years, he had revisited (in 1872) the scenes of his boyhood,—Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Abbotsford, Loch Lomond, and Loch Katrine, with their haunted shores, and had grasped once more in friendship the hands of the fellow-collegians and contemporaries of his early student days.

His papers were left in so unfinished a state, that I have had to lay aside much that would have made this book more generally acceptable, had he lived to complete it. He had intended that these fragmentary sketches should form a supplementary volume in continuation of his former book. He had always felt and acknowledged that the slight memoir of his father, Charles Mayne Young, was meagre and insufficient, and on looking over some note-books which came under his notice after the publication of the second edition of

the Journal, he found much interesting matter, especially many critical remarks on the French stage, which he thought, though of old date, would prove with what a discerning eye and fine taste his father had been gifted. These extracts, much curtailed, and weeded of all mere notices of acquaintances and engagements, have been placed in the opening of the present volume.

Even among the many who sought out Julian Young chiefly for his social charm and conversational powers, the greater part discerned the humility, charity, and large-heartedness which distinguished him; but it was to a chosen few alone that he opened up the hidden things of his heart. Transparent as he was, even to a fault, ardent and impulsive by inheritance from his Italian mother, there was ever a most modest and manly reserve on these deeper subjects. In the cottages of the poor, indeed, and by sick and dying beds, he was at home, and no ministry could be more searching and consoling, no prayers more earnest than his; but he was, perhaps, too humble in his own eyes, too conscious of his own infirmities, to obtrude himself as a teacher where he was not ministerially called on to comfort and to warn. Thus it came to pass that many who knew him only in society hardly could understand the deeply earnest Christianity of the man. Let the word be understood in its largest sense, for it was given him in fuller measure than to many, to hold the faith of Christ, his Master, in simplicity and truth, without admixture of prejudice or party.

To him it was of little moment whether he spoke with the Evangelical or High Churchman, the Roman

Catholic or Presbyterian minister ;—so that they were faithful men, he could unite with them in every good work, and acknowledge their brotherhood in Christ.

The deep well of human sympathy within him was ever ready to spring forth for every class, and age, and manner of passer-by who came to him for kindly pity, helpful counsel, or brave support. He possessed the rare gift of drawing out the dull and shy, of cheering the lonely ones of the earth, and for ‘making a sunshine’ in many a shady neglected place in another’s heart by exerting the spell of his own generous joy-diffusing nature.

Through forty years, chiefly spent in country parish work, until failing health obliged him to pass the winter months of each year in Torquay, Julian Young was the pastor, civiliser, and friend of the rural poor in his several parishes. He loved them with a brother’s heart ; he entered into their true natures, making the largest allowances for their infirmities and sins, grasping at every opportunity of touching their better feelings, and never so glad and thankful as when some rude or stolid rustic showed signs of relenting and softening, and some touch of nature drew him to his pastor ‘with the cords of a man.’ Not relying only on sermons and lectures, he sought his people out by their firesides and in the fields, and strove to elevate their minds and beautify their hard dull lives by the ‘Readings’ in the large schoolroom at Ilmington, which afterwards became so well known in Warwickshire and elsewhere.

A few of his Sermons have been added at the close of this volume by express desire. They give but a

dim idea of what his preaching was to his own flock. He was moved, as he spoke, beyond the written page, and his pleadings and exhortations were full of persuasiveness and fire; but his mind was not one of great logical power; it was difficult to him to confine his compositions within strict limits, and a discursive and parenthetical style marked both his written and spoken addresses. Perhaps these very imperfections made them more striking, being the unstudied and fervent utterances of a true soul. I must not dwell longer on the beauty of my husband's character,—it would be contrary to the spirit in which he lived and died, and would violate the sacredness of the home which he has left, evermore changed and saddened by the loss of his bright presence.

The friends who loved and valued him will understand how great an effort it has cost me to write even these poor lines. To their sympathy I commend the contents of this volume, relying on their reverence for his memory to forgive the imperfections which his own hand was not permitted to correct.

E. A. G. Y.

FAIRLIGHT, TORQUAY, *February 1875.*

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EXTRACTS FROM THE FOREIGN JOURNAL
OF
CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG.

July 15, 1816.—Left Dieppe with Mr. Wilder and Count Scepaux for Rouen. After dinner went to see Mademoiselle Mars in the character of Betti in ‘La jeunesse de Henri v.’ The part is entirely insignificant, and affords no opportunity for the display of great talent. Yet, notwithstanding that fact, I was delighted with Mdle. Mars. She is more truly feminine, delicate, yet poignant and stimulating, than any actress I have ever seen. Her features, though small, are beautiful, and charged with bright intelligence. Her eye is black and penetrating—her smile enchanting. I shall be impatient till I see her again. The actor who impersonated Henri v. was a very good one.

July 17.—Reached Paris at 5 P.M. Le Comte de Scepaux, who treated Wilder and myself with all the solicitude and authority of a papa, put us into a fiacre, and directed us to the Hôtel Prince Regent, where we both took apartments. After dinner, went to the Théâtre Français, to see Talma and Mdle. Georges in

Iphigénie en Tauride. Supped on dry bread and gélée de pommes, and then retired to rest.

July 18.—Breakfasted at Café de Foy. Delivered my letter of introduction from the Duc de Bourbon to the Duchesse d'Aumont. Most cordially received, and invited to go at twelve o'clock to-morrow to sit with her. Gave my letter of introduction from dear Lord Lynedoch to Sir Charles Stuart, our ambassador. Very kindly received, and invited to a party at his house, after the opera, to-morrow night. Made acquaintance with Houbigant Chardin, and spent a small fortune to please my effeminate nose. (I can't help it, I do delight in perfume.) Called on Vicomtesse de Gouton, and on Mme. Le Blanc ; and, after dinner, went to the Feydeau to see 'Joconde.' Came away entirely delighted with the performance, and entirely disgusted with some fellow-countrymen, who discredited old England, by looking at people rudely, talking rudely, sitting rudely, moving rudely, applauding rudely, and behaving so mannerlessly the whole evening that I was forced to shift my seat.

July 19.—Breakfasted at Tortoni's. Drove to Mons. Fould, who received me most amiably. Then sat with Mme. de Gouton, and afterwards with Lady Mary Fludyer. Dined at table-d'hôte ; and after dinner went to see the Duc de Chartres. Arranged with him for a meeting to-morrow at one o'clock. Went to the opera, and disliked the singing so thoroughly, that I, literally, could not sit still ; therefore, that I might not annoy others by my restlessness and intolerance, I adjourned to the lobbies, and walked up and down them, until the

ballet of Flore et Zephyre commenced, with which I was quite delighted. The great superiority in the effect produced here over our own Opera House, in the same ballet, arises from the magical precision and unity with which the groups move in concert. I never beheld so perfect an *ensemble*. As for the principal dancers, they were in no degree better than those we have had and have in London. After the opera, went to a smart assembly at Sir Charles Stuart's, and stumbled on many acquaintances that I did not know were in Paris. Lady Hardwicke, Lady Mary Fludyer, Duchesse d'Aumont, and Lady Stuart, were specially kind to me. Sir Charles Stuart told me that Talma had waited an hour and a half, purposely to see me, but being indisposed, had been obliged to return home.

Went to the Feydeau, and saw 'Les deux petits Savoyards,' an entertaining piece. The French certainly excel in the art of creating a strong interest in the most commonplace subjects, and consequently, their operettas, as a rule, are delightful.

August 17.—Woke quite ill and out of sorts, from the extraordinary influence of a dream. I could not shake off the effects of it all day.

[This is all that remains of his journal of his trip to Paris in 1816. When in his own country he never kept any record of his doings or engagements; and even what he did keep, when abroad, was very brief, irregular, and fragmentary. The next entry I have is dated May 12, 1821, and concludes at the last day of June;—he had evidently run over the water for a six weeks' holiday.]

Geneva.

Wednesday, June 20th.—Professor Maunoir called on me—promised to go to him at four o'clock—went, and was introduced to Mme. Maunoir, sister to Miss Campbell, Tommy's (Moore's) friend. She was very agreeable, and reminded me of Lady Farquhar ; not in manner, but in face. Drove to Maunoir's campagne, about half a league out of Geneva ; a pretty retreat enough ! We found his two sons—fine lads, and his only unmarried daughter, with friends, enjoying haymaking. Every one was gay, and playful, and amiable. While the young birds frisked and flew about, we old ones took a gentle stroll into the country, and on our return, were greeted with a concert 'al fresco,' from a bosquet, where the young people were congregated. On our approach they began to sing some pretty Swiss melodies, accompanying themselves on the guitar. The whole thing—unexpected as it was—was very pleasing. After tea, Maunoir was most agreeable, and told me much about his former neighbours,—M. Neckar, Mme. de Staël, and A. Schlegel. On one occasion he was dining with them, and was so enthralled by their conversation, that he could eat no dinner. After Mme. de Staël had left the dining-room, Mons. Neckar, who, of all her adorers, was the most fervent, said to Maunoir,—'Y-a-t-il au monde une femme qui puisse comparer avec ma fille ?' Maunoir replied, 'Non—bien sur ! Mais—cependant, je n'aimerais mi'trop d'être son époux, car je ne saurais jamais la payer de la même monnaie.' M. Neckar replied, 'Mais, mon cher, elle fait crédit de si bon cœur.'

Spent a very agreeable evening with the Maunoirs. Here are two anecdotes which he told me :—

1st. A magistrate of the canton of Berne, seeing Voltaire for the first time, keeps his seat, fixes his spectacles firmly on his nose, and says, ‘Ah ! ah ! c’est a donk fous Mons. du Voltaire qui se permettra de dire tant des mauvaisês choses du bon Dieu. Je ne vous conseille pas d’en dire de leurs excellences de Berne.’

2d. A Genevese, fishing in a tub close to the shore, finds himself unexpectedly driven some distance from the land by a sudden gust of wind, and fearing the frailty of his vessel, he says, ‘Seigneur Dieu, Père Eternel, ayez pitié de ton serviteur Jean Douron q’s’ trouve dans la plus grande infortune. Ce n’est pas c’lui là, derrière la Rhone, c’est lui là qui demeure rue du Temple, t’entend-tu ?’

Thursday, June 26th.—Arrived at Lausanne at 6.30 P.M. After I had engaged my rooms, I went to John Philip Kemble’s. He was out. His house and grounds are beautiful. Oh ! shall I ever forget the sun setting over the mountains of Savoy ?

Wednesday, June 27th.—John P. Kemble came and sat with me while I breakfasted. I walked on all the terraces with him. His house is named, and appropriately, ‘Beausite,’ for the situation and the views are enchanting beyond description.

[The remainder of the Journal is full of detailed descriptions of the natural scenery which he passed through in his tour, but records no incident of sufficient novelty to warrant introduction here. By the bye, I

must make one exception. On his return homewards, he sees Mdlle. Mars again, at Antwerp, in 'Le Mariage Secret,' and in 'Edouard en Ecosse,' and thus comments on her powers :—

'She was charming ; but she has neither the heart nor the genius of our own Jordan. She reminds me rather of Miss Farren, with more beauty. For refinement of taste, and fastidious polish, she beats every actress I ever saw ; and yet, contradictory as it may sound, she is not perfectly and entirely graceful either. No doubt her maintien is that of the drawing-room, and her movements never are redundant, but still, she never floats. She is not imaginative, and it is not in her to be rapturous, but she has marvellous quickness of apprehension, and a felicitous power of expressing truthfully whatever is in her mind. Her laugh, her irony, and all her strongest emotions, are so pungent, that they produce on my brain the effect of strong smelling-salts.']

Friday, May 18, 1821.—Dined with Lady Dacre. Our party consisted of Sir Edward and Lady Codrington, Mrs. and Adèle Blackshaw, Joanna Baillie, and Lady Farquhar. Mrs. F. Sullivan in her very best looks, and charming.

Monday, May 21.—Took a warm bath—'un bain complet,' which, properly translated, signifies 'a bath incomplete, or a bath sans brushes, sans soap, sans frottoir, sans everything.' The attendants were first cousins to uncivil ; 'scurvy dogs, 'pon honour ; like 'em no better, more as I see less as I like.' Called on Mrs. Woollery, Fabre, Wilder, and Miss Torkington ! Dined with Lord Essex ; met Denon, of Egyptian fame.

He unites with scientific attainments of a high order a fund of general information, infinite sweetness of temper, and most benevolent manners. We had another considerable traveller in the person of Banks, who speaks clearly, forcefully, and discriminatingly on art, and appears to have earnestness of purpose, and the requisite enthusiasm for his pursuit. Mons. Babet and Fazerley, who were of our party, accompanied Lord Essex and myself to the Théâtre Français, to see Mdlle. Mars in 'L'Ecole des Femmes.' There is an expression of captivating sweetness in her face, which reminds me of Mary Young, though she has far greater depth of sentiment, an eye of remarkable significance, and a most voluptuous smile. The part allotted to her admitted of no opportunity for the display of versatility. She was acted *upon* by others throughout the piece. Yet, nevertheless, she now and then produced great effects by very light and delicate touches. Her perception is quick and subtle, and her whole form and countenance respond, with electric vivacity, to every passing emotion of her mind. If she has not the sensitive faculty in large measure, at least she knows well how to counterfeit sensibility, and does it, too, with exquisite grace. Her mode of describing her youthful lover's introduction of himself to her notice, and the simplicity of her manner in receiving and replying to it, was full of delicacy and finesse. Her by-play, too, was admirable; her colouring neither overcharged nor yet deficient in brilliancy; her eye telling all she felt, whenever she chose to make it eloquent. The man who personated her tyrannical old lover played very cleverly, but he proved

no exception to the rule so common with all French actors—viz., the drawing no line of distinction between the exhibition of comic rage and tragic. They are, one and all, though in a good style, more or less *maniéré* in their action, and, in this instance, the play of face, and the angry gesticulation of the old man, would have done just as well for the fury of Orestes. I observed, moreover, in this man's acting, the too prevalent and redundant vice of describing his utterances by pantomime, as if the words themselves contained no meaning, and required interpretation. This tendency may be satisfactory to those who are afflicted with deafness, but is fatiguing to those who are not ; for it calls off attention from the matter of the play to the manner of the player. Armand reminds me of Fleury, who is, unquestionably, a good actor. Fleury's principal defect lies in his countenance, which, besides being excessively ugly in feature, is flaccid in the facial muscles, and imparts to his ordinary look an expression heavy, animal, and dull. All this, it must be said, vanishes when once he warms to his part ; but his admirer and imitator, Armand, has unaccountably contrived to impart the same expression to his face, which, though far less ugly than Fleury's, makes it look still older and less intellectual. Molière has thrown all the real play of the piece into the hands of the old man ; and, barring an admirable scene between the man-servant and the maid, everything tends to project the character of the tyrant prominently on the canvas, whereas Agnes appears but in one aspect. We hear more of her than we see. Horace *describes* interviews, which, I wish, Molière had allowed us to

witness, for in the hands of Mdlle. Mars they would have been charmingly rendered.

Tuesday, May 22, 1821.—Called on and sat with the Duc de Bourbon (the father of the Duc d'Enghien); gave him Lord William Gordon's message. Drove to Menus Plaisirs; called on La Ferté; sat with d'Este. I find that theatrical taste here, as in England, is on the decline. I am obliged to see Duchesnois and Mdlle. Mars the same night. This is unfortunate. Dined with Wilder; went with him afterwards to the Feydeau, saw Huet; afterwards sat with Lord Essex.

Wednesday, May 23.—Dined with Lord Essex, and accompanied him to his box to see 'Les Femmes Savantes' and 'Nanine.' In both pieces Mdlle. Mars was bewitching, particularly in 'Nanine.' I must say that she is more free than any other actor or actress of the *vice manière* of the French stage. Mons. Le Verd played inimitably.

Thursday, May 24.—Visited the Louvre in the morning; dined with Lord Essex, and went with him and Denon to the Porte St. Martin, to see 'Houang,' 'Puff,' and 'Riquet à la houe.'

Saturday, May 26.—Louis Heiberg, son of Thomasine Christine Buntzen, breakfasted with me. The sight of him brought back to me most vividly my Denmark days, alas! little more substantial to me now than a dream. Paid divers calls; dined at Grignon's, and went to the Théâtre Français; saw Mdlle. Mars in 'La Comtesse' and 'La Manie des Grandeurs,' and 'L'Amant Bourru.' It is difficult to conceive her finesse, impossible to surpass it. She is, alternately,

playful, sparkling, pungent, yet utterly devoid of strain or effort. She never misses a point; every part of her performance, though highly polished, is never monotonous. She is a wonderful perspective-ist—the Canaletto of dramatic art. Everything she does is, in its proportion, relatively accurate; nothing is overdone; less would be insufficient. I find I cannot reconcile myself to the mannerism of all the other actors and actresses. The constant recurrence of hurried, impetuous utterance, which, alike in style and delivery, appertains to all, is as distressing as it would be to me to see a free horse incessantly whipped when going at full gallop round the limited circle of a snuff-mill. The perpetual reiteration of the same trickery is wearisome beyond belief; and this obtains in every description of character,—gesture, intonation, manner, being the same in vivacious comedy as in pathetic tragedy. This is the natural, almost the inevitable, result of the young actors resorting to the older ones for instruction, instead of trusting to their own instincts. The habits of enunciation, and the codes of action, common to their predecessors, are thus perpetuated. This traditionary system is fatal to originality of conception, and can only be corrected by the teachers themselves encouraging their pupils to follow the spontaneous dictates of their own genius.

June 7.—Let me record the all-important fact that, in the morning, I sat, first, with Lady Aldborough, secondly, with Duchesse d'Aumont, and thirdly, with Mdle. Le Verd, who gave one fresh proof of her kindly desire to make my stay in this town agreeable. Nothing can be more engaging than her manner.

July 20.—Breakfasted in the gardens of the Tuileries. I am never tired of seeing the dear little children walking about with their bonnes. At one o'clock presented myself to the Duc de Chartres, who received 'the poor player' more than graciously, and introduced him to the special care of Mons. de la Ferté, Intendant des menus plaisirs du Roi. He took me, accordingly, in the afternoon to the Théâtre Français, where I was introduced to tout le monde, and a general admission given me to this theatre during my stay. Made acquaintance with Mdle. Georges, Mdle. Le Verd, Le Fond, Baptiste aîné et cadet, and several others, whose names escape me. At night I went to see 'Œdipe,' and was greatly pleased with Talma, and not a little with Mdle. Georges.

July 21.—Called on Mr. Henley; begged off accompanying him to Versailles. Drove, instead, to Talma's, No. 6 Rue de Seine, Faubourg St. Germain; breakfasted with him à la fourchette, and remained with him till 3 P.M., conversing exclusively on professional topics, and highly pleased to find that our sentiments as to the theory of our art were in thorough accord with each other. At his urgent request, and with some reluctance, I told him the plot of Young's play of The Revenge, and acted as much of Zanga as I could remember. He appeared to be struck; and, whether he was or not, said more civil things to me than I deserved.

July 22.—Sight-seeing all day; returned home, barely in time for my dinner; after which went to see Talma in Coriolanus. In all the more elevated features of the character,—in his dignity, in his contempt for the senate,

and in his indignation at his banishment, he was immeasurably inferior to John Kemble. His expression, when it ought to have represented scornful indignation, partook rather of tremulous grief. But, I must say that, in his occasional touches of tenderness and of filial affection, he was exquisitely pathetic.¹ Mdle. Georges did not give me the remotest conception of the mother of Coriolanus. She drives headlong in one impetuous career of passion, without either distinctness of purpose or any semblance of genuine feeling. Such changes as she does make are revolting, for they are abrupt, unlooked-for, unprovoked, painfully familiar, and as periodical in their recurrence as if they were baiting-places at which she was accustomed to pull up. This is a pity, for she really has great gifts of face, voice, and eye. After the play, went into Talma's dressing-room and sat with him. He introduced me to Mdle. Duchesnois. Returned to the front afterwards, to see the last piece, and thought Mdle. Le Verd quite bewitching.

July 24.—Called on Mdles. Georges and Le Verd. I found Mdle. Le Verd highly intelligent. She evinced good principle in the way in which she spoke of the embarrassments, temptations, and hardships of the actress's life. She complains, as we do in England, of the degenerate state of the dramatic art; says there is no longer a public in Paris, and that the inevitable consequence is the declension of the stage. In speaking of Talma and Fleury, she displayed great critical

¹ In Moore's *Life*, by Earl Russell, vol. iii. p. 88, Moore says, 'Went in the evening to see Talma in *Coriolanus*. His "Adieu, Rome" had something fine in it; but there is a great deal of ruffianism in his acting.'

acumen. She says of Talma, that he wants both dignity and soul ; that she has never seen him give vent to spontaneous bursts of feeling ; that all is raisonné, calculated and prepared beforehand ; that he is at times vulgar, and often ' féroce.'

Fleury, again, she says, has acquired great reputation as a comic actor, though deficient in two essential requisites, gaiety and sensibility. When he should be brilliant and pointed, he is sardonic ; and when he should betray ill-suppressed emotion, he blubbers. I had, by the bye, forgotten to mention that I saw him on Wednesday night in 'Les Femmes Savantes,' and 'Le Bourgeois Corrigé.' I thought I detected in his acting a style of his own, which, while he had youth in his favour, must have been very telling. I am much mistaken if it has not served three or four of our own comedians, within my recollection, with a large share of those peculiarities which helped to found their reputation. In his frown, and in his serious moments, he reminded me of King ; in his cool, easy, off-hand moments of badinage, he was like Dodd ; and occasionally, though with infinitely less of sparkling vivacity, he resembled Lewis. He has a knack (when he is about to quit the scene, or when he is listening to another speaking, and is impatient to reply) of throwing his body back, poising it on one leg, whilst the other is left dangling carelessly. He has, less than any other French actor I have seen, the habit of making the rhyme painfully predominate on the ear. In his walk, he rather rolls from hip to hip. His action, however, though free enough, is rather more angular than is consistent with grace.

July 27.—After a fatiguing but instructive day at the Institution of the Sourds et Muets, and subsequently at the Manufacture des Glaces, I dined with the Charles Knyvetts, and went to the Théâtre Français. I thought the *Templiers* heavy, perhaps because it was not well acted. Mons. St. Prix performed the *Grand Maître*, on the whole, right well, with aristocratic dignity and quiet firmness. Mdle. Georges does not improve on better acquaintance. She throws away her opportunities recklessly. Talma had a very indifferent part, and, I must be presumptuous enough to say, very indifferently he played it. His under-play, as well as his by-play, was very inefficient, devoid of grace, and tame. The constant use of his right arm, and the redundancy of his action, became tiresome. By the persevering frequency with which he shakes his arm and hand without occasion, he must, to a person ignorant of French, appear everlastingly menacing or defying, when he is really meaning to do nothing of the kind. In short, I often found cause to complain of the inappropriateness of his action, the pantomime of his body telling a story utterly at variance with the utterance of his lips. He has a meaningless trick of closing his eyes, simultaneously with an expression of sickening grief at the corners of his mouth, at times when he is supposed to be burning with suppressed indignation. This was painfully apparent in *Coriolanus*, when telling his mother, on his return from the senate, of their having banished him, ‘*Je suis un banni.*’ After the play, looked in at Lord Carlington’s.

August 5.—Lost much time in trying over French

romances for sending home. After a visit to the Bibliothèque du Roi, and a dinner at Véry's, went to see Talma in *Orestes*. I lament to say—so much I like the man—that I was disappointed. He was deficient in dignity, simplicity, and grace throughout, though he gave one point in the fifth act very finely indeed. It was where Hermione accuses him of being the murderer of Pyrrhus, and asks him who bade him perpetrate the deed. His insanity, too, was, unquestionably, for the most part, powerfully given, but his merits and impressiveness were impaired by a manner and action which I can only characterise as vulgar.

August 6.—Breakfasted with Miss Linwood, then drove to Le Blanc's and Le Fabre's, Mme. de Gautant, Mdle. Le Verd, and Mdle. Georges, whom I was lucky enough to find (the latter) at home. Had much close chat with her on topics of professional interest common to us both. Encouraged—all but invited by her—I ventured to tell her what struck me as faults in her acting, sprinkling my strictures, however, with as much of palatable seasoning as I could, consistently with truth, award her. If she would not be satisfied with present attainments, or allow herself to be hoodwinked by a spurious popularity, and would study and practise with earnestness and enthusiasm, she has the means at command of becoming a very great actress indeed. Her countenance has great beauty of feature and expression. Last night she was on her mettle, and played part of her character to admiration.

August 14.—After dinner, went to the Théâtre Français, to see Talma in *Philoctète*. I think his declama-

tion more faulty every time, and he is more and more *maniéré*. Fleury, in 'L'homme à bonnes fortunes,' and *Mdlle. Le Verd* both pleased me much. Went to Mille Colonnes, had an ice, and waited for Darby, who came in Mons. Cousin's carriage to take me to Gerard the artist, who, by the bye, I must not forget, lives in R. de Postes, Faubourg St. Germain.

[Whether my father visited Paris again between May 1821 and July 1830, I cannot say. But in the latter year I know he was in Paris, for two good reasons: first, because I have learnt from Mr. Fladgate that he was there at the time, and remembers my father going to him and begging him to lend him a shirt or two, as all his luggage was detained at the *Douane*; and secondly, because I have heard him tell anecdotes of incidents which occurred during the celebrated three days when he was there. I well remember his graphic description of a day and night of nervous horror which he passed. I think it was the 29th July. As he has left no written memorandum, I must tell it as nearly in his words as I can.

Where he lodged in those days I know not; but I am certain that it was in the *entre-sol* of a corner house, in a street where blood had been profusely shed. During the day-time, as he peered cautiously through his carefully-closed *jalousies*, he beheld sights which made his blood run cold. Two of them I recall, without difficulty. Directly in front of his windows, he observed a very martial-looking general, his uniform covered with orders, seated on horseback, with a handsome young

aide-de-camp by his side, also on horseback. As the general, with his right arm extended, was issuing his directions, and as the younger officer was receiving them, he saw both, as if smitten by a stroke of lightning, drop lifeless from their horses. A wretched boy, apparently not yet in his teens, had crept under a horse's belly, with a pistol in each hand, and fired them, right and left, with deadly accuracy of aim, at his two victims.

Again, in the midst of a vociferous and tumultuous assemblage, chiefly composed of women and lads, cursing, blaspheming, and screaming, a mother was boxing the ears of a refractory son, and bidding him go home, when suddenly he burst from her grasp, rushed through the crowded street, joined a mob of both sexes and all ages, armed with pokers, cleavers, scythes, pikes, and muskets (wrenched from the passive hands of La Garde Nationale, whose sympathies were with them), and, in their company, ran towards a formidable gun which was at the end of the street, with the evident intention of capturing it. Suddenly a match was put to the touch-hole of the cannon, and as its contents were vomited forth, some fell to the ground to escape it, others fell never to rise again. But the moment the gun was fired, the gamins, nothing daunted by the deadly havoc around them, sprang to their feet, with the alacrity and light-heartedness of boys at play, charged the gunners, spiked the gun, and harnessing themselves to it, dragged it at their heels in triumph, bearing one of the dames de la halle, the remonstrant mother, astride upon its back.

As evening closed in, the great heat of the day diminished, and there was less feverish agitation ; but the sanguinary doings of the morning were painfully symbolised by the innumerable bits of paper, which had served for wadding, and which bestrewed and almost obscured the pavement like flakes of snow. Towards night, as if by general consent, there was a suspension of hostilities. The tempest raised by popular fury had subsided ; there was a great, but, perhaps, portentous calm ; the bullets ceased to whistle ; the ordonnance ceased to thunder ; the tocsin was mute ; the blasphemous obscenities of the sovereign people were no longer heard ; the closing stanzas of the Marseillaise hymn had died away in the distance, and the worn-out actor, passive enough as he had been, and unused 'to war's alarms,' began to cherish hopes of sleep. But as the sulky night advanced and grew more sultry ; as the air, noisome from carnage, seemed to hold its breath in terror ; as the leaden silence brooding over the city became more oppressive, from its contrast with the uproar of the previous hours ; his imagination, prepared to catch fire by the scenes to which he had been an involuntary witness, burst into flame. And as he lay in his clothes on his bed, tossing and tumbling from the heat, and restless with 'horrible imaginings,' the memory of that which had passed ; the apprehension of civil war to come ; a moving panorama of wounded men and blood-stained women, staggering beneath his window, occupied the foreground of his mind, and to such a fearful pitch of sympathetic tension were his nerves strung, that, on hearing the challenge of the

sentinel, on his beat below his window,—*Qui vive?*—answered by the defiant shout of '*Vive la Charte*,' followed promptly by a shot; by the fall of a heavy body to the ground; the careless ramming home of the cartridge; the ring of the ramrod replaced in its groove; and then the indifferent tramp of the sentinel, he could scarcely help springing off his couch and proclaiming murder from his window. An hour afterwards, just as he had '*an exposition of sleep come upon him*,'¹ he heard a call to surrender; a gun miss fire; no reply; the snap of a trigger without any report (showing the weapon had missed fire); a scuffle; a viciously protracted *sacre-re-re*, delivered through clenched teeth, and then drowned in a tone of devilish exultation. A hasty glance through the shutters sufficed to show the sleepless lodger that the sentry himself had succumbed to destiny; and that a gigantic *ouvrier* had wrenched his musket from his grasp, and with the butt-end of it given him his quietus.

I find in the published account of '*The Revolution in France in 1830*,' by William Hone, printed for Thomas Tegg, 73 Cheapside, at page 75, the following statement:—

'*July 31, 1830.*—Until to-day carriages were not allowed to quit Paris. This morning the barriers were thrown open, and the Calais Diligence of the *Messagerie Royale* was the first that left. Several Englishmen availed themselves of this opportunity to depart, and, among them, Mr. Young, the actor. Along the road, no information that could be relied on had been ob-

¹ *Vide* *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

tained from the capital. At every town and village the inhabitants crowded to the diligences as a novelty, and most of them were astonished on perceiving that the royal arms had been effaced from the panels, and after "Messagerie" the word "Royale" carefully scratched out. These appearances excited enthusiastic shouts. The desire for news was intense, and the inquiries incessant. The duty of answering usually devolved on the conducteur, whose intelligence was received with rapturous cries of "Vive la Charte!" Even during the night, the country people were out awaiting our arrival. After midnight, on the diligence proceeding through Lillers, a village between Amiens and St. Omer, there was an anxious assemblage of people, who required the diligence to stop. On the postillion attempting to pass, they seized the wheels, clung to his boots, and insisted on his telling them the news. Others opened the doors and eagerly inquired of the passengers; nor would they suffer the vehicle to move until they had gained their object, which was by slow degrees, for their expressions of pleasure burst out on the mention of each fact. Mr. Young's observation, while in Paris, and his thorough knowledge of the French language, enabled him to communicate the news thoroughly, and at one or two places, the popular exhilaration it produced animated him to speeches, which produced vociferous shouts of "Vive la Charte!" "Vive l'Anglais!" "Vive la Patrie."

[The next entry in any diary of my father's extant, is in the year 1834.]

Bologna, October 1, 1834.—At night went to the opera. Norma, with Pasta. What unexpected good fortune! Ay—Donizelli too! Both in fine voice! Both singing divinely! The audience were enthusiastic, and would have her on three times to applaud her again and again. Though the practice is in bad taste, yet, as it exists, I was delighted that she should have the benefit of it, and, therefore, made as much clamour as my neighbours. I would fain have made more, but that it was impossible. If this ardent appreciation of high art be not mere caprice, but genuine good taste, *i.e.* if the next great singer, with a great reputation, does not create the same ‘enthusimuzzy,’¹ I shall set down these same sausage-makers as having the purest taste in Italy, notwithstanding their addiction to garlic! Ugh! ugh! ah! che stinkybusa orribile!!! che questo fa!!! Pasta, though not the *most wonderful* singer—which Malibran is—is the *most perfect dramatic singer*, I believe, that ever lived, or, perhaps, that ever may, so very difficult is it to find, with the other numerous qualifications necessary, the courage never to swerve from pure taste, especially in an age like the present, when the most exaggerated, distorted, and meretricious taste is setting the musical world all mad together. Good heavens! how exquisitely simple she was when chastity of style was needed, and yet how luxuriant, varied, and profuse her ornaments, when occasion justified their display! Nothing ‘overdone, or come tardy off.’ Donizelli was better than ever, evidently invigorated by repose. Pasta was never out of tune.

¹ Braham always pronounced enthusiasm—enthusimuzzy.

October 4.—Reached Florence before six o'clock P.M., and found my kind friends, Sir John and Lady Pollen, at Schneider's, on the Arno.

October 5.—All morning in the gallery. Dined with Sir J. and Lady Pollen, and went in the evening to Mr. Anderson's, where a concert was held for the benefit of a protégée of his. Catalani very amiably sang for her a piece of Portogalli's beautifully. In volume of voice she is as powerful as she *ever* was; her piano was beautiful; her shake more perfect than I recollect it; and her skill in the management of that particular power, which years have not diminished, quite admirable. She happened to hear I was in the room, and instantly came through the crowd to seek me; seemed really pleased to meet me again, and pressed me to go and see her at her house.

October 10.—Visited the San Spirito. It gratifies me to find that the works in architecture which please me most are really considered the finest; for mine are sensations only! I have no knowledge, no judgment. I have for instance always preferred the style of Brunelleschi, whenever I may have found anything at all resembling it, although entirely ignorant whose or what style it was.

October 19.—We travelled rapidly enough, and the last post almost flew, *i.e.* went at full gallop, to Rome; reached it at a quarter before one; had no trouble with the custom-house, thanks to a 10 Paul piece, timely administered. Put up at Czerny's. The yearning of years is accomplished,—I am in Rome!

My first impression exceeds my expectation. The

Tiber is double the width I had fancied it. (It is about 400 yards.) The streets are much wider too, and the place more lively than I bargained for. Changed my garments, and walked to the Campanile of the Capitol. Found it shut! I cannot understand how so many buildings of such colossal proportions could have been so close together. They must have been either collected in a cluster, or else a series of buildings huddled together. One is baffled as one tries to imagine their different proportions, and the area covered by each. However, there they are, and no mistake; and the Titans have evidently been their architects.

October 20.—Yesterday I inspected the Capitol, the Forum, and the Coliseum, and again, to-day, the Forum and St. Peter's; drove about the city. I am so much overpowered and confused with the grander features of ancient Rome, as to be unable to write a word. Some buildings at first disappointed me; afterwards they redeemed their character. Though they were utterly unlike the conceptions I had formed of them from pictures and descriptions, yet, when taken together, I found them so stupendous and imposing, as to be rendered by them speechless. I would not but have been spared to 'see what I have (already) seen' for worlds. Modern Rome, I confess, has but slender attraction for me. Such filth, meanness, and abomination, I never beheld before. The palaces—especially those of name—are fine, though, externally, many of them are little better than gloomy public offices, or prisons. I daresay I may get the better of these impressions on more inti-

mate acquaintance with their interiors, but at present I note them down as I find them.

October 21.—The Vatican. Past conception, therefore past commendation. Surprise and delight succeed each other, and overwhelm me. If all the rooms were empty, the edifice alone would repay one the trouble one takes in going to see it ; but, as they are, no tongue can give an idea of the treasures here collected. Really I felt in such a state of agitation and delight, that nothing but familiarity with the wonders of the place will sober one down into a reasonable state of mind. Mr. Bainbridge is here. Went to Thorwaldsen's studio, where I saw, what I think, higher art than Canova's.

October 22.—Again visited St. Peter's and the Vatican. The Laocoon I never could admire till I saw it here. Here it is quite another thing. So, too, with the Apollo ; but for that I was prepared. Each time I see it, it grows more upon me, as perfection in any art always does. It is very rarely that it can be appreciated at once.

October 27.—Sight-seeing all day till the evening, when I went to hear David sing. His voice is certainly impaired (it is said by drinking), but he executed some beautiful passages quite beautifully, and sang with as much fire and soul as anybody I have heard since Garcia. After the first act, was forced to leave my stall, it was so cold, and repair to the boxes, where I sat shivering with my mantle on. Ugh ! ugh ! but this Rome is as chilly a spot as ever I was in.

October 28.—Last night was a miserable one. The cold was severe ; and my rooms were so hospitably dis-

posed, that they admitted all the airs that chose to come in, and spoiled my night's rest. I shall deem myself lucky if I have escaped mischief, of which I don't feel certain.

November 1.—Went with Mr. William Earle to the Vatican. The Sistine Chapel disappointed me. The famous Last Day of Michael Angelo I could hardly make head or tail of, from want of light. The Cardinals, the Pope and his train, appeared to me to be under-dressed for the occasion, splendour and effect being such important features in Catholic rites. Cardinal Weld looked highly intellectual and tranquil, and more dignified in bearing than all the others.

At twelve o'clock at night I started for Naples. It was star-light, but no moon. The road, as far as it was visible, appeared extremely striking; and when we came nigh Riccia, we descended a hill, with craggy rocks and wild woods on our left, and a formidable precipice on our right. I put more faith in the poor beasts who drew us than in their drivers, and my faith was justified, for we arrived safely at the bottom. But could I have divined what the dawn of day revealed, viz., the condition of the pole of the carriage, I should have felt more anxious about my neck than ever member of Parliament, over head and ears in debt, was to secure his election. We drove on, on, through a tolerably verdant and fertile country, till we came to the Pontine Marshes, which, though totally unlike what I had expected them to be, were not devoid of a certain interest. I saw no fens, but plenty of loose, worthless soil, prolific of thistles, thorns, and brushwood; here

and there plots or patches of agriculture ; and then wearisome, dead, monotonous level of thirty miles, bordered by a canal on each side of the road, and shaded by the overhanging boughs of elms and poplars. Though lolling back sleepily in an open landau, I felt no evil effects from malaria, beyond a wolf-like appetite for my breakfast at Terracina. The rocks were there redder, and the sea bluer, than any I ever saw ! The succeeding scenery was very fine, until we reached Fondi, the frightful, and Itri, the cesspool of all Europe's filth and villany—at least, if sight and senses are to be trusted, and there be truth in smell and physiognomy. Such faces ! Such forms ! Oh ! oh ! oh ! I never, no, I never !!

November 4.—All day on the road to Mola di Gaeta, where I slept.

November 5.—Opened my jalousies and windows on a terrestrial paradise ! The inn on the sea-shore, facing the bay, of which it seems the centre. Between it, and the sands and rocks, the garden—or rather a dense grove of orange and lemon trees of large growth. In *one* direction the shore is skirted by the lower part of the town, on the other by the Casinos ; to the right, smiling white villas ; half a mile or so from the land stand forth two islands, with a town or village on each ; one of them rather flat, the other, a hill crowned with what appears to have been a castle. Behind the inn is an amphitheatre of lovely hills, decked with plants, and shrubs, and flowers, luxuriant in *quantity*, and indigenous to the climate, and of such rare *quality* to unfamiliar eyes like mine, as to plunge me into what Pope de-

scribes as 'trance ecstatic.' On the road, occasionally, from the midst of ordinary quick-set hedges, sprang 'the acrimonious aloe,' the myrtle, and the cactus, which long kept us company. About 5 P.M. reached Naples.

Expecting the streets of Naples to be small and narrow, those I saw on entering, as far as the Chiaja, were as wide and handsome as in any continental city I have seen. The road, on approaching, winds about so fantastically as to display the Queen of the Mediterranean in twenty different aspects! On entering the Toledo, with its swarming myriads, I felt it needed thirteen pair of eyes, fifty-seven noses, and a hundred pair of ears, to take in, and conceive, and a quarter of a hundred best bank pens to write down, all the sights and sounds and smells that fascinate, assail, and bewilder. Cheapside or Cornhill, with their surging sea of population during business hours, may compare with the crowds for multitude; but here, *the entire width* of the street is as full as there the trottoir is alone.

The Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne was destined to the honour of receiving my distinguished carcase, though I was forced to ascend four flights of stairs before arriving at my nest. It was worth climbing to inhabit, as it dominates, right, left, and front, the bay, and all the lovely sights around, and has a southern aspect. What a change from Rome, which, mighty and magnificent as she is—'lone mother of dead empires,' as Byron calls her—is to me overpoweringly sad.

November 6.—Summoned suddenly by Sir John and Lady Pollen, to go with them and Jones to pay our respects to Vesuvius. At Salvatore's door we mounted

our beasts, and rode up to the spot where those who *can* walk up the mount of cinders *do*. I had very good reasons of my own for preferring to be carried, for which joke Salvatore had *his* very good reasons for charging me six scudi. I must say the poor creatures earned their tip well, for I was a sad lump for them ! It is a tradition here that the late Duke of Buckingham, who, I am told, weighed some 30 stone, went up, carried by 40 men ; and, if it was so, they too earned their tin. Now, it so happens, that this cinder mount, besides being like the tiles of a roof, has a proclivity to plunge pedestrians up to the ankles every step in ashes, and sometimes to let him slip backwards a few inches farther than they meant to step forward. Think, at such moments, and they are of frequent recurrence, of the gravity of such a *mauvais pas* in the case of a 30-stoner. I never rode on a camel, and I have no ambition to do so, but my ride up Mount Vesuvius, I should think, was quite as disagreeable. The inequality of my bearers' step caused my chair to heel most awkwardly, and, at such moments, to ease the bearers, I kept perpetually shifting my weight from those who were losing footing, so that I was tired to death when we gained the summit.

November 24.—Went to Pompeii, which I reached at twelve o'clock. I was really overcome and depressed by the undefinable emotions which this miraculously preserved place produced upon me. To think of its having been 1751 years buried, and yet to find traces of life and being, and of men's occupations, as fresh as if they had occurred but yesterday ! It is a culpable mistake to go with more than one or two friends of whose

sympathy and susceptibility you can make sure, or else you will be pulled up and restrained every instant. Such were my surprise and delight, that I was now on the brink of tears, now of crying from pure childish enjoyment, succeeded by—‘ay, by what? Tell us, good man! Delver, and then to work. Mass! I can! Mass! I cannot! Well! cudgel thy brains no longer; for your dull ass will never mend his pace by beating!’ No; the images left on the mind are too many and confused to be easily arranged or defined; nevertheless, the whole effect on my mind was one of intense interest, wonder, and delight!

November 27.—Set off with the Dowager Marchioness Clanricarde and Miss Kington, to join a pic-nic there with Prince Charles (the king’s brother), Count Arundel and his Lady, Lady Ashbrook and Miss Flower, Mr. Temple, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mrs. Legh and her two daughters, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Falkner, Duke Bevilacqua, and Duchess and Chevalier Bosca. The object of the excursion was to witness an excavation. The lively interest begotten by it—it lasted three hours, qualified the profanation of such a spot by a jollification. The search was prolific. I cannot remember half the things turned up, but I know there were antique vases, and lamps, and scales, and ladies’ fans, and earthen amphoræ, and jars painted, and jars plain, and lacrymatories, and glass utensils, and buckles for harness, and rings, like coupling rings for leaders, and eggs of marble. There being so many ladies I could not, in decency, ask for anything. Still I had quite my share of pleasure, and watched each stroke of the pick-axe and shovel as

eagerly as if I expected to find gold, and have it too. I cannot imagine how many visits to this spot it would take to exhaust the interest one feels in walking through its streets, and seeing, as we do in London, the walls scrawled over with red raddle, giving evidence, that, in 1835, we are no wiser than our forefathers were 1751 years ago.

December 4.—Weather resplendent. German lesson. Dined with Mr. Keppel Craven; met the Augustus Cravens, Sir J. and Lady P., Sir William Gell; went with them to see Malibran in Norma. Great beauties in her performance. Countenance, at times, very fine; wanted, now and then, a little repose, perhaps.

December 18.—Dined with Malibran. Went with her to the Academy, where she sang most exquisitely. Joined Lady Clanricarde and Miss Kington; a brilliant room, though ill adapted for sound; a middling concert, on the whole.

December 31.—German lesson; called on Minutolos, Cravens, Burgess, Pollens; dined with Lady Drummond; went in the evening to San Carlo. New opera; 'Amelia.' Did not like it. Malibran's songs were mere difficulties, which she did with inimitable ease, but there was no charm whatever in the music.

January 5.—At 8.30 A.M. set off (in a carriage and four, with two servants) with Mr. Boileau, Mr. A. Barrington, and Sir J. Pollen, on our long-talked-of excursion to Pæstum. After visiting Nocera, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Cava, and the Monastery S. Trinità, we reached Salerno to dinner, slept there, and started next morning, January 6, at 7.30 for Pæstum, which we

reached at eleven o'clock. We remained among these stately ruins till 2.30, and then, unwillingly, tore ourselves away. We could not have seen them under greater advantage, for the sea and sky were as fine as fancy could have desired. No model or painting gives the faintest idea of the imposing, almost overwhelming, impression they leave! Reached Salerno in time for dinner, at 6 P.M. ; slept there, and set off at 10 o'clock A.M. on—

January 7, for Amalfi. Impossible to describe the exquisite and novel beauty of our two hours' row along the coast, studded as it is with small but picturesque fishing towns, perched on precipitous heights, or nestling in little sheltered bays. The cactus, the aloe, the myrtle, the stone pine, umbrella-topped, the orange, the olive, growing luxuriantly in spots in which one cannot detect an inch of soil ; some springing apparently out of the very face of the solid rock. At last, on turning the projecting point of a jutting crag, Amalfi discovers itself, more lovely and romantic than any of the many lovely places I have seen. Here we landed, and revelled in the prospect from the inn, lately a Capuchin convent. At 12 o'clock we proceeded towards Castel-a-mare, after such a precipitous ride as I don't wish to take again. The top was snow, and the first part of the descent ice. At length, thank God, we reached Castel-a-mare without having broken any bones, put up at the Hôtel d'Italie, and, after waiting an hour, got our dinner, and then got to bed.

January 10.—My birthday ! Sadly missed my dearest mother's kiss and benediction.

February 10.—Wet, miserable day. Dined with Malibran, and accompanied her to see Inez de Castro. Bad overture. Music second-class, though it had one or two pretty things in it, which Malibran sang gloriously. Went home and wrote to Lady Duff Gordon before going to roost.

February 17.—Called on Malibran at the Marquis de la Grange's, 36 Chiaja. She received me in her bed, where I found her with a frightfully bruised arm, and wrist turned round, from a fall from her carriage, occasioned by a pig, which the Neapolitans were killing in a narrow part of the Chiaja, and which having escaped from the clutches of its foes, ran among her horses' legs and frightened them.

February 26.—At eight, set off to breakfast with Mr. Auldjo ; then with him, for the second time, to Vesuvius. It was glorious. Mr. Auldjo, as cicerone, was invaluable. I owe to his information a clearer idea of the original form of the mountain, and of the effects produced by successive eruptions, than I ever had before, or ever could have had, but for him. It was a day not to be forgotten.

March 10.—Packing and paying most part of the day. Quite overcome by the kindnesses shown me.

March 11.—At nine o'clock left Naples with Mr. and Lady Catherine Boileau, and family, in three carriages, with courier and maids, and reached Mola di Gaeta at 5 P.M. Slept there.

March 12.—Took a boat for an hour ; mounted the hill to Plancus' monument, and saw a fresh phase of the beauties of this lovely coast. Got under weigh at 1 o'clock ; reached Terracina. Walked much.

March 13.—Reached Albano at 5 P.M., and slept there.

March 16.—Availed myself of a wet day to keep quiet and write letters.

March 17.—Weather better. Went to Frascati, Tusculum, Grotto Ferrata. Tusculum—Amphitheatre, comic and tragic theatres, streets, columns, reservoirs, etc. etc.; a most interesting spot, older than Rome. Home to a seven o'clock dinner at the Europa, where I am *lodged* (102), for 2 scudi per diem.

March 20.—Went with Mr. and Lady C. B. to the Colonna and Barberini palaces; saw the Cenci at last. In the former palace I was most struck with Raphael's Musician and Titian's Mistress; Vanity and Modesty; and two Guidos (Repentance both). The worst painted has the finest expression of profound grief and repentance. But both are fine! To St. Peter's, to vespers. The music fine, but not solemn or like church music. Dined with Mr. Otway Cave. Among others were Lord Ongley and his brother, and Gibson the sculptor. He told me an interesting story of Aristides' statue. An ingenious work has been written to prove it the work of Æschines.

March 22.—Sunday. Horrid wet day; nevertheless went to church; came home with Mr. and Lady C. B.; then to St. Peter's—vespers; dined with Lady Clanricarde.

March 25.—A lovely day. Set off for Grotto Ferrata with Lady Ashbrook and Miss Flower and Emily Boddington, to see an Italian festa. The scenery, both going and returning, was enchanting. The groups, the

costumes, the cattle, the cheerfulness, the invariable good humour ; the absence of noise or squabble ; every one busy and happy, or idle and happy, was a novel but characteristic sight. Home by eleven, after spending a pleasant evening with Lady A.

March 28.—Lord Stanhope sat long with me and took me to the Forum, where he was kind enough to explain to me Bunsen's theory of the place. We went down, and around, and amidst the ruins, tracing the Via Sacra, the site of the Golden Mile-stone, the Comitia, etc. etc. Went then to the palace of the Cæsars ; descended to the baths of Livia. The paintings there fresher and finer than those in Pompeii. Went to Gibson's studio. He took me to Wyatt's. Dined with Mr. Stanley. We had Mr. Cholmondeley Delamere, Lady Susan Percy, and Lady Davey. In the evening we had a crush, and among them Marshal Marmont.

March 29.—Weather beautiful. Too unwell to go out with Lord Stanhope, so he was amiable enough to sit all the morning with me, that is to say, from ten till two o'clock. Most entertaining he was. In fact he did me so much good, that I was able to dine with Duncan, and pass the evening with the Gouldings.

March 30.—Went to San Giovanni Laterano. I think, though I am no real judge, that I like the Santa Maria Maggiore quite as well. Yet both are very fine. Next, to the baths of Titus ; then to the Coliseum. I can't write about it ; neither, when on the spot, could I speak about it. Vox faucibus hæsit. I was astounded—overwhelmed, with the grandeur of the conception, and the magnitude of the scale. Next to the Coliseum,

I think I was most impressed by the baths of Caracalla. Then to Raphael's Loggia.

[*April 4.*—He started in company with Mr. and Lady C. Boileau, and never left them till May 31st, when they arrived in Paris. There he stayed till June 26, seeing many friends, and, among them, none who gained a stronger hold on his affections than poor Adolphe Nourrit.]

At this break between the Journal of Charles Mayne Young and that of his son, it was intended to insert a most interesting and graceful record, written by the latter, of the late Lord Lytton's visit to Ilmington Rectory in September 1870.

Mr. Young had felt great pleasure in taking his guest to Stratford-on-Avon, Charlcote, and many other celebrated sites connected with Shakespeare's history and the Elizabethan age. That week will long be remembered in Warwickshire with peculiar pride, and it was a remarkable circumstance that, up to that time, Lord Lytton had never visited these spots, so dear, and almost sacred, to every Englishman. In deference, however, to the feelings of his son, this portion of the Journal (together with a still fuller notice written after Lord Lytton's death) has been laid aside. The latter part contained a tribute to the great qualities of heart and mind which endeared him to those who knew him the most intimately, quite apart from the universally acknowledged gifts of genius and intellect which distinguished this illustrious man.

I quote a few lines from one of Lord Lytton's letters, written to me after his visit, September 27th : ' Nothing could be more delightful than my visit to you, and I treasure its remembrance amongst the agreeable memories of my life.'

E. A. G. Y.

JOURNAL
OF
JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG.

IN the year 1836, I was fortunate enough to be appointed to the sole charge of the lovely village of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, to have in the person of my rector, the Reverend Mr. Dixon, a man of university reputation, and of godly simplicity of character, and to have for my immediate neighbour and friend the late Lord Yarborough, commodore of the Yacht Club, one of the most benevolent and loveable men that ever breathed.

The vicarage of Godshill, and the chapelry of Whitwell, were attached to the living of Niton, of which Mr. Dixon was incumbent. His parish, though on the confines of all the beautiful scenery of the Undercliff, was planted in a singularly secluded nook. Its population was composed of a butcher, a baker, a farrier, a shoemaker, a public-house, a village shop, a few fishermen, many agricultural labourers, and a small but select circle of gentry,—such as Mrs. Bennett of Northcourt;

the Misses Sims (daughters of the well-known accouch-eur); Mr. Vine, and his family, of Puckaster (in the cove of which Charles II. landed, July 1, 1675); Sir Willoughby Gordon (late Quarter-Master-General of the Forces), and his accomplished family; Mr. Arnold of Mirables; Captain Baird of Old Park (late of the 15th Hussars); and Mr. Robert Holford of West Cliff House (the uncle of Mr. Holford of Westonbirt and Park Lane, to whom he left his immense fortune). The last-named gentleman was shrewd, sharp, crabbed, self-sufficing, and unsocial; supposed to be easy in his circumstances, and known to be penurious in his habits. I never was in his house but once, and, when there, saw little in it to remember, except Wilkie's 'Columbus' on the wall of one of the rooms, and a lamp of ingenious construction, which hung from the ceiling of Mr. H.'s bed-chamber, directly over his bed, and burnt all night; so that, 'if wicked dreams abused his curtain'd sleep, and he awoke,' he might be able to read with safety. In the days I allude to, there were many strange stories of him rife among his neighbours. His household was reported to consist of a cook, a housemaid, and a factotum, who performed the various functions of valet, butler, gardener, and coachman; Pedro, his name—Spain, his country. His stable establishment comprised a horse and cab, which were both bought off a stand in the streets of London. Although ordinarily close-fisted, he was capable, on occasion, of acts of noble munificence. While his father was alive, he told his only other child, a daughter of a certain age, that, as he saw her brother's

tastes and hers were diametrically opposed, he was convinced they would do better to live apart; that, under that persuasion, and that there might be no dispute between them about money when he was gone, he should, at once, make over to her a sum which would guarantee her independence; and, that therefore, she must only expect a further sum of £10,000 at his death.

Shortly after that event had taken place, the brother invited his sister to Niton, 'on business.' On retiring to the drawing-room after dinner, the first evening, while her back was turned, he deposited a letter on the table, close to the spot where she had been sitting. He called her attention to it. She opened it, took a hasty glance at the enclosure, and reproached him for being in such a hurry to go into business—the very first evening of their meeting after a long separation. 'My dear,' said he, 'have you looked carefully at the document enclosed?' 'Oh!' she replied, 'I see, at a glance, that it is a cheque for the remaining portion of the property promised to me by my father. Instead of being in such a hurry to pay it over to *me*, I wish, as I have no talent for business, that you would invest it for me in some safe security.'

'We will talk of that another time,' he said. 'Meanwhile, here is a blank stamp-receipt! Write me an acknowledgment for the money I have paid over to you. But before doing so, look over it carefully.' She took it up, put it down again, and burst out into a fit of laughter, at the same time saying,—'It is lucky for you, brother, that I obeyed your injunction, for you have made an amusing mistake! You have, by putting

an *ought too much*, given me £100,000 instead of £10,000.' 'No, my dear, the mistake was made by our father, by putting *an ought too little*.' In this truly delicate and generous spirit did he transfer to his sister £90,000 more than she was entitled to.

The Pedro whom I have mentioned seems to have been, 'as this world goes, as one man pick'd out of ten thousand'—singularly honest, and proof against temptation; for when Sir Willoughby Gordon and his co-executor were going over the house and looking at the goods and chattels, before sending for the upholsterer to appraise them for the probate-duty, this worthy fellow, who was ill in bed, asked them if they were quite sure that they had seen everything there was to see. 'Oh! yes; quite sure.' 'Then, gentlemen,' said he, 'I am quite sure you have not! Please go again to his bed-room, and at the back of his wash-stand—press your thumb against a particular spot' (which he indicated clearly), 'and you will see some drawers let into a recess in the wall; open them, and you will find what will surprise you!' After so many years, I dare not trust myself to say *what the sum* there found, in sovereigns, was, for fear I should exaggerate; but I know it was many thousands, which the old gentleman, with the privity of his man, had been hoarding, so that, in the event of a revolution, or great monetary crisis (which he was always expecting), he might have the wherewithal to escape to America, and live in comfort for the remainder of his days.

In alluding to the integrity of Mr. Holford's servant I am reminded of a rather amusing story of his maid.

West Cliff House stood on a platform of smooth turf, overhanging a good fat meadow, which was, in front, fenced off by a rough wall, four or five feet high, and composed of massive stones, uncemented with mortar. In this meadow, which was rich enough to have found forage for

‘A herd of beeves, fair oxen, and fair kine,’

there roamed alone a mighty bull, ‘monarch of all he surveyed,’ in undisputed possession of the field. Once upon a time the maiden of West Cliff House was returning from a walk in a new bonnet, clad in a scarlet shawl. Thinking to make up for lost time, she determined to make a short-cut across the meadow, and climb up the wall of the hah-hah, instead of making a circuit by the road. At one extremity of the ground the bull was grazing, when the fair maiden entered at the other. When she had reached the middle of the field, its rightful proprietor, resenting the unauthorized intrusion, and doubly incensed by the odious colour of the shawl, set off in full pursuit of her. The girl’s natural fleetness of foot quickened by her fears, *she* made for the wall, while *he* made for her. Shrieking and screaming as she ran, she had just reached the desired goal, and was inserting her left foot between the crevices of the wall, preparatory to mounting, when the infuriated brute, fearing, probably, that he should be balked of his prey, aimed his two formidable horns at her body, and drove them with such prodigious violence into the wall, as to imbed them in it, and encompass her slender waist, as in a parenthesis. This providential incident gave her fellow-servant Pedro, who, while gardening,

had been attracted by the screams of the fugitive, an opportunity of going to the rescue. At once comprehending the extremity of the situation, he dropped on to the back of the animal, and by twisting his tail and belabouring his head with his heavy spade, brought him to his knees, and thus enabled the terror-stricken girl to extricate herself from the horns of her dilemma, and reach the garden platform in safety. While the vanquished bull lay panting, gasping, bleeding, the conquering hero bounded to the side of the girl he had so gallantly rescued, and asked her if she were hurt. Not one word of thanks did she vouchsafe to the chivalric Spaniard, but simply bemoaned the destruction of her bonnet.

Thursday, June 6, 1861.—At Miss Burdett Coutts'. A party of fifty-two at dinner. Had some talk with Lord Lansdowne, and *much* with Fechter, about certain 'points' in his Hamlet. While the company, collected in the long gallery, were waiting the announcement of dinner, Lady Brownlow came up to me and, with considerable acerbity of tone, thus accosted me :—' I 'm very angry with you ! You told, at the house of our friend S—, the other evening, a story about a relative of mine, for which there is not the remotest foundation ! ' On her reminding me of what she alluded to, I assured her Ladyship that if the story were offensive to her I would not repeat it ; but that if it were false, it was no fabrication of mine, for that I had been told it by three different persons, at different times. ' Who were they ? ' said my Lady. ' Captain Willis was one ! The late

Lord Graves was another! The third I decline mentioning.' From the fact of Lord Graves's proximity to Mt. Edgecumbe (he having been born and bred at Thanckes House, close by), I had never entertained a doubt of its truth. When the party had dispersed, with the exception of Mr. P—, I told my hostess what a scolding I had had from her friend. 'Why,' said she, with characteristic generosity, 'Did you not say that *I* told it you?' (she being the third person whose name I had refused to give up). 'Oh!' said Mr. P—, '*I* have seen allusion made to the story in "Notes and Queries," and I will see if I cannot find it for you!' Two or three days after, he sent me two volumes, from which I will make extracts presently; but before doing so, will mention the story as I had heard it, and had told it.

One of the Edgecumbes—I can't say which, but I fancy the father of the first Peer—was affectionately attached to his wife, and was half broken-hearted when she died. She was buried in the family vault, in the park of Mount Edgecumbe. The funeral obsequies were conducted with an utter absence of vulgar pomp or parade. None but one or two near relatives, and tenants on the estate, were invited to the funeral. In the evening of the day of her interment, when the sun had gone down and twilight was far advanced, her husband was pacing up and down his sitting-room, when, happening to turn his head, disconsolately, towards the park, he saw, or fancied he saw, a sight which chilled his blood to the very marrow. He thought he saw her whom he had but just followed to the grave, walking towards the house, wrapt in her grave-clothes. While he was doing

his best to erase the sad image from his thoughts,—considering it to have been an hallucination begotten by overwrought nerves,—he heard a ring at the door-bell, succeeded shortly after by rueful shrieks and groans, reverberating throughout the house. In another instant, while wondering what it could all mean, in glided the apparition which had so disturbed him.

He thought he saw a spirit, till the tone of the voice, and the pressure of the lips upon his cheek, proved it to be flesh. And now for the key to the mystery. The ill-starred lady supposed to be dead was only in a trance. Her husband, in compliance with her expressed wish, in the event of dying before him, had a valuable diamond necklace and an emerald ring buried with her. That circumstance having reached the ears, had excited the cupidity, of the sexton. He thought the jewels would be better taken care of by himself, than by their mother earth. A few hours, therefore, after the funeral, when every one had withdrawn from the spot, he repaired to it with mattock and spade, dug his way through the freshly moved mould; wrenched open the coffin; removed the necklace from the lady's throat, and deposited it carefully on the grass, while he tried to detach the ring from her finger. Finding it difficult to do, he took out his knife, meaning to amputate the two first joints; but, at the first incision, the crimson blood gushed forth, and she 'that was (apparently) dead,' sat up and began to speak.

The awe-stricken sexton took to his heels, leaving the coveted jewellery behind him, while his victim, as much surprised as himself, stepped forth from the charnel-

house which she had tenanted, and made the best of her way to her more congenial home, where, it is said, she lived many happy years, and gave birth to a son and heir.

And now for the promised extracts from Notes and Queries :—

At page 146, No. 278, vol. xi., January to June 1855, I read of—
'A Lady restored to life.' I have lately met with the following statement :—

'Eliza, the wife of Sir W. Fanshaw of Woodley Hall, in Gloucestershire, was interred, having, at her own request, a valuable locket, which was her husband's gift, hung upon her breast. The sexton, proceeding to the vault at night, stole the jewel, and by the admission of fresh air, restored the lady, who had been only in a trance, and who, with great difficulty, reached Woodley Hall in the dead of the night, to the great alarm of the servants. Sir William, being roused by their cries, found his lady with bleeding feet, and clothed in the winding-sheet, stretched upon the hall. She was put into a warm bed, and gave birth to several children after her recovery.'

On what authority has this statement been made? and, if true, when did the occurrence take place? Change the scene to the town of Drogheda, the lady's name to Harman, and the locket to a ring, and you have a tolerably accurate account of what occurred in the early part (I think) of the last century, and with the tradition with which I have been familiar from my childhood.

'ABHBA.'

Again, at page 154, August 25, 1855, vol. xii., July to December, I read of 'A Lady restored to life' (vol. xi. p. 146). A similar tradition exists in this town.

'Once upon a time (that is, I presume, some time within the last century or two, for I never had any clue to the date of the occurrence); a lady named Haigh was believed to be dead, and was buried with several rings on her fingers. In the night, after the funeral, the sexton entered the vault, opened the coffin, and attempted to cut off one of the fingers; upon which the lady started up, and the man ran off. She found her way to her husband's residence, was duly taken care of, and survived several

years, having, at least, one child, after her premature interment. The mansion where she lived is pointed out as that which was for many years occupied as a dispensary, and more recently as barracks, Halifax.

H. MARTIN.

Again, at page 215, vol. xii., September 15, 1855, July to December, I read of 'A lady restored to life' (vol. xi. p. 146, vol. xii. p. 154). 'At the church of St. Decuman near the town of Watchett, Somersetshire, there is a monumental brass of a lady who was restored to life, as the legend tells, by the sexton, who, in attempting to take off a massive ring from her finger, found himself obliged to use his knife. At the first incision the blood gushed out, and the lady, much to the alarm of the sexton, rose in her coffin. After her restoration to the upper world, the lady blessed her husband with two children.'

'A similar legend is related of a lady in Cologne, the wife of a knight of the name of Mengis, of the ancient race of Aducht, and the house in which the couple were thus wonderfully re-united can still be seen in the Neumarkt of that town. It is marked by the figure of a horse, near one of the top windows. The reason why this figure was placed there is also given in the legend. Sir Mengis of Aducht was awakened in the night by his wife knocking at the door; he believed it must be an evil spirit, and refused to open the house unless her horses would mount the stairs up to the garret. No sooner had he made this condition than the horses left their stables and passed his door on their way up-stairs. Awe-struck at this prodigy, he rushed down-stairs and admitted his wife, who, like our Somersetshire heroine, blessed him afterwards with several children.' In Dr. K. Simrock's collection of Legends of the Rhine, this tale is told in verse by E. V. Groote, p. 61.

'S. A. S.'

'Nearly the same story is told of one of the Lady Edgecumbes, if I remember rightly, the mother of the first peer. See an account of the Edgecumbes of Cotehill, by Mrs. Bray, in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1853.

E. H. A.'

Again, at page 314, October 20, 1855, vol. xii., July to December 1855.—'A lady raised to life' (vol. xi. p. 146, vol. vii. pp. 154, 215). 'Since I sent you a note on this subject, I have heard of two other similar legends. The localities are Lübeck and Magdeburg.

Both towns have houses ornamented with horses, showing that the legend in these places agrees with the one I had heard of in connection with Cologne. There is one circumstance connected with the Lübeck legend that may be of interest. The lady on her return to the light of day, had lost her lively complexion, and ever afterwards was known by her corpse-like complexion. Two children whom she bore were also marked in this ghastly manner. There can be no doubt of the truth of this story, if we may argue in the method of good old Thomas Fuller, as, in the church of St. Mary, in Lübeck, there is a painting representing the lady in question, with her two children, unmistakeably referring to the legend, as the corpse-like hue is faithfully given. S. A. S.'

'Bridgwater.'

'I have heard this story related of the mother of the late Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, of whom an old servant of my family used to relate that "she had more than one child after she was buried." How far this is true, I cannot undertake to say. J. F.'

On referring to Burke's Peerage, I cannot discover to which of the Edgecumbes the tradition can apply, unless it be to the wife of 'Sir Richard Edgecumbe, who was made one of the Knights of the Bath previously to the Coronation of King Charles II., in order to attend that ceremony. He married Lady Anne Montagu, second surviving daughter of Edward, Earl of Sandwich, and was succeeded, at his decease in 1688, by his only surviving son, Richard Edgecumbe of Mount Edgecumbe, who was elevated to the Peerage, 20th April 1742, as Baron Edgecumbe.'

Be it as it may, I feel myself at liberty to mention that some time after I had had my lecture in Stratton Street, Lady Brownlow, the Dowager, at her own table, in the presence of the present Lord and Lady Mount Edgecumbe, apologised in the most generous manner to

me for having contradicted my tale, as she had, to her infinite surprise, learned from her own family that, whether true or not, the tradition had long existed.

With regard to the other stories given in Notes and Queries, it is possible that there may be foundation for them all. It is possible that they may, on the other hand, be all derived from one common source, and that, through lapse of time, error of memory, and diversity of narration, the story may have been applied to the wrong persons.

Of one fact I have long been convinced, viz., that there is no task more difficult than that of substantiating a sensational story which has obtained general circulation, even though told by the most veracious lips.

In illustration of this, a recent occurrence occurs to me. On the 12th of April 1873, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, who was staying for a night or two at the Torbay Hotel, Torquay, happened to be looking out of window, when he saw a fine old gentleman, with snow-white hair, throw off his coat and plunge from the boundary-wall into the sea. His first impression was that he was bent on suicide; but he soon perceived that his purpose was not to destroy life, but to save it. Mr. March Phillipps (for he it was), a gentleman greatly and generally respected, the senior magistrate of the town, eighty-one years of age, in his usual promenade on the Paignton Road, observed, near Cary Green, some little children playing on the steps, when a little boy, son of Conch, a fisherman, fell off them into deep water. Mr. Phillipps, hearing their cries, hastened to the spot, and without a moment's hesitation, regardless of him-

self, and forgetful of his years, he threw off his coat and hat and plunged in to the rescue. The recoil of the waves from the sea-wall had carried the child out to some distance, and as it was sinking, the brave old man held it up with one hand, while he swam with the other. At this critical moment, Mr. Huntley Hooper of Lorne Hall, a young, strong man, and a practised swimmer, fearing that his burden and his years combined might be too much for Mr. Phillipps, took a header after him, and having with difficulty persuaded him to resign his prize, brought him safe to land.

In the *Torquay Directory*, published April 16th, it correctly stated the person who rendered such timely succour to Mr. Phillipps to be Mr. Huntley Hooper. But in the *Torquay Times* of April 18th, it awarded the merit of the action to Mr. Briscoe Hooper, Clerk to the Board of Health.

Now, in the account given by the latter paper there was no intentional misrepresentation, but there was misapprehension ; and yet, what a complication of perplexities might hereafter arise from the discrepancy between these two versions ! Some might declare that it was Mr. Briscoe Hooper who had assisted Mr. Phillipps ; others might as confidently assert that it was Mr. Huntley Hooper.¹ Each party would be able to refer to a newspaper of respectability in confirmation of their accuracy, and no one, perhaps, be present to decide the rights of the case. But to return from whence I digressed.

My friend, Alfred Westwood, used to tell a terrific

¹ The *Pall Mall Gazette* says clerk of local board, without naming Hooper.

tale which came within his actual knowledge. A lady, whom he *knew*,—I think a widow living with two daughters,—was said to have died very suddenly, without any premonitory indications of disease! She was laid out upon her bed; a hired nurse having been left to keep watch by the body, until the undertaker should arrive with the shell. The two daughters were sitting in the drawing-room, immediately under their mother's bed-room, absorbed in silent sorrow, when, to their astonishment, they heard a strange commotion in the death-chamber above, succeeded by shrieks and screams of terror and of pain. They rushed in desperation up-stairs, and found the mother they had loved, and mourned as dead, standing up *alive* in the bed, enveloped in a sheet of flame. Supposed dead, she had only been in a trance. The nurse having occasion to leave the room, set down her candle too near the bed-curtains, and, on her opening the door, a gust of wind brought them in contact with the candle. They caught fire, and the poor lady was restored to life only to be burnt to death.

There are short-sighted people who will never believe any phenomenon in the natural or material world to be true, if it be an exception to the ordinary laws of nature. Thus, I have heard trances ridiculed as impositions. That a person in a trance, or in *trans-itu*, *i.e.* in a state of transition between life and death, is in an abnormal condition, in which consciousness and volition are suspended, I could quote many instances to prove. But without going back to St. Paul, St. François d'Assisi, St. Thomas Aquinas, Sainte Thérèse, Joannes Scotus,

the Addolorata, the Estatica, I have instances to cite which are contemporary, and have occurred within my own knowledge.

The lady who acted a mother's part by me during the first six years of my life, Mary Forbes, lay for three weeks at Stirling in a trance, which so closely resembled death, that the family with whom she was staying, the Forrests, would have interred her, but that the medical attendant, insisting on their daily holding a mirror before her mouth, found that it was sullied by her breath, and therefore felt satisfied that she lived. When restored to consciousness she lived some time after.

A well-known and generally respected man, the Rev. W. Roper, of the Wick, Brighton, the last representative of Lady Sunderland's family, lay for three months, to all outward seeming, dead. His eldest son told me that, when he introduced into his bed-chamber an eminent London practitioner to see him, and asked him what he thought of him, he said—'Why, he looks so healthy, that I am afraid, if he were a poor man, and I saw him in a hospital, I should order a bucket of cold water to be thrown over him, under the impression that he was shamming.' After lying, as I have said, three months in this insensible condition, his butler, Abbot, was poking his fire one morning, when he was almost electrified by hearing his old master call to him by name, and ask him what day of the week it was. On being told that it was Sunday, he expressed his wish to get up and go to church; a thing easier said than done, for, on making an attempt to rise, he fell back powerless and

prostrate. In a day or two, however, by the help of restoratives, he was enabled to get up and visit the schools, in which he had always taken lively interest ; but did not survive his resuscitation long.

February 26, 1865.—Received a telegram from Mrs. Waymouth from Paris, inviting me to visit her there. Wrote and declined.

March 1.—Received a second telegram from Mrs. Waymouth, requesting me so urgently to go to her, as her brother, Admiral Meynell, was dying, that the next day—

March 2—I left Torquay ; slept at 18 Upper Brook Street (Mrs. Beckett's) ; and on

March 3, reached Paris at 6.30 P.M. ; repaired to the Hôtel de Louvre, where I found a room ready for me.

March 6.—Mr. Hugo Meynell, finding his uncle better, left for England.

March 7.—I was told a pretty anecdote to-day by one who can vouch for its truth.

The Emperor, not long after Christmas, was walking in the Bois de Boulogne, attended by Marshal Fleury. While on the ice, he observed a very little boy, with golden ringlets, drop his hand-balloon into the water in a part of the lake where the ice was melted. With the handle of his stick he hooked it up, and presented it to the child, who thanked him for his kindness, not knowing the rank of the person to whom he spoke. The Emperor, pleased with the manner of the child, and struck with his beauty, said to him—‘*Mon petit ! Il faut me baiser !*’ ‘*Non !*’ replied the little fellow bluffly.

Marshal Fleury then said to him—‘*Mon petit ! votre papa sera bien heureux quand il saura que vous avez été baisé par l’Empereur.*’

The boy, betraying very little emotion on hearing in whose presence he was, replied—‘*Non ! non ! Mon papa n’aime pas l’Empereur. Il dit souvent qu’il est un gredin.*’

‘*Qui est ce, donc, votre père ?*’

‘*Il ne fait rien ! Il est sénateur.*’

‘*Son nom ?*’ asked Fleury.

‘*Non, non !*’ generously interposed the Emperor ; ‘*La code Napoléon interdit toute recherche de la paternité.*’

March 9.—Called and delivered my letter of introduction to Rossini. He was ill, and invisible in consequence. Mrs. Gurwood called and told me that the Duc de Morny had just died.

March 12.—Harry Thompson, the great surgeon, arrived, in obedience to a summons, to see Admiral Meynell. I went to L’Oratoire, and heard a brother of Adolphe Monod’s preach.

March 14.—Admiral Meynell having had too many visitors to-day, became exhausted, sank down on the sofa in his dressing-gown, and begged me not to admit any one else into his rooms on any pretext. Shortly afterwards I heard a tap at the door (in front of which there was a screen). I opened it, and saw standing in the passage a very gentlemanlike man, with a bloodless face. On his inquiring if Admiral Meynell was in the room, I went into the corridor, shut the door behind me, and said, ‘*I beg your pardon, sir, but though*

the Admiral *is* in the room, he is reclining on the sofa, thoroughly spent with the exertion of receiving three or four friends, and it is by his special order that I venture to ask you to excuse his asking you in.' The unknown visitor instantly put his hand on the door, not rudely or roughly, but as if confident of his welcome, and said, 'I say, Henry, here's some friend of yours won't let me in to see my own first cousin!' The Admiral, seeing me following him into the room, said feebly, 'My dear Young, let me present you to the Marquis of Hertford, whom you may let in at all times.' I immediately apologised for my apparent incivility, but told him, that as I had been acting under orders, I hoped he would hold me blameless. 'Quite right, quite right! I wish I had such a friend to look after *me* and *my* welfare!'

March 15.—Lord Hertford came and sat for two hours. Meynell made me do the talking, as he was too weak. Harry Thompson, Marquis de Fontenelle, Woodford, Mrs. and Miss Gurwood, and Miss Airey (Sir Richard's daughter), came, the latter with tickets for me to see over the royal stables.

March 18.—Mrs. Waymouth breathed her last. I telegraphed for her old and faithful butler, Jay. Arranged for the *pompes funèbres*.

March 20.—The remains of my kind friend were removed, under Jay's care, to London.

I paid two or three visits during my stay in Paris, at his own request, to Lord Hertford. I breakfasted with him one morning, when he showed me over his magnificent hotel. After examining with delight his splendid

collection of pictures, and china, and vertu, I was riveted by two enormous vases of Gros Bleu ! I asked him their history. ' Ah ! ' said he, ' I mean those for Bagatelle ! ' (his campagne in the Bois de Boulogne). ' There is a curious circumstance connected with them ! When I first gained possession of them, they were besplashed with human clotted blood. After the murder of the Duc de Praslin, I heard there was to be a public sale of his effects. Fearful that if once the Emperor knew of these, which were among them, he would buy them, I went and offered a very large sum for them before the sale. My offer was accepted, and I carried them off in my carriage, just as they were.' While breakfasting with him I was made to feel how valueless wealth and station are without health. He wore a violet velvet cap and gorgeous dressing-gown during the meal ; but though there were cotelettes de mouton, and quails, and other luxuries, he hardly ate of anything ! He sipped his Mocha and smoked his cigarettes, and looked wretched, and as if he would give the world for a new sensation. He asked me if I had seen his pictures in Manchester Square. I told him I had, and that Henry Meynell had taken me to see them. ' I will give you a general order if you like,' said he ; but I did not care to go again, so did not remind him of his offer. The number and quality of his possessions, of which he is totally ignorant, is very noteworthy. He has pictures of inestimable value, some collected by his father, and some purchased by commission for himself, which he has never seen. One day he was walking with his chum, Cuthbert, when an English groom rode by on a splen-

did horse. 'Oh!' said he, 'I must have that horse! Let us jump into this fiacre (he was standing by one, on the Boulevard Italiens) and follow the man.' With some difficulty they kept up with him. At last Lord Hertford thrust his head out of the window and asked the groom, in English, whose horse it was. 'I'm not bound to tell you, am I?' 'No! but be civil; is it the Emperor's?' 'No, it is not! If you must know, *it belongs to the Marquis of Hertford.*' He knew neither his own horse nor his own groom!

AMMERGAU.

July 21, 1871.—This day my second son and his sister returned from the Bavarian Tyrol, whither they had gone expressly to see the Passion Play. They are enthusiastic in their admiration of it, and urge their mother and myself to follow their lead, and go and see it. If I yield to their amiable importunity, I shall do so rather from a wish to gratify one ever ready to forego her own pleasure for that of others, than from any irrepressible curiosity of my own.

July 22, 1871.—I remember, long ago, that my wife was profoundly interested by reading Dean Stanley's graphic account of his visit to Oberammergau. The cause of its first institution—the fidelity with which for two centuries and a half, a vow made in trouble had been observed in prosperity—the concurrent testimony from all quarters as to the sanctifying influence of the representation on spectators, as well as on actors engaged in it—all combined to take strong hold on her imagination, and dispose her to believe that the sacred mystery was nothing less than an extraordinary instrumentality vouchsafed for 'turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.'

I, on the other hand, was anything but disposed to regard it as a means of grace. The bare idea of there

being 500 people, in one village, willing to re-enact, in cold blood, the tragedy of Calvary, conveyed to my mind anything rather than a pleasing notion of the country in which it could be tolerated. Thinking, as I did, that to dramatise *The Passion* could but deaden the religious and reverential sensibilities of those who took part in it, or sanctioned it by their presence, it would have been more consistent if I had refused to go, and had dissuaded my wife from going also. As, however, I profess consideration for the sincere convictions of others, and entertained some distrust of the justice of my own, after hearing the report of the effect of the play on every one who saw it, I could not help halting between two opinions. Was it for me to condemn, unseen and unheard, that which had extorted the most unqualified admiration from men of all schools of religious thought—from ultramontane Monsignori, from High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Broad? I determined, at least, to give my wife the benefit of my doubt, accompany her to Oberammergau, and decide for myself how far an exhibition so novel and exceptional might be admissible, not for Protestants, but for primitive, unsophisticated, God-fearing Roman Catholics, dwelling remote from worldly contamination, in the solitudes of the high Alps. With this object in view, I started with my wife for the Tyrol.

On August 12, 1871, at 7 P.M., we left Munich by rail for Weilheim. Having been afoot all day in a broiling sun, and thoroughly exhausted by the evening, we had not been ten minutes in the train, before—without intentional disrespect to our fellow-travellers, or indifference

to the beauties of nature—we fell into the the toils of Morpheus, and remained his prisoners until set free by the gruff summons of the conducteur to alight. We had reached our quarters for the night. Homely enough they were; yet so cordial was the welcome given us by our Boniface, that we felt predisposed to look at everything in his establishment *couleur de rose*. He had a countenance literally blazing with perpetual sunshine and good-humour; a set of peerless pearls gleaming in his wide jaws; abundance of natural courtesy, spiced, perhaps, with a leetle flavour of self-complacency; and a passion, worthy of Caleb Balderstone, for representing things about his miserable ménage, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; so that, ‘having’ next to ‘nothing,’ he yet descanted on the prolific stores of his larder, as if ‘possessing all things’! Although our fare was scanty in quantity, and insipid in quality, our beds and bedding were unimpeachable; and we were waited on next morning with such radiant alacrity, and with such confident assurance of the superiority of the dietary set before us, that we had not the heart to disturb our host’s illusion.

August 13, 1871.—It was at eight o’clock on a bright summer’s morn—a slight smack of autumn in the air—when we left Weilheim in a roomy carriage drawn by two stout horses. Owing to our protracted railway nap of last night, and our consequent ignorance of the country through which we had passed, we were quite unprepared this morning for the startling transition we experienced from the tame to the sublime. We had not long turned our backs upon Weilheim, before we found

ourselves face to face with the Bavarian Alps. As we approached them, and the morning mist began to rise, they looked, with their jagged peaks and precipitous sides, like a series of impregnable fortresses, defended by regiments of javelin-pointed pines, and bristling up in opposition to our progress. Although not so lofty as many I had seen in Switzerland, yet were they abrupt and perpendicular enough to have deterred any but a very romantic chamois, or a very daring member of the Alpine Club, from attempting to scale them. The day, as it wore on, culminated in unclouded loveliness. Every object around us—above our heads or below our feet—appealed to our fancies, our senses, or our spirits. At every bend of the road some fresh feature in the landscape elicited from us exclamations of delight, and made our pulses plunge with uncontrollable excitement. At one moment we were attracted by the neat *châlet* of some ‘harmless villager, pious, proud, and free;’ his neatly-piled stack of wood telling of forecast for the winter’s need. At another our attention would be called to a Paul Potter group of cows, artistically distributed, some ruminating, some roaming, some ‘grazing the verdant mead.’ Vast fields of golden corn, already ripe for the sickle, alternating with woodlands wild, and spacious forests of birch and beech, and fir and mountain-ash, intersected by alleys and avenues, such as Watteau would have loved to paint or Nesfield to design. Our ears were greeted, too, with

‘The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix’d with the sweet bells of the saunt’ring herd.’

The atmosphere was redolent of turpentine, and the fragrance of wild thyme and new-made hay. The blush of azure and of pink with which the early sun had dyed the mountain-tops still lingered on the lower slopes, while turf as fine as that of garden lawn extended for miles before us—so alluring to the tread that, in the effervescence of my glee, I could hardly refrain from jumping out of the carriage, and ‘playing antics before high heaven,’ like a boy released from school. The farther we advanced into the heart of the hills, the lovelier grew the pictures presented to our eyes; and so exhilarating was the air we breathed, that we felt as if we had taken laughing gas; and had my years been fewer, and my figure lighter, no regard for the proprieties would have kept me from tumbling head over heels in wanton ecstasy of spirit.

After three hours of intoxicating enjoyment, we halted to refresh our horses and tranquillize ourselves at a place called Murnau. The inn was large and clean; but its tutelary goddess, the landlady, somewhat too independent and imperious to elicit much voluntary homage from us. We had not long turned our back upon her, before we found ourselves hemmed in by mountains, and travelling by the side of the Ammer, an acceptable companion enough in such hot weather, though sluggish and languid, and very unlike other Tyrolean rivers, which are generally clear and rapid. As this happy valley contracted into a gorge, we overtook, for the first time, a straggling procession of pilgrims to the Passion-Spiel; a dusty, heated, travel-soiled band they were; but sober, orderly, and civil, wending their way on foot deliberately, and

husbanding their powers for the formidable hill awaiting them ahead. Those who were more familiar with the immediate locality diverged from the main road and took a short cut, under the shelter of a dense wood. At the bottom of the last and sharpest hill, we found ourselves launched in the midst of a motley crowd of Gentiles, some on horseback, more in vehicles of various grades, most on foot; Kutscher crowding into a little road-side pot-house, and clamorous for beer; Kutscher who had slaked their thirst, rushing out impatient to proceed; horses huddled together under trees, waiting to be watered; horses being taken out of harness, to be scraped and sponged; horses neighing for their corn, and snapping angrily at their fellow-creatures, who had already got it; pretty ladies in purple 'uglies,' lounging back in odd-shaped carriages; ordinary and extraordinary gentlemen in English chimney-pots or Tyrolese 'wide-awakes,' interchanging greeting with friends from the antipodes. There were French, and Germans, and Americans, 'their speech bewraying them;' and, by way of interlude, there was a scene of angry altercation between a carriage-full of people protesting vehemently, on the score of economy, against the imposition of an extra horse, and their driver, on the score of necessity, as pertinaciously insisting upon having it. This was the only incident on our route which jarred upon our feelings, and it was so out of harmony with the heavenly scenery around us, that we cared not to know how the wrangle terminated, but hastened forward to our destination. We arrived there at 3 P.M., under the fond delusion that we were among

the favoured few whose lodgings were secured. On driving to the shop of Madame Weit, in whom we flattered ourselves we had 'a friend at court,' we were assured in her most dulcet tones, and with the most deprecating shrug of her shoulders, that though she had received our application three weeks before, yet that the demand for rooms from princes, potentates, and prelates, so far exceeded the supply, that it was quite out of her power to help us. Soon finding that there were many others of far higher pretensions to consideration than ourselves, who had been turned adrift, we had made up our minds to pass the night in our carriage, when Madame George Lang, pitying our houseless plight, and finding that we did not bluster under disappointment, despatched a female emissary to say, that she thought we might procure a resting-place for the sole of our feet in a certain lowly cot to which we should be directed.

Following our Ariadne's clew, as she threaded her devious way through the labyrinth of modern-antique carriages with which the village was crowded, we reached at last our haven; quickly arranged with a dear old woman for a room for my wife and maid, up a ladder, and over an odorous cow-house; and then loafed about the streets in search of some nook or other where we might 'eat, drink, and,' if possible, 'be merry,' until bed-time! We had taken the precaution of bringing provisions with us, and were looking forward to a glass of Mons. Schimon's champagne (landlord of the Vierjahrenzeiten at Munich), when, from the centre of a circle of ladies, and seated at a carpenter's bench in the

middle of a by-lane, who should start forward, with outstretched hands and looks of amiable recognition, but Miss Leighton! In a few minutes she had introduced us to her travelling companions and friends, Mrs. Owen and Miss Coates, Miss Ponsonby and Lady Helen Steuart. Finding that we had but just arrived, and were sans sitting-room, they kindly invited us to partake of the dinner they had extemporised. It was delightful to see with what cheerfulness these gently-nurtured ladies accommodated themselves to privations from which their maids, had they brought them, would have recoiled as insufferable hardships. It was almost with an air of pride that Miss Leighton showed us her chamber. It was about 12 feet by 6, with a very so-so bedstead, about 6 feet by 3, standing on bare boards. Restricted for room, she was yet protected from oppressive closeness by an aperture in the ceiling, large enough, with the aid of a sloping ladder, to admit the slender figure of Lord Galloway's daughter to her chamber, and also to afford Miss Leighton a comfortable hope of ear-ache! We were not admitted to the penetralia of the up-stair dormitory, but we could easily image it for ourselves. I should think it must have reminded its tenant of the house of a certain widow dwelling in a town in Zidon, called Zarephath or Sarepta. To the dinner we did full justice; and the 'we' signifies not only the five ladies, my wife, and myself, but three or four other gentlemen acquaintances, with whom, as the Scotch say, they had 'forgathered.' What we had to eat I forget, if I except a never-to-be-forgotten haricot, cooked by one of the fair daughters of Lady Louisa

Coates, and gracefully served up by her own hands. I question, if we had just had the freedom of the City of London conferred upon us, and had dined at the Mansion-House afterwards, if we should have relished our meal as thoroughly as we did our unambitious cottage fare. After we had despatched it, my wife and I strolled through the village, picking our way as best we could, among the miscellaneous throng. We found the houses generally neater, larger, and more commanding than those of our own agricultural labourers. The poorest that we saw would yield, in England, a rent of from £3 to £4 per annum; the best from £6 to £15 a year. Some had gardens attached to them, some had not; but I saw none that were not white and weather-tight; the pictorial effect of many being greatly heightened by Scripture subjects frescoed on the walls in front.

Suggestive as this description may be of greater regard for show than comfort, it is not so, in reality. There is no taint about them of anything like what we should call Cockneyism; and though the decorative art displayed will not bear critical inspection, the general effect of colour on the eye is exceedingly agreeable; and even were it otherwise, the pictorial representations, after all, have made the villagers so familiar with the prominent and pathetic verities of Scripture, however deficient in technical execution, as to reconcile one to them. We retired early to bed, but not soon to sleep. The watchman patrolling the streets, and proclaiming the hours of the night, the tinkling of innumerable goat-bells, the tramp of the band through every corner of the village, playing solemn airs appropriate to the

season, and the periodical discharge of guns, would have rendered such a consummation, however devoutly to be wished, impossible. Had we reposed upon the springiest of French mattresses, in the most luxurious of rooms, the feverish state of anticipation in which we lay would effectually have banished sleep from our eyelids, and that quite independently of the 'murmuring surge' of human voices which rose through the thinly-partitioned walls of our room, and which we heard next morning had proceeded from the hoarse throats of our good old host and hostess, who had given up their own beds for our accommodation, and were keeping 'vigils for th' ensuing day.'

The voices of the church choir were audible as early as three o'clock, now wailing in penitence, now swelling in praise. All, indeed, who were to figure in the coming day's proceedings, after confessing their sins, were about to partake of the Mass, before being permitted to take part in the sacred drama.

August 14.—Daybreak was ushered in by a discharge of cannon, the reverberation of which, as it rang and rattled through the mountains, sounded like the summons to a solemn rite.

We had been assured, that though the play did not begin till 8 A.M., the doors would be opened as early as 5 A.M.! Having failed yesterday to procure tickets for the front seats, we conceived that our likeliest chance of gaining admission would be to repair to the theatre as early as we could, and purchase tickets for the open space occupied by the peasants. Accordingly, we were at the entrance-door ten minutes after five;

but, to our surprise, found every place preoccupied. I had recourse to every stratagem devisable by selfish ingenuity to get in. I appealed *ad crumenam*; I tried what bribery and corruption would effect. I appealed *ad misericordiam*, and pointed to my fragile wife, who had risen, I said, at an unearthly hour, and who had braved the perils of the deep (hem! two hours' sail from Dover!) that she might witness that particular day's performance; but wheedling invocations and mercenary persuasions were equally thrown away on those ruthless, sorely-tempted, but conscientious trusty janitors. They could not have been more impenetrable if they had been made of marble. The Rev. Julian Young, I grieve to say, returned to his garret in a very naughty, not to say nasty, mood; and his lady, though uncomplaining, more chapfallen than I ever saw her in my life. There was nothing for it, baffled and discomfited as we were, but to set our faces like flints towards home; though any other home, 'by any other name would have smelt as sweet,' and a good deal sweeter.

The prospect of spending seventeen hours in a loft, in the immediate vicinity of a dung-hill, with nothing to sit down on but the hard edge of a wretched pallet, with no shady retreat in which to read one's Bible or say one's prayers, so tried my patience, that I found the natural sweetness of my temper oozing out at my finger-ends, and proposed at once to pack up our traps, shake off the dust of our feet, and give the world assurance that Ammergau was the most odious of places; that its people were labouring under diabolical possession; and that its vaunted mystery was a super-

stitious imposition. But fortunately there was at my side

‘ A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command !’

who soon dispelled my sulks by gently reminding me that as there were hundreds in as bad a plight as we, a repetition of the piece would certainly take place on the morrow, when we might reasonably hope for good seats and no crowd. ‘ The stern Achilles’ wrath was soothed.’ We returned to our sorry habitation, cast down yet not desponding ; looking at each other benignly from our bedsides,—sorry that we had had our breakfast, and regretting that we could not make another. We then cast plaintive glances through the casements of our window on the outer world, where every object was eloquent of divine benevolence towards man ; and, as we looked

‘ On that great Temple that ’s not made with hands,’

we appreciated, as we had never fully done before, the truth and beauty of Hood’s lines :—

‘ Thrice blessed, rather, is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom ;
The bounteous Providence in every feature,
Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a fane—all heav’n its dome !

Each cloud-capp’d mountain is a holy altar :
An organ breathes in every grove :
And the full heart ’s a psalter
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love.’

And when, through the still and balmy air, we heard at one moment the imprecations of the Jewish mob ; at another the antiphonal chanting of the chorus, any passing sense of irritation we might have felt subsided,

and we became affected seriously. And when, between the hours of one and two, Madame Weit came to tell us that in less than no time apartments lately 'occupied by several My Lords'—to wit, Lady Londonderry and a friend, and Lord Gainsborough and daughters—would be at our 'disposition,' our spirits rose like quicksilver. Right glad were we to exchange our unsavoury attic for two large and airy rooms in a charming villa, standing in the centre of a garden. And when, shortly after taking possession, we found ourselves seated at a well-covered table, with snow-white napkins on our knees, and soup and trout, and steaks and chicken, cucumber and champagne before us, a soothing southern air streaming through the windows, and gently fanning our white muslin curtains; and when we paused, during the processes of mastication, to look upon a scene worthy of Eden's brightest days, and our landlady deposited on our dinner-table two tickets for the front row, for the morrow, I recanted all I had rashly said to the disparagement of place and people. At once the bread—by a pardonable poetic fiction—became the sweetest ever baked; the soup, the fish, the flesh, the fowl, superior to any ever tasted at Phillippe's; and poor Madame Weit, but yesterday the most fickle of Eve's daughters, was at once translated to the angelic order.

In due time 'the house adjourned,' jalousies were closed, and heads and pillows became close friends. The sheets proved to be *sans tache*, the mattresses *sans reproche*, the blankets void of any tenant but ourselves.

August 15.—We rose at 6 A.M., not from impatience

to reach our sittings, for we knew they were reserved, but from feverish inability to keep in bed. We breakfasted with as much haste as if we were taking refreshment at Swindon, when travelling by express; and sallied forth to the theatre with an elation of heart and a jauntiness of step, only to be accounted for by improvement in circumstances.

With serene satisfaction we produced our tickets for the front row, and took our seats. The first thing which attracted our observation was the ample capacity of the building; the next, the decorous silence reigning throughout it; the last, the devotional deportment of most of our own clergy, few of whom, I suspect, and many of whom, I know, had never been within the walls of a theatre. On this occasion they entered as if it were 'none other but the house of God,' and they were there not for amusement but for edification. I saw several with heads bowed and knees bent, rapt in prayer, till roused by the music of the overture. The instrumental performers, about thirty in number, after 'tuning up,' commenced the prelude. While it was being played, I scanned most rigorously the construction of the house; and neither in its accessories, its stage, proscenium, drop-scene, drop-curtain, wings, scenery, orchestra, pit, or properties, was there anything unlike what one sees in other similar places of entertainment; with one exception, viz., that at each extremity of the proscenium, right and left, there was a projecting balcony,—the one supposed to represent the outlet from a room in Annas' house, the other to lead out of Pilate's audience-chamber in the Prætorium. The

pit, orchestra, and stage were alike exposed to wind, and wet, and sun ; from which the costlier dress benches, clothed in scarlet drugget, well stuffed, and with railings for the back, were carefully sheltered by a wooden roof. Each tier of seats was raised a foot higher than the one before it, thus affording every facility for unobstructed vision. The site of the theatre had been selected, with taste and judgment, in a narrow part of the valley, under the very shoulders of the mountain range ; the lower slopes, though far more romantic, bearing, I am told, considerable resemblance to the country round about Jerusalem. Indeed, it imposed no very heavy tax upon the imagination to fancy the trout-stream at the foot of the opposite hill to be the brook Kedron, running its course beneath Mount Olivet ; or the young trees and stunted brushwood scattered about its base to be the olive-tree, the fig-tree, and the pomegranate ; or the tiny footpath winding among them, the well-trodden track to Bethany.

As we had anticipated, we met with no difficulty in getting to our places ; for the audience, which yesterday had been 6000, had dwindled to 4000. I had great misgivings that, *minus* the stimulus of yesterday's crowd, and *plus* the fatigue of yesterday's exertions, the spirit of the actors, if not evaporated, would be greatly diluted. However, not only could *we* detect no lack of energy, or earnestness of purpose ; but our lady friends, who had been present yesterday, and were so again to-day, declared that the spontaneity, fervour, and unction of their acting were still more intensified. This fact went far to confirm the truth of what we had heard, viz., that

these peasant players—from their earliest years—have been so indoctrinated with the solemn significance of the performance in which they are privileged to take part, that, even if applause had been allowed, they would have been deaf to it.

Before giving dispassionate consideration to the general merits of the performance, I venture to make a few remarks which suggest themselves to me, and this in no captious spirit.

No person who has witnessed anything so unique of its kind as the Passion Play can wonder at the sensation it has created. In spite of strong prejudices to be surmounted, I never was so affected by any sight in my life. And yet, in the unqualified panegyrics I have heard bestowed even on its minutest details, I cannot concur. An enthusiastic friend of mine went so far as to resent all comment upon it as impious, that was not laudatory, and to assert that no one was worthy to witness the drama who did not enter the place wherein it was to be enacted with the veneration due to a consecrated temple. Now, deserving of the very highest admiration as the Passion-Spiel is, it is, after all, and notwithstanding the solemnity of the subject treated, what its name imports, and, as such, fairly amenable to criticism.¹ A price is demanded for admission. All the accessories belonging to any other theatre belong to it; and therefore, as one of the paying public, I conceive I am entitled to record my impressions of what I saw and heard, be those impressions adverse or favourable.

¹ It is right to state that after all the necessary expenses are paid, the surplus is devoted to the local charities.

Now, before I had any opportunity of forming an opinion for myself, I was told that the orchestra was first-rate, the recitatives of the chorus faultless in time and tune, the acting of the women transcendent, and the taste for harmony of colour displayed in the tableaux thoroughly artistic. I held my tongue, but doubted instinctively, whether those who indulged in such extravagant encomium were not deficient in discrimination, or apt to imbibe their sentiments from others, instead of forming impartial judgments for themselves. Now, the scenery, though answering its object well enough, was inferior to what may be seen any night at one of the theatres on the Surrey side of the Thames. The music, though creditable to the invention of its rustic composer, was anything but ravishing. The singing, though the *timbre* of some of the voices was excellent, was uncultivated, and the articulation muffled. The mixture of colour in grouping was often infelicitous, and sometimes meretricious; and though the costumes were faithfully copied from the old masters, yet now and then they fatigued the eye by their gaudiness. Light blue, mauve, magenta, chocolate, orange, and yellow, were in the ascendant. The purple robe of the Christus, though unexceptionable in the simplicity of its make, and the skilful disposition of its drapery, was yet too new and rich for one who 'had not whereon to lay His head.' The same objection might be made to the dresses worn by Peter, John, and Judas, which were all too smart for men of their humble condition. Again, the acting of the women was inferior; and Franziska Flünge, who impersonated the Virgin

Mother, looked considerably younger than her Son. The tableaux, though skilfully arranged in some respects, reminded me uncomfortably of certain popular wax-works in Baker Street. Even the one representing the Fall of the Manna—general favourite as it was—fell short of my expectations.

There was too much sameness and tameness, and not variety and eagerness enough in the attitudes. The space allotted was too limited for the numbers massed together. The Israelites were packed as closely together as figs in a drum.

Every one who has had anything to do with the instruction of the young, knows what a potent agent pictorial representation is in fixing facts in the memory. How much more so when the pictures are living ones ! As a means, therefore, of riveting Scripture truth to the brain, of illustrating, by type and antitype, the connection between the two Covenants, and of symbolising the most pathetic events of redemption, nothing in conception could be happier than these tableaux, defective, as in some few instances they might be, in execution.

Having stated frankly my objections to certain minor items connected with the *mise en scène*, I proceed to show the reverse side of the medal.

First, then, as to the acting of Tobias Flünge, the Pontius Pilate : it was not acting at all, it was identification. On his first appearance at the balcony, you saw a high-born Roman statesman, with the manners of an aristocratic gentleman, wealthy, worldly, and weak, probably ; yet certainly not deficient in just instincts, when not interfering with his personal security. Be it

observed, that the very fact of Pilate's quitting his seat of office in the judgment-hall argued both consideration for the Jews, who he knew would deem themselves defiled by entering it, and condescension to them by derogating from his own dignity, and 'going forth' to expostulate with an infuriated mob. I fancied, therefore, that under the mask of courtesy I detected a certain haughtiness of manner when he put his first question, — 'What accusation bring ye against this man?' While, after hearing their insolent retort, 'If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him unto thee,' it was evident from his look and gesture, as he answered, 'Take ye him and judge him according to your law,' that he not only inwardly resented the disrespectful tone in which they had addressed him, but was indignant at their wish, not to appeal to him as a judge, but rather to force him to acquiesce in their condemnation of the accused. On the Jews reminding him that it was not lawful for *them* to put any one to death, his voice and countenance betrayed a nervous sense of responsibility, and some misgiving whether, unless he were cautious, he might not fall into disgrace with the Emperor himself. He was, evidently, impatient to break off the interview and return to the judgment-hall. After an absence of some minutes, during which he is supposed to have examined Jesus more strictly, he comes forward again from the balcony, tells the people that he finds no fault in him, but proposes, in conformity with the usage at the Passover of releasing one prisoner, to let him go. Flünge shows you clearly that he represents a pliant, feeble character, not a harsh or deliberately wicked one ;

and that, though he longs to liberate the prisoner, want of moral courage, and dread of compromising himself with Cæsar, prevents his doing so.

Jacob Hett—the Peter—looked every inch his part, and what he had to say or do, he did and said right well ; though, after his reiterated denials, his Master's previous warnings, and his Master's look of mild reproof, it would have been more in keeping with the impulsive temperament of his original; if he had been more demonstrative in his contrition. We are told that he '*went out, and wept bitterly* ;' so I suppose the first gush of his grief is supposed to have been indulged in alone, and out of sight. It is true he is seen to lean against a wall in dejection ; but still I could not discern either in his visage or his bearing any great trace of grief.

The affectionate sympathy of John for Peter as shown by Zwink, was very touching.

Johannes Zwink was a very fair representative of his youthful namesake. The natural amiability of his looks, amounting almost to effeminacy, were quite in accordance with the Roman Catholic traditions. His long auburn hair and beardless cheek contrasted well with the furrowed face, grey hair, and grisly beard of his companion Peter.

Of Gregor Lechner much might be written, but to do him full justice would require a dissertation on the conflicting views of commentators upon Judas's character, and a critical analysis of Lechner's version of it. His impersonation appeared to me quite excellent. His features are Jewish ; and there is an obliquity in one of his eyes, which imparted a sinister meaning to his looks,

eminently characteristic of his prototype. His eager, emphatic way of counting the thirty pieces of silver, his eyes gleaming with insatiable avarice, his 'itching palm' clutching almost savagely at one of the shekels as it rolled off the table, his undissembled consciousness that his motives and intentions were seen through by his Master, his remorseful agitation at the supper-table, perceptibly increasing as the Christus drew nearer and nearer to him, and culminating, after the reception of the sop, in his impetuous exit,—all these points were made with great force.

I overheard more than one person describe his acting as stagey. I do not see how, in a part so impassioned, any actor who would be true to nature could escape this imputation. Mobility of feature and animation of gesture are essential to the faithful portraiture of such marked individuality as that of Judas.

When Joseph Maier, the Christus, was pointed out to me on the evening of our arrival, he was clad in his ordinary working dress, and my first feeling on beholding him was one of unmitigated disappointment. I saw an ordinary mechanic, of dark complexion, chiefly remarkable for a luxuriant growth of beard, and a profusion of jet black hair, falling in heavy clusters over his neck and shoulders. His deportment was doubtless very artless, and his humble manner of returning the salutations of passers-by, singularly prepossessing. But I could not refrain from mentally comparing this olive-tinted, Italian-looking man, with the ideals of Francia, Carlo Dolce, and Leonardo da Vinci, and I began to fear that the absence of the chestnut locks, parted over

the unruffled brow of the meek and gentle Jesus, with which I was familiar, would bias my perception of the actor's merits. He had not been two minutes on the stage, however, before my fears were scattered to the winds. The first scene after the first tableaux was the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Although upwards of three hundred people of both sexes and of all ages crowded on to the stage, in a state of the highest excitement, shouting forth hosannas, chanting a hymn of praise, strewing their garments and palm branches in the way, the eye was instantaneously arrested by one familiar figure, 'lowly and riding on an ass,' conspicuous by the majestic serenity of his countenance, and contrasting strangely with the animation of the surrounding scene. 'The whole city was moved'—but not he. He seemed not to heed their acclamations in his honour; for he knew that five days later they would be succeeded by execrations. With mingled meekness and dignity he dropped down the side of the animal, hardly deranging a fold of his robe in doing so. He enters the Temple, and overthrows the money-changers and the tables of them that sold doves. But in doing so there is no elevation of voice, no angry frown, no energetic action either of hand or foot under the influence of righteous indignation, but a head erect as that of a King, Saviour, Conqueror, conscious of his divine power, and fearing not to be molested.

It would be difficult to specify any one scene in which the acting of the principal part was more entitled to admiration than another, although the situations of some were more exciting than those of others. Thos.

which laid the strongest hold on *my* imagination were, the washing of the disciples' feet, the administration of the Lord's Supper, the agony in the garden, and, transcending all the others in tragic interest, the crucifixion. Let me glance cursorily at the scenes as they pass before my mind's eye.

First, As to the Feet-washing and the Supper. On the rising of the curtain immediately after the two tableaux—the reception of manna from heaven—and the grapes of Eshcol borne on a branch by two men (to symbolise what was about to follow), we had before us a living transcript of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture. The Passover being ended, Jesus rises, lays aside his outer garments, takes a towel, girds himself with it, pours water into a basin, washes the feet of his disciples with womanly delicacy of touch, and wipes them with the towel wherewith he is girded. When he says to the eleven, 'Ye are clean, but not all,' Judas averts his guilty head and winces impatiently. Jesus, after addressing himself to his disciples, resumes the garments he had put off, sits down in silence, and is so evidently troubled in spirit, that the beloved disciple, not reclining, and therefore, at the time, not leaning on his bosom, caressingly drops his head on it in token of tender sympathy and love. Scriptural or not, it was eloquent of feeling, and so like what one imagines John might have done, that one could not be offended with it. The solemnity and earnestness with which the Lord's Supper was administered, is a thing never to forget.

Second, As to the Agony. The stage was thrown back to its extremity, the scenery representing the

Garden of Gethsemane. The Christus, passing by two or three palm-trees, which contribute to the illusion of the locality, with hands clasped and head drooping, slowly advances to the front, in profound dejection, attended by Peter, James, and John. He pauses, ponders, and points to two banks, bidding his followers to 'tarry there;' signifying by a slight movement of his head a certain spot removed. They obey him, sit down, follow his retreating footsteps with reverential gaze, and, when he is absorbed in prayer, avert their heads from him and try to watch, until the willing spirit yielding to the weak flesh, they drop off to sleep. The absence of all nervous hurry, common to actors when they are thinking of the audience and fearing they are tedious, and the imperturbable silence of the spectators, were equally worthy of approval. While the disciples were slumbering, and their Master was offering up 'supplications with strong crying and tears,'

'not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And e'en the forest-trees seem'd stir'd with prayer.'

After an interval of several minutes, the principal character rises from the ground, whereon he had lain prostrate, and walks towards Peter, James, and John, and perceiving their condition, he utters the memorable words contained in the 40th and 41st verses of St. Matthew xxvi., and then returns to his oratory. He prays a second time, and, a second time returning, repeats the same words as before, but with a more reproachful inflection of voice. Again he withdraws apart, and after praying for the third time, he approaches his disciples for the last time, and then it is that one perceives

the excruciating agony of his spirit, depicted in his face in crimson drops of blood, and hears him say to his faithless followers, 'Sleep on now, and take your rest, Behold, the hour is at hand; and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going. He is at hand that doth betray me.' Immediately a great multitude with swords and staves, led on by Judas, rush in. At the preconcerted signal the treacherous kiss is given, the Son of Man is captured, and, quick as thought, Peter's blow is dealt on Malchus's ear. The startling transition from the stillness of the grave to the energetic action of busy life gave an electric shock to one's entire nervous system.

In the first scene of the second part Jesus is dragged into the presence of the High Priest. Annas, having left the chief priests and the council assembled in the Praetorium, comes out upon the balcony of his apartments, expecting the Christus to be brought before him. No valid evidence being produced against Jesus, false witnesses rise up and make accusation against him, 'Answerest thou nothing?' says the High Priest, astounded at his silence. Still he holds his peace. On being asked if he is the Christ, he says, 'I am.' On this the High Priest rends his clothes; some spit on him; some cover his face, while others buffet him and knock him down. At last Annas, puzzled to know what to do with him, sends him, under a guard of soldiers, before Caiaphas and the Sanhedrim. While in the judgment-hall he is denied of Peter. Then Caiaphas sends him to Pilate, who examines him privately, is more and more convinced of his innocence, and is dis-

posed to set him at liberty. However, he washes his hands before the mob, and declares that he will have nothing more to do with the case. Finding that he is a Galilean, and glad to shift the burden of responsibility from his own shoulders to those of Herod, he sends him to *his* jurisdiction. Herod, after asking him many questions and receiving no answer, mocks him, puts on him a gorgeous robe, places a reed in his hand for a sceptre, and once more sends him back to Pilate, who, to pacify the chief priests, the rulers, and the mob, proposes to chastise and then release him. Accordingly, they bind him to one of the pillars of the Judgment-Hall, and scourge him till he faints. As soon as he is out of the soldiers' hands, the purple robe again is put upon him ; again the reed is thrust between his fast-bound hands, and with two crossed swords the crown of thorns is so tightly pressed down upon his head as to cause a fresh effusion of blood from his temples. In all these scenes the magnanimity of Christ's silence, patience, and self-control, is most impressive. But I hasten to the consummation of this sad, eventful history, viz., the crucifixion. Hitherto, as the green curtain rose before each tableau, the chorus, in gorgeous costume, had come forward, to point in song the moral of the succeeding scene. But now the curtain is no longer green, but black, and every member of the chorus is habited in 'the trappings and the suits of woe,' in other words, in mourning cloaks. It was difficult to repress a shudder on hearing the music interrupted by the dead, dull blow of hammers. On the rising of the curtain, there stood at the extremity of each side of the stage, two enor-

mous crosses already erected, on which the bodies of the thieves were stretched. Conspicuous as they were the eye almost overlooked them, being magnetically attracted to the soles of two bleeding feet, with nails protruding through them. The cross, which was in the centre, was lying down, with the sacred figure nailed upon it. Let into the ground below the stage was an iron plate with a strong hinge, into which the base of the cross was inserted. By the help of this hinge and the strong arms of two or three men, it was slowly raised aloft, and fixed firmly in its place by means of stout props placed behind, and acting as buttresses. Nothing could surpass the beauty of Maier's figure, refined as it was in hue by a tightly-fitting suit of flesh-coloured silk. The three Marys enter, weeping, and taking their stand near the cross, above which is the inscription, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. The soldiers tear Christ's garment into four parts. Nothing in sculpture, painting, or carving, ever produced such a harrowing impression on my mind as the sight of that *living* figure crucified. The eyes meekly raised to heaven, divine submission speaking from them even through the blood-stained face ; the head inclined to one side ; the chest and ribs heaving in agony.

On seeing the Virgin Mother, with John standing by her side, Jesus consigns her to his care, who straightway takes her to his home. On Jesus complaining of thirst, a soldier fills a sponge with vinegar, and from the end of a reed applies it to his lips. When he has said 'It is finished,' he bows his head, and all is over.

At that moment terror-stricken crowds rush in, shouting that the veil of the temple is rent in twain. Soldiers then enter with huge mallets in their hands (formidable in aspect, but in fact made of stuffed leather), and smash the legs of the two thieves with such hearty good-will as to make one shudder at the operation. One of the soldiers is about to repeat it on the central figure, when the Magdalen springs forward from the foot of the cross, behind which she had been crouching, and violently pushes him back. In turn he thrusts her aside, and with his spear pierces the Christ on the left side, and forthwith gushes out blood and water. When the breast was penetrated, and the blood spurted out and trickled down his trunk, the act and the effect was so painfully real that many confessed that they could hardly suppress an exclamation of horror. I confess myself that it was with some reluctance that I stayed to observe the inimitable dexterity and delicacy with which the deposition from the cross was managed, feeling sure that none of the remaining scenes could vie in pathetic interest with the appalling one at which I had been present.

After the termination of the piece, when my wife rejoined me, she put to me a very pertinent question:—‘Do you think,’ she said, ‘that this representation of our Saviour’s sufferings can have been more horrible to our human apprehension than the reality?’ ‘No,’ I replied. ‘Do you think it fell short of the reality?’ ‘Yes.’ Then she rejoined, ‘If *we* have been so profoundly awed by the mere semblance, is it not *convincing* that, however *we* may have tried to meditate on “*the*

Passion" of our Lord, and however familiar we may fancy ourselves to have been with the Scripture account of it, we have never before adequately felt it in our hearts! If this be true, then, surely you will agree with me in reverting, henceforth, to the *Passion-Spiel* as the most practically helpful and edifying of homilies.' I think that she was right.

I do not know that I can give stronger proof of my rapid and complete subjugation to Maier's extraordinary influence, than by confessing that he had not been many minutes on the stage before I became more than reconciled to the features and complexion which had disturbed me.

The image of 'the Christ' formed in the minds of the most of us, I suspect, has been derived partly from the letter of Publius Lentulus to the Roman Senate, partly from the pictures of the great Italian painters—a great cloud of witnesses, no doubt, to the fidelity of the traditional type handed down to, and accepted by, the Roman Catholic Church. But I know of no certain warrant for that beauty with which mediæval art has accredited our blessed Lord. All we know is purely inferential, not absolute or certain. Isaiah distinctly tells us that 'he had *no form* nor *comeliness*,' and that 'there was *no beauty* in him that we should desire him.' Now, when we meet with a man exceptionally good, even though he be 'in the form of a servant,' and though his features be rude and homely, the intrinsic worth of the man shines forth in his countenance, with the lustre reflected from *moral* beauty within. I know that there are some who, while telling their little ones that physical

beauty is 'as a fading flower'—skin-deep, perishable, and a snare to its possessor; and, while themselves believing that the only beauty which is 'incorruptible and fadeth not away' is *spiritual* beauty—cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of a *perfect man* unallied with *perfect physical beauty*. Now, when I read that Christ Jesus 'himself took our infirmities upon him,' I cannot suppose that it is our *moral* infirmities, for he was sinless, but our *physical* imperfections; and if there were 'no (physical) beauty in him that we should *desire* him,' the greater the aggravation of his humiliation, and the more meritorious his sacrifice. Say what we may, personal beauty is a precious gift; the want of it a privation. To desire the love of one's fellow-man is natural and commendable; and if personal beauty attract, and the want of it (where not redeemed by the moral beauty of expression) repel (so as to excite the contempt and rejection of men)—if Bacon be right in saying that, 'Beauty is best in a body that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect;' if the highest order of beauty is that which consists in the highest excellence, then we cannot be said to defraud our exemplar of his attributes if the beauty we ascribe to him be 'the beauty of holiness.' It has always struck me as infinitely affecting, that He, 'who thought it not robbery to be equal with God,' should not only be stripped of 'the glory which he had before the world was,' but even of the ordinary personal endowments common to man. He could hardly, as a man, have been what men call handsome, for men are rarely indifferent to good looks, and yet they were insensible to his; 'he had

no beauty that they should desire him ; ' he was despised and rejected of men.' I humbly apprehend that, as the Godhead and manhood were united in One Person, the *humanity* was displayed in 'the vile body'—the outer shell ; and on two or three occasions, such as in the purging of the Temple, his appearance before the multitude after the Transfiguration, and at the betrayal, he allowed the effulgence of his *divinity* to burst forth.

But to return to my text. I have never seen any tragedy, read any tale of woe, or listened to any sermon, which so probed my conscience and touched my heart, as did this Miracle Play, and yet God forbid that any attempt should ever be made to introduce it into this country. We have not the same excuse for it that they have ; and our national temperament, as well as our Protestant antipathies, would render such an experiment hazardous in the extreme. But in the case of these Tyrolese villagers, the experience of two centuries and a half has shown that the habit of repeating this solemnity every ten years, so far from being injurious to their spiritual condition, has been eminently promotive of it. God alone searcheth the heart ; and therefore what seeds of evil may be lurking in the secret places of the hearts of these children of nature, sown so profusely as they have been by the flattering tongues of princes, potentates, and peers, it is not for me even to conjecture. But there is every reason to believe, from what one hears and knows from others, that, as yet, they have contracted no harm. It was but the other day that a friend of mine, the Rev. W. R. Clark, prebend and vicar of St. Mary's, Taunton, who had recently returned from an expedition

to the village, where he had been last year at the Spiel, assured me that an offer of £6000 to the principal performers engaged in it had been made by the managers of one of the chief theatres of Vienna, for a given number of representations, and that, instead of being tempted or elated by the offer, they had been hurt by it. The unflinching fidelity with which the vow of 1633 has been kept by the descendants of the original votaries, while it puts to shame the conduct of certain nations who recently ignored the obligation of existing treaties, on the ground that covenants contracted by one generation are not binding upon another, ought at the same time to inspire one with hopeful expectations that their past consistency will be continued unimpaired; and if to preserve the sanctity of wedlock inviolate, if to be sober and righteous, if to observe the mutual obligations between parent and child, if, after the necessary expenses of the Passion Play are defrayed, to dedicate every farthing of their receipts in relieving the necessities of their poorer brethren,—be good works, and if good works be an evidence of faith, then may be these simple peasants take high rank among the godly of Christendom.

No doubt there is much in the surrounding circumstances of these good people, and in their geographical position, particularly favourable to the promotion of innocency of life. Their sequestration

‘From open haunts and popularity’

preserves them from that contamination of high-pressure civilisation so rife in large towns; the nature of their common pursuits helps rather than hinders the

habit of religious contemplation, and begets common interests and congeniality of tastes; while parity of station, sufficiency of means without superfluity, and contentment with their lot, render them invulnerable to the debasing incentives of envy, servility, or worldly ambition. These causes, combined with the watchful supervision of an earnest-minded spiritual guide, ever reminding the rising generation of 'the promise made for them by their sureties, which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform'—have contributed to make them the God-fearing people that they are.

' Motion is in their days, rest in their slumbers,
 And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil :
 Nor yet too many, nor too few their numbers :
 Corruption could not make their hearts her soil :
 The lust which stings, the splendour which encumbers,
 With the free foresters divide no spoil :
 Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
 Of this unsighing people of the woods.'

Few persons of intelligence can have inspected the photographs of the principal actors and actresses in the play now in circulation, without being struck either by the refinement, or the beauty, or the intellectual force of the faces. For instance,—

Tobias Flünger,	. . .	The <i>Pilate</i> ,
Franz Lang,	. . .	The <i>Herod</i> ,
Thomas Bendl,	. . .	The <i>Joseph of Arimathea</i> ,
Anton Haafer,	. . .	The <i>Nicodemus</i> ,
Johannes Zwink,	. . .	The <i>John</i> ,
Johann Lang,	. . .	The <i>Caiaphas</i> ,
Johann Diener,	. . .	The <i>Choragus</i> ,

were all handsome and well-bred-looking men. The last named, for grandeur of person, symmetry of fea-

ture, and majesty of deportment, was fit to represent Charlemagne himself ; while

Andreas Lang, The *Bartholomew*,
 Martin Hohenelitner, . . The *Simon Zelotes*,
 Jacob Hett, The *Simon Peter*,

were equally remarkable for force of character and phrenological development.

And before bringing my remarks to a close, I would venture to say that, in every respect, the Passion Play merits the appellation of a *sacred drama* ; *sacred*, inas-much as its subject and its accidents are devoted to religious uses ; *drama*, because the action never ceases, but overrides *diction* ; the attention of the spectator never flags, but steadily progresses in every scene ; the interest centres in one figure, and continues to absorb the sympathy, the admiration, and the affections, unto the catastrophe itself.

The second day's performance over, the visitors of every class took their departure, manifesting as much eagerness to go as they had done to come ; some because they were tied to time ; some because their pecuniary resources were restricted ; others because they were impatient to rejoin their absent friends, and recount to them the wonders they had seen. But, by whatever impulse actuated, within an hour of the conclusion of the Play, with the exception of a stray Englishman or American, there was not a stranger left in the village. After dinner we amused ourselves in strolling about, and noticing how rapidly and naturally the rustics subsided into their usual tranquil habits. Not one note of strife or altercation was to be heard—not

one instance of inebriety was to be seen ; and though there was hardly a family in the place, one or other of whose members had not taken part in the drama, yet within an hour all had laid aside their smart dresses and resumed their ordinary week-day garb—were seated on the rude benches in front of their dwellings, and were sipping their beer and smoking their tobacco, in blissful freedom from perturbing causes until ten o'clock.

‘ Then—done their work, to bed they creep,
By whisp’ring winds soon lull’d asleep.’

Next morning early, the church-bell was ringing for matins, and, as I peeped through my muslin blinds, I beheld mothers, and children of tender years, and old men and young, with rosary on wrist and breviary in hand, toddling along to mass. For half an-hour,

‘ While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,’

the whole village was still. The services of the church concluded, the congregation dispersed to their homes for breakfast, and in another half-hour’s time the fields, already white to the harvest, were filled with labourers of either sex. I was told by one who saw the sight, that, on reaching the locality where their work lay, husbands, wives, and children, as if moved by a common impulse, dropped on their knees before the symbol of their faith, buried their faces in their hats or hands, reverently crossed themselves, and then, invigorated in spirit and strengthened by their meal for toil, sprang up and seized their sickles—the man doffing his jacket, the woman tucking up her gown, and both falling to their appointed task with light hearts and beaming countenances.

I left lovely Ammergau, convinced that, in the case of the natives themselves, their Passion Play was eminently calculated to confirm devotional habits, to elevate praise into rapture, and to produce more enduring impressions on the mind than those which accompany any transient ritual or prescribed mode adopted in the ordinary forms of religious worship.

LADY BROWNLOW.¹

I THINK I may say, without presumption, and without fear of contradiction, that, the members of her own family excepted, few persons saw so much of the late Lady Brownlow, during the last ten years of her life, as I did. How she came to admit to her intimacy one so much her inferior in social position may well surprise those who knew the strength of her patrician prejudices. But so it was. I do not think a week elapsed for many a year, in which I did not see her for hours together.

‘She oft invited me,
I oft question’d her the story of her life
From year to year ;
She ran it through, even from her girlish days.’

If it appear strange that I should have but little to tell of one who honoured me with much confidence, it is to be explained by the facts that follow. First : much that she had told me, and all that she had shown me in manuscript, has been already published in the *Memoirs of a Septuagenarian*. Second : much that she had told me and did not print, she bequeathed to

¹ This lady was the daughter of the second Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, and third wife of the first Earl Brownlow. She was specially well known from her residence with her uncle, Lord Castlereagh, at Paris, during the memorable year of the meeting of the Allies.

the library at Belton, exclusively for family circulation. Third : much that she had told me of her personal adventures and Court experiences was told under the implied seal of secrecy.

The only characteristic anecdote of herself, deserving repetition, I may as well give here, before I proceed to analyse her character.

For some years I was in the habit of preceding my family, when moving from my summer to my winter quarters ; and on two or three occasions, while preparing my house for their reception, Lady Brownlow insisted, most kindly, on my taking up my quarters at Belton Lodge. It so happened that, once while I was travelling from Ilmington to Torquay, she was also travelling from London to the same place. I joined her at Bristol, and accompanied her in the same train. On our arrival at the station at Torquay, I handed her Ladyship into her *midge*,¹ and, jumping into another myself, followed in her wake. In a few minutes my driver pulled up his horse so violently and suddenly as to jerk me forward on to the front seat of the carriage. I thrust my head out of the window to ascertain the cause of the propulsion, and perceived my lady's vehicle lying on its side in the middle of the road, with the coachman seated on his horse's head. I jumped out, and with some difficulty extricated Lady Brownlow from her precarious position among the débris of broken glass and shattered pannels. As soon as I had planted

¹ A carriage peculiar to Torquay, constructed with reference to the steep hills, and originally so designated by Lady B., as an appropriate title for 'a small fly.'

her safely on her feet, considerably shaken, though without a scratch, I asked her if she were hurt. My answer was a 'No!' delivered with all the explosive force of a pistol-shot. I then expressed a hope that she had not been frightened. 'Pooh!' she replied, with a look of supreme contempt at me for supposing such a thing; '*I never was afraid of anything in my life.*'

To personal beauty I doubt if she ever could have laid claim; though I can believe that her humour and vivacity may have made her an object of attraction to those who were not afraid of her powers of sarcasm. Whatever she may have been in her prime, when I knew her in her decline she was plain. She had a clear complexion, an ivory skin, cold, clear, honest, intelligent eyes, a pleasing smile, a good figure, and the air and *maintien* of a *grande dame*; but at the same time she had a *nez retroussé*, and homely features. She was proud of the pure blood that ran in her veins, and never forgot it. She had strong social instincts, and gratified them by a liberal hospitality. She had great conversational talent, masculine good sense, and acute penetration. She had mixed so much with the best society in England and on the Continent, that she was both a stimulating and an instructive companion. Steadfast in politics and religion, she abhorred fickleness in the one and innovation in the other. Straightforward herself, she was impatient of insincerity and intolerant of pretension in others. She had a very large acquaintance, and might have had a much larger one had she cared to increase it. She had a few staunch friends, and those she had 'she grappled to her soul with hooks

of steel.' Her great command of memory enabled her to revivify persons and events long since passed away, and helped to render her old age cheerful. Her lot had been cast in stirring times. There were giants in those days. She had known Metternich and Talleyrand, and Wellington, and Matuchewitz, and Esterhazy, and Pozzo di Borgo, and Wellesley, and Castle-reagh, and King Leopold, and the Prince of Orange, and the Lievens and Hertfords and Jerseys. She was sincerely attached to all the members of her own and her late husband's family—even to his tenantry and servants ; but (out of the circle of her relatives) those whose memory she held in chiefest veneration were her late royal mistress Queen Adelaide, her aunt Lady Castle-reagh, and 'her uncle Cas' (as she always called him), the Duke of Wellington, and the late Lord Salisbury ; while among her more recent friends there were none whom she valued more highly than Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton, Baroness Burdett Coutts, Lady Truro, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Lord and Lady Carnarvon, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Clanwilliam, Lord Lytton, the late Bishop of Exeter and his family, the Honourable Mrs. Boyle, Mr. Disraeli, Dr. Ramsay, Mr. March Phillipps, and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Robinson.

Her sentiments on all points were strong and decided. If she repeated anything about another that she had heard, she was very chary of telling the name of the person from whom she heard it. She mentioned to me that she had learned that piece of discretion from the Duke of Wellington ; that, in a question encompassed with difficulty, which touched her very nearly,

she had referred to him, and that he had advised her to take counsel with some friend on whose tact and judgment she could rely, and who had more leisure to bestow on the matter than he had. She named a certain noble Lord, but the Duke at once exclaimed, 'No! no! Good man enough in his way, but not safe. *If he is asked his authority for anything, he gives it up. No one should—no one should!*'

Her religious faith was not a spasmodic passion, but a stable principle. Her political creed was rooted and grounded on conviction. Whatever the chances and changes in men or measures, in times or circumstances, *she* never deviated from her sense of what was right. She detested changes; not those which were indisputably for good, but those which owed their origin, *in her* opinion, not to an honest desire for improvement, but to ingrained discontent. She considered that the true policy of a Prime Minister was not to care for the favour of the House of Commons, but to cling to the Crown, and that Parliamentary government was but an anarchical substitute for royal authority. She held that, just as Israel of old fell from her testimony against idolatry, so the Protestantism of our day had ceased to be an open witness against Popery; that the Church Establishment could not be severed from the State without plunging both into the abyss of destruction. To the day of her death, the present Bishop of Lincoln (Wordsworth) was her pillar of orthodoxy in Church matters, and the *Standard* newspaper and *John Bull* her acknowledged representatives in matters political.

Her defects were a want of womanly softness; a cer-

tain brusquerie of manner towards those to whom she was indifferent ; and a trenchant and incisive mode of argument with those she disliked. But her sterling merits far outweighed her venial faults. Narrow-minded as those will consider her to have been who did not know her, those who *did* will be forward to admit that, through a long life, she was animated always by a stern, uncompromising sense of duty ; that she was virtuous, truthful, generous, courageous, and charitable to the poor.

December 4, 1871.—Sat for two hours with Lady Brownlow and Lady Marian Alford. The latter lady was most agreeable ; few persons so cultivated. She told me—we were talking of Shakespeare's plays—that her brother, Lord Northampton, had in his possession a document making over, on certain conditions, a grant of land in Fifeshire to the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, given by Duncan, and signed in a vigorous masculine hand by Lady Macbeth, to which was appended Macbeth's *mark*.

December 6.—Sat long with Lady Brownlow, who certainly is getting weaker and weaker every day. Lady Marian Alford, who is most attentive and kind to her, in course of conversation told me that, when she was in Seville, she was in the Casa de Pilatos, where there were many mutilated antiquities. There she first learned—what, I confess, I did not know—viz., that the radical word from which Punch was formed was *Pontius Pilate*, who, according to local tradition, was governor of Iberia (that part of Spain which extends from the

Pyrenees to the Straits of Gibraltar), and dwelt in the house which still bears his name in Seville. After completing his diplomatic career there, it is said that he retired into private life in Switzerland, on a mountain overlooking the Lake of Lucerne, and which from that derived its name Mount Pilatus.

December 11.—Took a long walk with Lord Lytton. Among other subjects which cropped up was Phrenology. In the general principle he had faith, but not in the details, on which professors are so apt to refine. I amused him mightily by telling him what a very clever lady of my acquaintance, a Russian, had told me, with implicit faith in the truth of what she herself had heard, viz., that in one of the battles between France and Germany, a French soldier, in single combat with a German, was felled to the earth by the butt-end of a musket, and the *left* side of his skull fractured. As a wounded prisoner, he was taken to hospital, trepanned, and cured. On the recovery of his general health, it was found that he had entirely forgotten his native tongue, his name, his condition of life, etc. etc. Unfit for further military service, he resided for two years in Germany, acquired the German tongue, and adopted the calling of a bricklayer. One day while at work upon a house, he fell from a scaffold and fractured the *right side* of his skull. When once more he was restored, it was found that he had forgotten all the German he had learned, that his former knowledge of his mother tongue had returned, and that he recollected he was a married man, and the father of two children.

December 30, 1871.—Lady Brownlow being still very

ill, and in bed, I acted for her as almoner to her poor people.¹ It took me till 6 P.M. to dispense all her bounty. Dined with Lord Lytton, Mr. and Miss Froude, Sir Thomas and Lady Symonds, Mrs. Vivian, Mrs. Cosway, Messrs. Edmund, Boyle, Sievewright, Cosway, W. H. Smith, M.P., and the Rev. Mr. Patch.

We had an animated discussion on the character of the ex-Emperor, Louis Napoleon. Lord L. spoke of him, as he invariably does, with great regard. He said that he was by temperament kind to weakness. He gave an interesting account of a long evening and a confidential chat he had had with him, after dining with him, and after the company had been dismissed, which ran into the small hours of the morning. He had seen much of him when he lived in a small lodging in King Street, St. James's. He was then occupying a handsome house, as Prince Napoleon merely, in Carlton Terrace. He said he had never seen any man so confident of his future as he was. He showed him the flag which his uncle unfurled with his own hands, when, at Embabeh (close to Cairo), he directed his infantry to form squares to receive the charge of Murad Bey and his Mamelukes, and called out to his men,—‘From yonder Pyramids forty centuries behold your actions.’ Among other precious relics, he showed him also the ring which had belonged to Charlemagne. He said that his uncle prized it enormously, and regarded it as a talisman of magic power, which insured good fortune to its possessor, so long as he had it on his person. He declared positively that it always forsook him when he had it not.

¹ Lady Brownlow died in January 1872.

Before embarking for Elba he lost it, and offered rewards of incredible amount for its recovery. He attributed his failure at Waterloo to its loss. I forget through what means Louis Napoleon regained it, but regain it he did, and treasured it as much as his uncle did. Louis Napoleon never scrupled to acknowledge that he was superstitious! He reposes implicit faith in a prediction made to him by some one or other—I forget whether witch or wizard or conjuror—as to his end. That end was to be death in the streets of London in the hour of victory. He said, ‘I feel as certain as that I am now smoking with you, that I shall one day be the foremost man in France, whether President or Emperor I cannot say.’

EDINBURGH REVISITED.

August 19, 1872.—After a fatiguing night's travel, reached Magdala Crescent at 9.30 A.M. Found an excellent 'house, handsomely furnished, considerate arrangements made for our comfort, fires burning, servants waiting, breakfast laid, and everything as opportunely timed for our arrival as if we had merely stepped in from the next door. Trunks unpacked, and their contents put away, our toilets made, and our hunger appeased, we sallied forth, I, to refresh past memories, and to compare new things with old, my girls to realise their expectations of the beauty of Auld Reekie.

August 21.—Went a few miles into the country to dine with Mr. Constable—a family party, with the acceptable addition of Mr. Douglas and Dr. John Brown. I was delighted to make the acquaintance of one whom I had long wished to know. I had expected to see a man of more demonstrative humour, and of rougher exterior; but I found him possessed of keen penetration, gentle, sympathetic, and refined. His smile gives little intimation of the fun that lurks within, and has a tinge of sadness in its expression. In his tone of voice, too, there is a ring of pathos, as might be expected in the author of 'Rab and his Friends.' He is

evidently a man of great warmth of heart, and great power of winning the affections of others, though his own are not confined to his kind, but extend to the lowest of the brute creation. We know with what humanity he could attach himself to a dog ; and in my drive home with him in his carriage, as his horses, with gleaming eyes and ears lying back, kept snapping at each other's necks, I saw, from his complacent smile at them, with what natural acumen he interpreted their skittish ways. I have lately read, with infinite delight, his *Horæ Subsecivæ*. The description given therein of his father is so touching, that I asked Mr. Constable if the portrait had not been rather coloured by filial fondness ; but he assured me that the son had in no degree exaggerated the father's merits, for that he was one of the best and handsomest men he ever knew.

August 28.—My wife and I lunched in Ainslie Place with Dean Ramsay. We met there a Dr. Jackson, the Principal of the College at Connecticut, Lady Sandford, and the Dean's niece, Miss Cochrane, a very interesting and prepossessing person. One rarely meets with a brighter, more animated, or healthier-looking creature. . . . The Dean, to whom she is devotedly attached, is tall, thin, very gentlemanlike, with great benignity of countenance, great courtesy of bearing, and a love of anecdote and fun, which breaks out before one has been ten minutes in his company.

August 29.—Lord Lytton having written to Mr. Blackwood, the eminent publisher, to introduce us to his notice, that gentleman wrote, immediately on our arrival, in the kindest and most cordial terms, and

invited my wife, my daughter, and myself, to his country place, Strathtyrum, near St. Andrews. Independently of the pleasure I anticipated from renewing acquaintance with Mrs. Blackwood, whom I had known in former days, when staying with her uncle, Canon Guthrie, at Calne, I was delighted to think I should have a most favourable opportunity of introducing my 'womankind' to the place in which I had spent three happy years. Mr. William Blackwood accompanied us from Edinburgh, and whiled away a tedious journey by his conversation and genial manners. On arriving at the Railway Terminus, we found a carriage waiting for us, and a warm reception on the door-step of the house. We sat down to dinner, a family party; as all were going afterwards to the Golfers' Ball, of which Mr. Blackwood, as captain of the golfers, was steward. Although past the age of balls, I was persuaded to accompany the party for an hour, in the fond hope of descrying there some familiar face, a relic of olden days. But, with the exception of the immortal Mr. Whyte Melville, who was polite enough to recognise in the old man the boy he had been kind to, I did not see a soul I knew.

The ball, which was held in the New Club Room, was, for a provincial one, rather a brilliant affair, and vastly superior in the quality of its ingredients to such as I remember fifty years ago in the old Town Hall.

August 30.—Mrs. Blackwood sent us in the carriage into St. Andrews, under the escort of Mr. B. and his nephew. I preferred sitting on the box by the side of the coachman, a sombre, sour, silent Jehu, who looked

as if he had never driven anything but a mourning coach. I tried to thaw his icy nature by extra warmth of manner and congenial talk.

‘A beautiful pair of bright chestnuts those,’ I humbly suggested. No response.

‘I think I never saw a more perfect match, in point of breeding, colour, form, measurement, and action.’ Obdurate silence.

‘Allow me to ask—are they not from the same sire and dam? Twins, I suppose?’

Still dogged taciturnity. We descended a hill in the grounds, and the brake was put on without the driver’s stirring from his seat.

‘What trouble you coachmen are spared now by that invention!’ At last he turned his head, though evidently with compunction of conscience at his own condescension, looked austere at me, opened his frozen jaws, and, ‘sighing like a furnace,’ delivered his testimony: ‘Nae doot! the skid is a *great salvation!*’ which, being interpreted, I conceive to have meant, that it was a great saving to man and beast.

We drove to Principal Tulloch’s, to whom we were introduced, a manly, prepossessing specimen of a Don; saw over his house, and visited the library of St. Salvatore. The custodian showed me, with an air of great pride, an oil-painting of John Knox. ‘Ah!’ said I, in joke, ‘that is the gentleman who reduced your glorious cathedral to ruins.’ He retorted, with savage intonation, ‘That is the gentleman to whom we owe the glorious Reformation.’

The substantial improvements in the town, mainly

effected by the energy of one man, Major Playfair, whom I knew in days gone by, surprised me. The hideous Town-Hall, which stood in the centre of Middle Street, and other unsightly edifices, which impeded both traffic and prospect, have been destroyed, so that the vista down the entire street is uninterrupted. The sight of the old library reminded me that when Dr. Johnson in his tour to the Hebrides visited St. Andrews, he was shown over it. The then librarian had been exhibiting some of his rare literary treasures. 'Have you got,' asked Johnson, 'such and such a book?' 'No, sir, we have not. It is a very expensive work, and, I fear, beyond the means at our command.' 'Oh!' said he, 'you'll get it by degrees,' alluding to the habit which then prevailed of selling degrees.

And on being introduced to the Principal of St. Salvator's, I was painfully reminded that on the same occasion when Johnson was being entertained at dinner by the then Provost, and he modestly apologised for his indifferent fare, the cruel answer returned to him was, 'I did not come to Scotland to eat, but to see savage men and savage manners; and I have not been disappointed.'

That enemy to corns, North Street, with its wretched uneven pavement, is still capable of improvement. But South Street, with its ample trottoir on each side, its new shops, and occasionally renovated frontages, culminating in the antique ruins of the cathedral (still intact and unimpaired), presents a really noble perspective. The bright-looking lodging and dwelling-houses, and the handsome and commodious Club-House on the

verge of the Links, are most important additions ; but the buildings erected on the Scores would elicit heartier approval from my pen if they did not occupy sites endeared to me by old and pleasurable associations. Had the wind been less cutting and contrary, I think I should have been tempted to sit down on one of the tombs in the churchyard of St. Regulus, and read myself a sermon in the stones around me ; for it was a solemnising thought to reflect upon, that of all the many whom I used to know, there was but one soul surviving, and that one my old friend Sturrock the hair-dresser. Robert Menzies, George Craik, George Crawford, John Cook, Alexander Lockhart, Henry Jardine, Dr. Nichol, Dr. Haldane, Dr. John Hunter, Dr. James Hunter, Dr. Buist, Dr. Mudie, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Struthers, Professor Alexander, Dr. Jackson, Mr. Dempster of Skibo, George Brown, Colonel Murray of Lintrose, Colonel Glass, Colonel Mudie, Mr. Binny, Mr. Bruce of Grangemuir, the Miss Grahams of Fintry, etc. etc. etc.,—all rise up before me as vividly as if I had seen them yesterday, and—they are not—and I am ! Heigho !

As soon as I had shaken poor old Sturrock by the hand, I hastened to the Links. I saw no perceptible change in their appearance. There were the same bunkers, the same tussocks, the same burn, the same little bridge across it. Even ‘the napery’ spread out upon the bushes to dry looks the same. Everything appeared *in statu quo*, as it was five-and-fifty years ago. It was impossible not to think seriously, on finding myself again permitted to tread the sandy sod, instead of

being under it ; or to help reflecting on the 'divers deaths in death' of so many contemporaries and play-mates gone before me 'to the undiscovered country.' The only features of novelty in the scene around me were the railway station, made palpable to observation by an asthmatic engine snorting stertorously from under its roof ; and sundry smart young ladies, with unexceptionable boots and neat ankles, who were playing at short golf (a game unknown in my time), distracting the *bona fide* players by their presence, and enlivening the scene by their mirth.

After a long day fraught with sweet and bitter fancies, I returned to Strathtyrum, and met at dinner Mrs. Cheape, Miss Burn, Mr. Whyte Melville, and Major Whyte Melville the author. Our enjoyment of so agreeable a party was considerably alloyed by intelligence which we received from home of the serious illness of our daughter-in-law. This determined us to abridge our pleasant visit, and return to Edinburgh to-morrow, so as to be prepared to start southwards if we should be summoned.

August 31.—Our kind host, finding us resolved to go, drove me first to see Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress, a lady whom I was charmed to meet, and who quite realised my ideal.

The ladies whom I saw engaged in golf yesterday moved gracefully, and never forgot that they were women. But to-day I saw three she-Calibans, whose ambition it seemed to be to talk and walk like sailors. They wore preposterous haystacks of artificial yellow hair, surmounted by little sailor's hats. They wore pea-

jackets. Their hands were imbedded in their pockets, and they rolled in their gait as if they had just come from Portsmouth Point. That ladies with hair of fine quality, and in harmony with their complexion, should prefer the hair of corpses to their own, shows the omnipotence of fashion ; and yet, marvellous as it is, it is not a weakness peculiar to our own age,¹ for listen to what Shakespeare makes Bassanio say in *The Merchant of Venice* :—

‘ Look on beauty,
And you shall see ’tis purchased by the weight :
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.’

At the risk of being denounced as a *laudator temporis acti*, and a *ensor morum*, I venture to assert that the changes effected during the last half century in habits, manners, and phraseology, among certain classes of young ladies, cannot be considered as indications of progress. Fifty years ago it would have been considered *mauvais ton* for gentlewomen to thrust themselves prominently forward into public notice, instead of modestly seeking the retirement of domestic life. In those days it would have been deemed unbecoming in ladies to assert their rights, and unfeminine to complain

¹ It must be acknowledged that women among the ancient Romans used false hair (*crines ficti vel suppositi*), and sometimes painted it (Tibul. 1. 9. 43, Ovid. *Art. Am.* 3. 163), and made it appear a *bright yellow*, with a certain wash, a *lixivium* or *ley* (Val. Max. 2. 1. 5), *Vide Adam's Anti-quities*, p. 390, eighth edition, 1819.

of their wrongs, while they could have recourse to the law and the chivalry of the stronger sex. 'The girls of' *that* 'period,' instead of aspiring to teach others as professors, were fain to learn of their elders, and instead of dabbling in chemistry, pharmacy, anatomy, geology, hydrostatics, acoustics, and experimental philosophy, to be 'keepers at home, and discreet,' to brighten the hearths, and to gladden the hearts of their parents, by devoting themselves to the unostentatious household duties of their sex and station, instead of pining for the feverish excitement of the platform, or the questionable expositions of the lecture-room. 'The long-suffering love that is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that is not puffed up, that doth not behave itself unseemly, that seeketh not her own, that is not easily provoked, that thinketh no evil,' may be regarded as very trifles, but it is trifles which make the sum of human things, and are therefore not to be despised. But enough of this. Our return journey was anything but a propitious one. We found much to complain of in the mal-organisation of the railway. For forty minutes we were kept at Leuchars, exposed to the pouring rain. A sort of ambiguous waiting-room there certainly was, but of dimensions so confined and crowded, that, having seen my wife and daughter disposed of, I walked about with my hands in the side-pockets of my greatcoat, and my collar turned up, so as to protect my neck from the rain, which dripped from a wooden coping about eighteen inches deep. While I was briskly and irritably pacing up and down to circulate my blood, my whole nervous system was soothed by the sight of a chubby-cheeked

gentleman in a suit of black, with a white neckcloth and a wide-awake, blandly talking with a little boy. This gentleman had as good cause for impatience as I had, but he looked so imperturbably amiable, that like a moral poultice he drew out from my irascibility all its venom. The wholesome influence produced was not impaired when I discovered, when he took his hat off (for a second), that I was looking at Professor Jowett. I had never seen him in the flesh, but I recognised his likeness to his well-known portrait by Richmond. There could be no mistake in that singular combination: features in form and proportion like a child's; expression as mild and innocent as an infant's; complexion like a peach's; beautiful mouth; and a skull that would not discredit Shakespeare.

We were unfortunately circumstanced on reaching the shore of the Firth of Forth. There was a long narrow saloon on the deck, with a low-pitched flat roof above it. Every available space on the deck itself, the gangways included, was absorbed by those who had arrived earlier than ourselves. Passengers who ordinarily paid third-class fares had taken second class, with the object of escaping a ducking. The savours of the saloon produced much the same effect upon us as the sea would have done had it been rougher. The packing of slaves in a slave-ship, in the middle passage of former days, could hardly have been much worse than the manner in which we were wedged, and almost welded, together. In a cabin about 40 feet long, by 15 feet wide and 7 feet high, there were at least 120 people of all grades, orders, and degrees, rough and smooth; some with soaking

macintoshes clinging to their persons ; others with saturated plaids ; four young women, each with red hair—each with a green bird-cage on her lap ; three promising school-boys in sparrow-tail jackets, with rabbit-hutches under their arms, and a commissariat of stale cabbage protruding from their pockets ; four or five nursing-mothers, with babes of tender age and high cheek-bones, muling and puking in their arms ; a hirsute, pimpled, whisky-faced Highland clockmaker, with a specimen of his handiwork in his hands, and escorted by an obtrusive, liver-coloured pointer, who found it convenient to dry his coat against my trousers. All these things were against us ; but so hopeless and irremediable was our lot while on the water, that sheer despair ended in resignation. I was meekly trying to close my eyes to the nauseous sights, and my nose against the noisome smells above us, below us, and around us, when the captain of the vessel pushed and elbowed his way through the heterogeneous throng, and thus addressed us :—‘Ladies and Gennelmen,—I am sorry to tell you that we have several pick-pockets aboard. They’ve given us a deal o’ trouble lately ; for you can’t tell some on um from gentlemen. We warn ladies to look sharply after their pockets, their purses, bags, and such like, and to take particular notice of the people they sit next.’ If the good man had thrown a hand-grenade among us, he could not have created greater consternation and confusion than he did by his well-intended caution. Many bolted incontinently out of the saloon, under the impression that *that* must necessarily be the favourite resort of the sharpers. Every

woman who remained looked askance at her neighbours on each side ; and I soon underwent the humiliation of discovering that even I was not exempt from suspicion, inasmuch as one of the mistresses of the bird-cages, to whose canary I own I had addressed a few chirruping attentions, instantly and indignantly edged away from me, scrutinized my person harshly and inquisitorially, gave me a Parthian glance of defiance, (meaning, ‘ Oh, you would !—would you ?’) and kept on pinning her shawl around her till she was impregnable.

We reached Edinburgh, crushed to the earth by the trials of five hours, and found an invitation to dine with Professor Lister, which our late arrival made it impossible for us to accept.

September 2.—Dr. John Brown paid us a welcome visit. He told us that, though it used to be so confidently asserted that John Wilson at one time, John Lockhart at another, Hamilton at another, had been editors of *Blackwood's Magazine*, yet, that as long as Blackwood the first was living, he was the sole editor ; and that since his death Blackwood the second has reigned in his stead, and continues to wield the editorial sceptre with equal tact and ability. After lunch I took my party to the shop in George Street, and showed them the saloon which for so many years was the daily resort of the chief illuminati of Modern Athens. On the walls hung portraits in oil of Lockhart, Hogg, Wilson, Hamilton (Cyril Thornton), Aytoun, and Stephens, the writer on Agriculture. Up-stairs we saw lively and characteristic sketches of W. Scott, Lockhart, in his study, with his legs upon a chair, Maginn,

and a very masterly portrait of George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes).

September 3.—Sat for a considerable time with Dean Ramsay, with whom I found Lord Torphichen. The Dean was in high force, and told me more anecdotes than I can recall. One, however, I remember well. He had been talking of the nationality of his countrymen, and I had been justifying it, when he said: ‘An Englishman was speaking on the same theme one day to a Scotchman. The Scotchman said, “It is not mere national pride if I say, *what is a matter of fact*, viz., that my country is the finest in the world!”

“Well,” said John Bull, “if it be the *finest*, it is not the biggest! I suppose you’ll allow that England is bigger than Scotland?”

“Deed, sir,” answered Sandy, “I’ll allow nae sic a thing; for if oor grand hills were rolled out as flat as England is, Scotland wad be the bigger o’ the twa!”

“Well,” retorted John Bull, “you’ll acknowledge that Shakespeare was not a Scotchman?”

‘Discomfited at this home-thrust, but not disheartened, he once more replied,

“I’ll acknowledge that Shakespeare had pairts (parts) that would justify the inference that he *was* a Scotchman.”’

September 5.—I have been gratified by a very kind letter from Dean Ramsay, accompanying a gift of the twentieth edition of his *Reminiscences*. Started for Wishaw House, on a visit to Lady Belhaven. The road thither, after passing the Pentlands, boasts no great beauty, although it is redeemed from tameness by

occasional plantations and picturesque gorges, with frequent burns and an occasional peep of a river winding its way impetuously through thick umbrageous woods. Wishaw has a station, and a town of some thousands of inhabitants. Its population is almost entirely composed of colliers, coal-mines abounding in the neighbourhood, and disfiguring the fair face of nature by their huge chimneys, furnaces, and mounds of slack and refuse coal. The carriage was sent for us, and after a mile and a half's drive we reached the house, passing through very pretty woods on the road to it. It is a picturesque castellated building, looking on a very large and well-kept bowling-green, with banks inclining formally down three sides of an oblong, and screened from the rough winds of heaven by handsome woods of beech, birch, yew, fir, and elm. It is astonishing how much beauty the good taste and judicious planting of the late proprietor has condensed around the dwelling, and this too in the very heart of a country anything but beautified by its mineral surroundings. There is a delightful glen, with a rapid though turbid river careering through it, which adds materially to the charm of the place. The ground immediately at the back of the house falls so precipitously from it, as to give it the effect, at a little distance, of actually overhanging the river, as is the case with the ruined castle at Hawthornden. The rooms inside are large and well proportioned, replete with comfort, and displaying no lack of good china, pictures, and well-selected books. But the feature of the grounds is the garden, which is enclosed in walls, like a kitchen-garden, but is as quaint

as it is beautiful, and more like that of Drummond Castle than any other place. Of course much might be said of the spirit of benevolence and bright intelligence and graceful hospitality which breathes throughout the place ; but it needs no comment, for it is generally known.

September 7.—Left Wishaw in the afternoon, in rain.

September 8.—Having bespoken a carriage and pair to take us to Rosslyn Castle, I did not like to countermand it, but felt sorely tempted to do so ; for, on telling the fly-man last night to be sure to keep his time to-day, and not disappoint us as he had done on a former occasion, he shook his head in a pious, deprecating manner, and, hiccoughing in my face, he said, with thickened articulation, ‘ Losh keep me, sir, to-morrow’s the blessed Sawbuth ! Oh, sir ! if it pleashe the Lord, I’ll be with you the morn’s morn.’

September 9.—Set off betimes by train for Coupar-Angus, and found at the station my old friend, Mungo Murray, of Lintrose, whom I had not seen for fifty years,—in short, since the days of my boyish pranks, when I imposed upon dear, excellent Dr. Haldane. Murray’s mother was one of the most charming persons I ever knew ; no disparagement, however, to her husband, who was hospitality incarnate. His sister, by the bye, married Mr. David Smythe, of Methven, one of the Lords of Session. She was called the Flower of Strathmore, and is the lady on whom Burns wrote the song,

‘ Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she, but and ben ;
Blithe by the banks of Earn,
And blithe in Glenturit Glen.’

I felt a melancholy, almost romantic pleasure, in revisiting a spot in which I had spent so many happy hours in 'the merry days when I was young.' I found everything changed except the owner of the property. The approach to the house was changed, and no doubt improved, by judicious planting. The gardens were changed, modernised, and laid out with taste. The stables were newly built, and superior greatly to the old ones. The house itself had been changed, and newly cased in warm-tinted stone. The drawing-room was changed, the bay window having been squared—a gain perhaps in dimension, but a loss in grace of proportion. Among all the changes which met my eye at every turn, Murray himself looked, though on the brink of seventy, much as he did at twenty, thanks to good features, a fair complexion, an even temper, an active open-air and abstemious life. He told me, on my complimenting him on his looks, that his tailor used for him the same measure which he used fifty years ago ; that he had never been confined to his bed a single day by indisposition ; that he never took any meal between an early breakfast and a late dinner ; that he drank very sparingly of fermented liquor, wine, or spirits ; that, when living in the deserts of South Africa, he had more than once been thirty-six hours without food, with but trifling inconvenience ; that though at one period of his life he had had cataract in both eyes, he had never suffered pain from them—merely the inconvenience of blindness. On my asking him if he had been couched, he said, 'No ; I was cured by a process of absorption, *without undergoing any operation*, unless

having had my eyes painted with a camel-hair brush, dipped in some mysterious fluid, be considered one. I felt no sensation of discomfort in consequence of the application, whatever. Under God, I consider I owe my perfect restoration to sight to the skill of a Mr. Laurence (not the celebrated surgeon, but an oculist, who lived near the Marble Arch, Hyde Park), who unhappily died without revealing his invaluable secret.'

I find that Murray has led a very enterprising and adventurous life—has lived much in Africa, being passionately fond of sport, and, if I may judge from the *spolia opima* I have seen in his hall, has been 'a mighty hunter.' In his expeditions in search of wild beasts he fell in with Livingstone, fraternised with him, and, if I mistake not, on more than one occasion remained with him for some months. He was with him when he discovered Lake Ngami. An animated correspondence going on about Livingstone at this time, and reports being in circulation reflecting on the temper of the great explorer, I asked Murray if he had ever had any disagreement with him. He assured me that he had never had the slightest shadow of difference with him; that Livingstone had stayed with him at Lintrose, and that at home or abroad he had found him, perhaps a somewhat grave man, but just and noble, and of indomitable resolution. Of this he gave one or two remarkable illustrations. On one occasion, he said it was essential to them to cross a certain river, and having neither boat nor canoe at hand, they had no alternative left them but to construct a raft. For this purpose they bound trees together with stout ropes,

and piled them one upon the other in layers ; but the heavier the raft became the lower it sank under the water. Murray, and his friend Oswell, were neither of them easily discouraged, but gave it up at last as an impracticable undertaking. Not so Livingstone, who, hoping against hope, worked on single-handed with unabated resolution, until stopped by darkness.

September 10.—After a very agreeable visit, went to Perth to join my family and go with them to Dunkeld, the Trossachs, Taymouth, etc. etc., Lochlomond. Returned on the evening of September 14.

September 23, 1872.—Accompanied my wife and daughter on a visit to Lady Ruthven at Winton. Found our hostess a lady of great natural acuteness and activity of mind, of great culture, and of a ‘marvellous pleasant humour.’ She is endowed with as keen a sense of the beautiful in art and nature as could be desired in a romantic girl of eighteen ; possesses great liberality of spirit, which travel and reflection have expanded, and a patient heroism, which the combined weight of years and suffering have failed to subdue. There is much to interest both in the house and grounds. The reception-rooms of the former are spacious and well-proportioned, with handsome ceilings. They are rather dark, perhaps, but never can be dull, as long as the presiding genius of the place, or her charming sister, are in them. Lady R.’s wakeful interest in current events, the range and variety of her acquisitions, her own drollery and appreciation of that of others, makes her a delightful companion. She understands the management of her estate as well as if she had had the special training of

a factor, and preserves and rears her own game. By the bye, a well-known *littérateur* on seeing her, after breakfast, feeding her pheasants with crumbs and milk, exclaimed, 'Ah! I see your Ladyship is preparing them *here*, for bread-sauce hereafter.'

We found repartee and anecdote abound at her table. There was a Presbyterian minister there who had, not long before, married a couple of his rustic parishioners, and had felt exceedingly disconcerted, on his asking the bridegroom if he were *willing* to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying, 'Ay—I'm wullin, but I'd *rather* hae her sister.'

As I shall not betray the names of any *living* person, directly or indirectly alluded to, I hope I may be excused if I mention one or two anecdotes which dwelt on my memory.

Colonel —, dining with Mrs. R—, and finding that she, like himself, was suffering from a bad cold, expressed warm sympathy for her. She thanked him, and asked him how he had caught his? 'Oh,' said he, 'I just got it by lying *out*.—And you, Madam, how did you catch yours?' 'Oh!' was the reply, 'I just got it by lying *in*.'

Lady Davy, Sir Humphry's wife, was a brunette of the brunettes. Sydney Smith used to say that she was as brown as dry toast; and that if she had been in the Ark, and had descended from it to bathe, the sea would inevitably have been converted from salt water into toast and water. She resided for a considerable time in Rome, and though well-up in the antiquities and classical localities, never could acquire a decent knowledge of

the Italian language. She was always eager to show attention to her countrymen, and became their recognised cicerone. She was about to take a drive on the Campagna one day with Lady —, in an open barouche, habited in a rather flimsy mantle. Finding that the air was much colder than she had expected to find it, she sent for her maid, and telling her to bring her her biggest and warmest cloak, thus expressed herself,—‘*Portati mi il mio Cloaca Maxima.*’

Lady Ruthven possesses by far the best portrait of Sir Walter Scott I ever saw. It was painted by Sir Francis Grant in his youth, and, as far as likeness is concerned, is superior to Raeburn’s, Wilkie’s, Allan’s, and Leslie’s. Joseph’s and Chantrey’s busts of him are both good, the latter named the better of the two. I know how much we are enslaved by conventionality, and how the fashion of one period is the solecism of another; but, at the risk of being denounced by artists and amateurs addicted to the prevailing style of bust as a Goth and an ignoramus, I contend that, to portray the inhabitants of a northern climate, in the nineteenth century, as modern antiques, with bare throats and loose togas, is to be guilty of a palpable anachronism.

In ancient Greece, the ‘pallium’ of the men, and the ‘palla’ of the women, and in ancient Rome the ‘toga’ of their men, and the ‘stola’ of their women, were worn not so much in deference to fashion, as with reference to convenience and climate. John Kemble standing in his black toga by the statue in the market-place, in the play of *Coriolanus*, with his throat bared, and his person robed in classic garb, noble and imposing as he

looked, would convey to a stranger's eye a very different notion of his individuality from the John Kemble of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, in a brown fur-collared frock-coat, and a neckcloth reaching to his ears, leaning on the chimney-piece of his library.

Phidias, Praxiteles, and Lysippus, represented their subjects attired as they appeared in every-day life ; but Chantrey and Joseph, in their versions of Scott, have sacrificed nature to art, caring more for graceful effect than for truth ; for instead of representing him in his ordinary costume, they have handed him down to posterity as he never could have been seen by any one but his valet (when he was preparing to shave), or the barber (when about to surrender his ' back hair ' to his tender mercies). I grant that our dress is adverse to art ; and if a sculptor's object in modelling a bust be to perpetuate an ideal rather than the real, and, with artistic licence, to elevate an original of homely aspect into one of heroic mould, then Messrs. Joseph and Sir F. Chantrey have succeeded admirably ; but if fidelity of treatment be the aim of a conscientious artist, if a bust should be as nearly as possible like the subject's flesh and blood turned to marble, and the dress of the wearer, in texture, cut, and disposition, such as that he was habitually seen in, then has Greenshields the mason achieved a signal victory over his accomplished rivals. His statue of Scott, which stands placed at the end of the corridor in the Advocates' Library, from the crown of his lofty skull to the rude simplicity of his shoe-strings, is perfect. All the portraits I have seen, except Sir F. Grant's, give him a heavy, lowering look, which, at all events, is neither

pleasing nor, I will add, characteristic. No doubt, when abstracted, or when music, in which he took slight pleasure, was going on, a cloud would come over his face; but I humbly maintain that, before his misfortunes fell upon him, the ordinary expression of his face was one of amenity, benevolence, and waggery,—and these qualities are legibly impressed upon the face which Greenshields has given him. I cannot say how important an accessory in recalling my recollection of him I found the apparel, for *it* proclaimed the man. My acquaintance with him was but of some ten days' duration, but of no man I have ever seen have I such a vivid recollection. I fancy I see his movements with his arms, and his limp now; and that I hear his genial chuckle as Adam Ferguson moved him to mirth. His hearty laugh was as infectious as Sydney Smith's irrepressible guffaw. During the few days I was at Abbotsford, I do not think ten minutes ever passed without a smile lighting up his face. What I have been rash enough to say of modern busts reminds me of a story I was told more than thirty years ago. Mr. Lyne Stephens, the father of the gentleman who married Duvernay,¹ a man of large fortune and liberal ideas, gave an order to a well-known English sculptor, resident at Rome, for busts of the twelve Cæsars, stipulating that he should receive them within eighteen months. Two years having elapsed without the fulfilment of the condition, the patience of the patron became exhausted, and he wrote to his protégé to say that, if the twelve Cæsars whom he had bespoken did not reach him within two months from

¹ The celebrated *danseuse*.

that date, he would not receive one of them into his house.' The forfeiture of so valuable an order was a serious consideration with the artist, and having, when the threatening letter arrived, only completed eight of the Roman Emperors, he impressed into his service the busts of four private gentlemen, which he had executed to order according to the received classic type, and despatched them with the other eight as veritable Cæsars.

The anxiously expected treasures happened to arrive at their destination when Mr. L. Stephens had his house full of company. When they had been carefully unpacked, and deposited in the gallery, on pedestals which had long been prepared for them, the guests were taken by the host to see them. The names of each of the Emperors having been written in pencil at the back of the bust, they were transferred to the pedestals, and lettered in gold, so that there was no difficulty in distinguishing them. 'This,' said Mr. L. S., 'is considered *very* fine. It is Marcus Aurelius. This is Commodus. This is Pertinax. This is Didius. This is Severus. This is Caracalla. This is Maximus; and I must beg your attention to this, for it is considered the sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*,—it is Heliogabalus.' 'No! no! I'll be hanged if it is!'—said a well-known master of hounds; 'it is no more Heliogabalus than I am. It is Gratwicke,¹ and the sculptor showed it me two months ago in his studio as Gratwicke.'

Sept. 27.—My daughter and I spent a considerable time with good Dean Ramsay and his gentle niece.

¹ A gentleman well known on the turf and in Sussex a few years ago, but now no longer living.

October 1.—Received a very kind invitation to Ormiston, the present residence of Mr. Dempster, formerly the laird of Skibo Castle. I had not seen him since the year 1821. Time has dealt wondrous kindly with him, and he, his lady, and his clever daughters (one of them the well-known authoress), dealt wondrous kindly by me. In the grounds of Ormiston are two of the very finest yew-trees in the British Isles. The larger of them is so evenly and uniformly grown, and its lateral branches are so long, that while at the trunk they shoot upwards and form a vaulted roof, like the inside of an open umbrella, at the other extremity they sweep the ground, like a lady's gown with a crinoline of enormous circumference beneath it. Beneath this natural dome, it is said, John Knox was wont to preach to crowded congregations.

October 2.—From Wednesday till Saturday the 5th, paid a delightful visit to Mr. and Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton, at Archerfield. In the exterior of the house, architecturally considered, there is nothing specially notable. It is large, handsome, and well-proportioned. The interior, however, is admirably planned; the rooms are spacious, and the accommodation quite equal to the requirements of a hospitality as incessant as it is unbounded. The park walls are surrounded by the village of Dirleton, an adjoining property belonging to Lady Mary, and one of the prettiest and best ordered in all Scotland. Its condition is a standing witness to the vigilant and conscientious care of the proprietor for the welfare of her tenantry. The cottages are substantially built, and in perfect repair. The village green is

as trimly kept as a gentleman's lawn. The church, the school, the schoolmaster's house, lie in close proximity ; all being dominated over by the ruins of a proud old baronial castle, which stands with its ivy-mantled tower and walls at the extremity of the lovely flower-gardens belonging to Archerfield House. The park, though small, is remarkably smiling and cheerful. Opposite the front of the mansion there is a handsome Watteau-like avenue of well-grown trees ; and around it, verdant lawns and sylvan glades, and a considerable sheet of water and extensive shrubberies, all highly dressed and kept up with scrupulous nicety ; while beyond the pleasure-grounds there is a private carriage-road through a pine wood, which is redolent of turpentine and alive with rabbits, and terminates in a wild breezy strand, dotted with tussocks of silver sand and rushes, and huge masses of dark-brown rock cropping up on the fringe of the sea-shore. On such a day as this on which we saw it, I thought the spot a scene of enchantment. At the north-eastern end of Haddingtonshire the Firth of Forth lies at one's feet, with steamers and sailing vessels and commercial ships and fishing-boats sparkling in the sun upon its bosom. To the north is the opposite coast of Fife ; to the west Kinghorn, and the 'lang town of Kirkcaldy,' and Dysart. Towards the south-east again, lie Largo, Elie, and Anstruther ; while the Isle of May, with its lighthouse, the Bass Rock, and Berwick Law, stand boldly prominent in the Channel, as it expands towards the German Ocean. When I first gazed on this exciting prospect the sea was azure, and the sky as blue as lapis-lazuli ; and what with the glare of a

mid-day sun upon the dancing waves, and the many objects that sparkled in my eyes, I think I should have had a sick headache but for the invigorating gusts of iodine and chlorine which I inhaled with every breeze that blew.

After lunch we were taken a lovely drive ; but as soon as we returned to the house my wife and I rushed back to the enchanting spot we had been so struck with in the morning, and lingered fondly there till time to dress for dinner.

October 5.—Left Archerfield, with deep regret, for Edinburgh.

October 7.—The longings of many a year have been satisfied at last. Abbotsford, which I last saw when taken there, a mere stripling, by my father, I have been permitted to revisit as a grandfather, with my wife and daughters by my side. My recollections of the place, the period, and the visit, were as delightful as they were vivid. I jumped on to the box of our hired carriage, seated myself by the side of the driver, and scanned the country between Melrose and Abbotsford with the partial eye of prepossession ; and yet I had a prophetic misgiving that the objects which had impressed me by their novelty when I was young would fail to do so now that I am old. I could hardly expect that it would be with me at sixty-six as it used to be at sixteen,

‘ When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.’

I was of course prepared to see great changes ; and those made within the last half century in this part of Roxburghshire are, unquestionably, great improvements.

Scores upon scores of elegant villas are concentrated within a small area, in close proximity with one of the finest ruins in Scotland, since I last saw Melrose. The country around, full as it has been for centuries of legendary and historic associations, fifty years ago was a bleak and barren district, yet was redeemed from ugliness by a pleasing combination of swelling hill and verdant dale and running stream. But railway facilities and the attractions of the abbey and of Abbotsford have transformed it into a well-timbered country and a social neighbourhood, teeming with a prolific and prosperous population. The localities which Scott's world-wide fame rendered classical, have, generally speaking, kept pace with advancing civilisation, and are improved in appearance and in character. Melrose, formerly a silent, and but for its one conspicuous feature, an insipid little town, is now nearly as much frequented as any of our minor watering-places in England. And though a large proportion of the population are mere birds of passage, yet there are many permanent residents, who would not change their dwelling-place for any other on the face of this terraqueous globe. The environs of humbler Darnick are studded with prim and rustic cottages. Huntly Burn, once the cherished home of Scott's great chum, Sir Adam Ferguson, though its elevation was good, was in itself an ordinary dwelling enough. Now it is a rather striking object from the highroad, and, thanks to the well-grown woods behind it, is rather an important place. Galashiels, which was a tolerably thriving but unpretending little country town, now boasts above 10,000 inhabitants, many of

whom have realised large fortunes by the staple manufacture which derives its name from the river which runs through it. Chiefswood, the constant resort of Scott, and the favourite home of his daughter and her husband, now seeks the shade in the hollow of a woodland lane. The Eildon Hills, though they still rear their heads against the sky in undiminished grandeur, have been curtailed of many an acre of their base—for what was spongy moss or savage moorland now yields fat pasture to flocks of black-faced sheep,

‘ Which skip o’er the lawns, and by the rivers play.’

Deciduous trees, which, when I was in my teens, were slim and slender saplings just beginning to rear their tender heads in the nursery-ground, have sprung up into sturdy, full-grown timber, and dwarf pines have developed into coniferous giants,

‘ Which wag their high tops, and do make a noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.’

But, alas! the towers of Abbotsford, the sight of which, on Scott’s return from Italy, had wrung from his lips a cry of wild delight, are now entirely obscured from sight. The well-rounded hills, which face the view to the south, gladdened the eye of the antiquary (for they contained vestiges of the ancient British barrier, ‘the Catrail’), and had a soothing influence on the restless brain of the Minstrel, as he gazed upon them from his cosy den. But they are vulgarised and defaced by the obtrusion of two modern villas which overlook their classic neighbour; while, at the very elbow of the estate, on the same side of the Tweed, and in unwelcome contiguity, is a red-faced competitor for honours, which

belongs to a wool-merchant of Galashiels. Far be it from me to reflect on those who, having amassed wealth by their own ingenuity and industry, desire to repose upon their laurels in some congenial retreat; but that the county families, the innkeepers, the omnibus and fly proprietors, the directors of the Waverley Railway, who owe so much to Scott's great reputation—nay, that the very stones out of the wall should not have cried out against the desecration of a spot so consecrated by genius, and so endeared to the lovers of literature, quite passes my comprehension. Still more wonderful is it that the gentleman who so worthily bears the name of Scott should be the last person to be informed that the lands abutting on the estate, as well as those which command it, were on 'feu.'

The nearer we drew to our object, the gloomier became my forebodings. I fancied I heard the din of commerce, the whistle of the railway, and the shuttle of the weaver reverberating over the hill which shut out Galashiels from our view. The Tweed, which when I last saw it was fordable and fretting its silvery course over milk-white pebbles, was swollen by the recent heavy rains, and rushed between its banks impetuous and almost menacing. The 'skyey influences' were unpropitious too. They did not weep outright, but frowned and scowled, and as we descended from the carriage, and paused in front of the house to look about us, I could not but recall to mind the cheery voice which used to proclaim aloud, with sturdy cordiality, the welcome that awaited each new-comer from within.

On crossing the threshold, instead of the outstretched

hand of a genial host to grasp, we were told to enrol our names and address in the register of sightseers. All this, no doubt, was right, and to have been expected, for our admission at all was an act of grace on the part of Mr. Hope Scott; but the expediency of the precaution hardly reconciled me to it when I thought of the past.

The outside of the house, which is semi-Gothic, and in a confined and badly chosen site, owing perhaps to the depressing influences of the atmosphere, struck me as grim and gloomy, and some of the architectural details as faulty. The approach to it is awkwardly contrived. The elaborately wrought screen of iron which encloses the pleasure-ground is almost as heavy and repellent as the railing which separates the playground of Christ's Hospital from Newgate Street. The southern front struck me as cold, bald, and inornate. I cannot but think that, in the absence of stone balustrades, the distinctive character of the terraces might have been just as well preserved by formally clipped yews, or, at all events, if a hedge of sweetbrier, or barberries, or privet had been substituted for the rude railing in front of the meadow. Neither would the slopes have looked worse had they been diversified here and there by a flowering shrub, or a straggling cotoneaster, or a small bed of rhododendra. The long, narrow, commonplace meadow of rank by-river's-side grass, 'exhaling murky dew,' might with advantage have been thrown into the pleasure-ground, and, at moderate expense, converted into lawn; or, if that had been objected to, the post and rail fence which separates the garden front

from the field, might have been improved by the substitution of invisible wire, and the rigid line described by the bank of the Tweed might have been broken to advantage by a clump of arbutus, and bay, and holly, and laurestina here, and a beech or some conifer in single blessedness there, so that the river, instead of flowing on with the dead monotony of a canal, might have been made to appear and disappear at intervals, thus assuming a more devious character, and greater apparent variety and extent.

The house itself I found so altered that, had I been conveyed to it blindfold, I should not have known where I was. The present entrance is not where the old one used to be. Whether the alteration was made in the lifetime of Scott, who was in turn

‘Magician, gardener, builder, mechanist,¹
A planter, and a rearer from the seed,’

I cannot presume to say. But, certainly, in the eleven years which intervened between my visit and Sir Walter’s death, *all* I have just seen may have been done under his immediate directions. I am strongly impressed with the idea that there were no terraces in the year 1821. And I think, unless I am egregiously deceived, that the ground to the south sloped gradually towards the meadow which skirts the Tweed. Although only in course of formation, the ground at that time was far more cheerful and infinitely less pretentious than it is now. Apart from the presence of the *genius loci*, there was nothing specially prepossessing in the premises

¹ When living at Lasswade, in his early married life, he made his own dining-table.

themselves. It was the vivifying spirit infused into everything by the owner, and which reigned supreme over every man, woman, child, dog, horse, or dumb creature within his reach, that made the whole atmosphere around him so joyous and happy.

The week that I was in his house, I used to rise up early and walk abroad to sniff the morning air, and earn an appetite for breakfast. At such times the same objects, engaged in the same pursuits, invariably attracted my notice:—1st, The towering head of the indefatigable scribe bending over the appointed task; 2^d, His lady, fresh from her toilet, throwing wide her window to ventilate her chamber, and nod her good-humoured greeting to her son Charles, his friend Surtees, and myself; 3^d, Her light-hearted daughter Anne, with a plate of bread-crumbs bribing 'the early birds' to come around her; 4th, Nicolson the coachman, in his stable dress, with wooden *sabots* on his feet, washing the sociable in the stable-yard; 5th, Beneath the Sheriff's study window, a huge roan stag-hound, rigid as if carved in stone, with ears pricked up and paws extended, watching with lofty complacency the mercurial gambols of a black greyhound, as he bounded about, and turned, and touzled, and tumbled over on the greensward his rough and ready playfellows, a spaniel, a silky-haired terrier, and two snappish creatures of Dandie Dinmont's breed, called 'Mustard' and 'Spice.' These familiar everyday events are as deeply-engraven on the tablets of my memory as if they had been cut there but yesterday. But, alas! the willing hands that laboured *out* of doors in their kind master's

service are still, and the grateful hearts that beat for him *within* no longer throb. The well-balanced brain that directed and regulated all around him beats no more.

Much as there is in Abbotsford to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, to me the sense of being a mere spectator on sufferance where once I had been a guest, was inexpressibly painful. And then, the desolation and the sombre aspect of the show-rooms ; the visitors creeping about the uncarpeted floors with a tread of reverence that I could not but respect ; the inquiring faces of Americans peering through the windows ; the dreary thought that nearly all who were his contemporaries had fallen under the sharp scythe of Time ;—every relative connected closely with him by the ties of blood or friendship ; the many chosen dependants on his generous and considerate bounty ; his very dogs, companions of his walks and rides,—Maida, ‘the first to welcome, foremost to defend,’ Hamlet, ‘whose honest heart was all his master’s own,’ Camp, Wallace, Douglas, Percy, copartners in the hearth-rug ; Nicolson, his loyal butler ; Laidlaw, his quondam *literary*, and afterwards his *bailiff*, friend ; Mackay, his faithful housekeeper ; Tom Purdie, his fellow-woodman ; Peter Mathieson, his trusty coachman ;—all, all had followed in the wake of him they loved and honoured. ‘I was fixed in cogitation deep,’ as Milton has it, and could say with Rogers—

‘ All, all are fled, yet still I linger here !

What sweet charms this silent spot endear ?’

now, that the woods he pruned and planted no longer echo to the sound of his jocund laugh, and the slashing stroke of his good right hand ; *now*, that the ready

tongue which never faltered, and which had an apposite tale for every cliff, and cleft, and rock for miles around, and gave to 'each a local habitation and a name,' is silent; *now*, that the beams of warm imagination which coloured the mystery of every legend in his boundless store, no longer shine; *now*, that the vigour of his descriptions, the enthusiasm of his manner, the mirth of his mobile countenance, the flavour of his uncouth dialect, are lost for ever to eye and ear and heart alike. The voice of mirth and gladness is hushed. The spots he best loved know him no more. The wild wind passes over his tomb. The sun of the place has set.

'How loved, how honour'd once, avails him not!'

The rooms I found it easiest to recall were the armoury¹ and the study; and the article of all others that I felt most familiar with was the well-worn old-fashioned arm-chair in which he used to sit and write.

'As on the dusky furniture I bend,
Each *chair* awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight:
And still with Heraldry's rich hues imprest
On the dim window's glass the pictured crest.'

One must have been a Stoic indeed to have looked upon his white beaver hat, his green coat with its plated buttons, his drab trousers and gaiters, his shoes, and walking-sticks and pipes, without emotion. The man who escorted us through the apartments told me that he had often seen American ladies shed tears on behold-

¹ The articles I can recall in the armoury are Claverhouse's pistol, Rob Roy's gun and purse, Highland arms, targets, claymores, thumbscrews, and trophies which he had brought from the field of Waterloo.

ing these relics. I must say that, whatever pride our cousins may take in their own institutions, they are seldom blind to the merits of England's worthies; and that whatever temporary estrangement may have existed between the parent and her offspring, they are never niggardly in their appreciation of Shakespeare's, Scott's, or Bulwer's genius.

The full-length portrait of Major Scott, though inferior as a work of art, is not deficient in individuality. Those of his mother and sister Anne, though not flattering to the originals, still reminded me of them strongly. The only pictures of real merit—and *they* are wonderful—are eight small water-colour drawings, about 12 inches by 8, mounted on one large sheet of tinted paper, contained in a single bead frame, and valued at 8000 guineas. Seeing Mr. Birket Foster in the drawing-room, scrutinising them very minutely, I asked him if *he* thought they were worth that sum, and he unhesitatingly declared they were. The extraordinary prices which Turner's pictures fetch reminds me of an anecdote told me of him by Thomas Tomkison, the pianoforte-maker, himself one of the best judges of art in the kingdom. Mr. Leader, the father of the former M.P. for Westminster, told him that he had commissioned Turner to paint him a picture on a given subject. The price fixed was £3000. On Turner's appearing at his house with the picture, Mr. Leader gave him a cheque for the 3000 guineas, on which Turner reminded him that there was still 3s. 6d. due to him for the hackney-coach in which he had conveyed the picture to Putney.

Why, I could not divine, but we were not allowed to

see the dining-room, a circumstance I regretted, *1st*, Because I should have been glad to refresh my recollection of a room in which I passed the proudest hours of my life ;

‘ Where round that ample board, in due degree
We sweeten’d every meal with social glee,
The heart’s light laugh pursued the circling jest,
And all was sunshine in each happy breast.’

2d, Because it was the room in which the household deity had breathed his last. Sad as I felt—during this excursion—while recalling the memories of ‘the merry days when I was young,’ I was cheered by the reflection that, though Scott’s corruptible part has long been food for worms, yet that his spirit will never die, that it lives in every relic he has left behind him, lives in every murmuring leaf of every tree he ever planted, lives in every glowing page he ever wrote, and that his name and fame will live till crack of doom. Never were lines penned more applicable to any creature than the following to him :—

‘ In this one man was shown a temperance, proof
Against all trials : industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day :
Stern self-denial round him spread—with shade
That might be deem’d forbidding, did not *there*
All generous feelings flourish and rejoice,
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity
All that her holy customs recommend,
And the best ages of the world prescribe.’

A visit to Melrose Abbey seemed but a natural sequel to our morning at Abbotsford. The grace of its architecture, the grandeur of its proportions, and the warm hue of its walls, render it a truly noble fane,

second to few in archæological interest, independently of the associations which cluster round it and render it unique. Still it wants, as it were, breath and elbow-room. Instead of standing out in isolated grandeur, with no other background than the sky itself, or the Eildon Hills, it is choked and hemmed in by hideous and incongruous buildings. Nevertheless, spent as I was with the previous 'excitement of my reason and my blood,' I should have found it difficult to tear myself away from the contemplation of this noble ruin, had not my observation been arrested by the unusual beauty of our female guide. The ladies of my party were as much struck as I was, and not more with the classic regularity of her features than with the modest self-possession of her deportment. She had a voice mellow as a hautboy's note; lineaments symmetrical as Mount Ida's nymph, Cœnone; a complexion rich and glowing as the tints of autumn; eyes of almond shape, clear, lustrous, truthful; eyebrows beautifully pencilled; hair of 'glossy chestnut brown,' coiled simply round the back of her head. There was that *je ne sais quoi* about her of good breeding, that I felt quite embarrassed to know how to offer her the customary *douceur*. On subsequent inquiry at the George Inn, we were informed that she and a sister, nearly as well-favoured as herself, were the daughters of a Mrs. Tait, erst lady's-maid for many years to the beautiful Duchess of Buccleuch, mother to the present Duke, and daughter of the first Viscount Sydney. It seemed she married the Duke's head carpenter; and in recognition of their services he bequeathed to them the remunerative privilege of show-

ing the Abbey to strangers. Finding that she was rather diverted by my ecstatic appreciation of her lion, I told her that 'when last I had seen it, I had seen it under circumstances of which few now could boast, viz., "by pale moonlight," and under the guidance and superintendence of the Last Minstrel's "self."' I told her that, though I had heard it more than once alleged that he had never visited it himself under the circumstances he recommended to others, I was morally positive of the fact I stated. 'Oh! sir,' said she, 'I have often heard Johnnie Bower say that his father, our predecessor here, would often tell how mony a nicht he had been called up to let in the Sheriff and his friends to view the ruin.' I was so pleased with this speech of hers that I doubled my intended tip.

It is impossible to deny, if one wished it, that important changes in the material, moral, and social condition of Edinburgh have been effected since I was last here. At every point of the compass large tracts of land, which I remember barren wastes, have been built upon and peopled. I cannot pretend to enumerate, nor do I even remember, one tithe of the substantial improvements which met my eye. The picturesque block of thirteen-storied houses has been superseded by handsome modern structures, inclusive of the Free Church College and the National Security Savings Bank. Two museums of classic pretensions, one or two handsome monuments on the Calton Hill, a splendid one in Princes Street to the honour of Walter Scott, vigorous statues of John Wilson and Allan Ramsay, a new Post-office, two railway termini, lodging-houses for

the migratory classes, Donaldson's Hospital, Regent and Calton and Royal Terraces, Magdala Crescent, Maitland and West Maitland Street, the Haymarket Station, and several new churches, if old established favourites with the present generation, are new creations to me.

In my daily strolls between the Old and New Towns, I found it difficult, in spite of sapient Dogberry, to avoid making—I am not punning—‘*odorous*’ comparisons.

To the artist and the antiquarian, the Old Town, in point of historic interest, piquancy of design, sharpness of sky-line, radiancy of perspective, with its Holyrood Palace, its Heriot's Hospital, its craggy cliff, its beetling Castle and proud battlements, its many-patterned chimneys, its Gallican towers, its crow's-foot steps, its gaunt scraps of sculpture, its Grecian columns, its octagonal pillars, its antique friezes, its grotesque gurgoyles, its sloping gables, its racy inscriptions, its uncouth mouldings, is replete with attraction.

On the other hand, the New Town, from its noble position, the unity of its plan, the elegance as well as the solidity of its public and private buildings, its improved sewerage, its handsome squares and public gardens, its shops, its Princes Street, its George Street, its Ainslie Place, its Moray Place, etc. etc., may challenge competition with any city in Europe, as an eligible residence, with one exception, and that is—*climate*.

I was curious to examine the domestic architecture of the Old Town, and threaded and elbowed my way through loitering crowds of listless idlers, and plunged into the noisome closes and dreary wynds inhabited by

the scum of the population. I own I found it difficult at first, surrounded as one has been with the luxuries and refinements of the nineteenth century, to realise the squalid buildings in the most debased parts of the Old Town inhabited by proud peers, potent senators, and reverend signiors. I was surprised, too, to notice how many houses of an ancient date there were which were built of wood, faced, or as it were veneered, with rough-cast. Five or six hundred years ago, no doubt, every house in our own metropolis was built of wood. Our good Queen Bess, no later than three centuries ago, dwelt in a palace which was composed of timber, lath, and plaster ; and her nobility and gentry occupied houses of the very rudest construction and of the coarsest materials—with earthen floors instead of deal boards, and with green rushes for carpets. But then it should be recollected that though bricks had been introduced into England about the fifteenth century, they were never in general use till after the great fire of London, and were very costly, while stone was all but unattainable ; whereas in Scotland, timber being a great rarity, was dear, and stone being abundant, must have been comparatively reasonable.

That for so many generations, in such a densely pauperised locality, deficient as it long has been in air, light, and water, occupied by animals grovelling on the earth like swine, chronic pestilence in some form or other should not have usurped a permanent power, is to me a marvel.

On proceeding to the High Street and asking for the Tolbooth, I learned, with deep regret, that it had shared

the common fate of many other buildings of kindred interest, and had been rased to the ground in 1817. I could not forbear uttering a harsh word or two against the perpetrators of such a wholesale demolition of historic landmarks. I thought them little better than Vandals. But when I had inspected the spots and sites themselves, and weighed the substantial gain of the many with the comparative loss of the few from the uprooting of sentimental associations, I was forced to retract my hasty sentence, and acknowledge the sense and courage of the civic authorities in not having allowed their æsthetic tastes to override necessary sanitary improvements.

There is, in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*,¹ a letter from Sir Walter to Mr. J. B. S. Morritt, of Rokeby, dated August 11, 1817, to the following purport:—‘There is a terrible evil in England, *to which we are strangers*,—the number, to wit, of tippling-houses, where the labourer, as a matter of course, spends the surplus of his earnings. In Scotland there are few, and the Justices are commendably inexorable in rejecting all application for licences where there appears no public necessity for granting them. A man, therefore, cannot spend much money in liquor, since he must walk three or four miles to the place of auction and back again, which implies a sort of malice prepense of which few are capable; and the habitual opportunity of indulgence not being at hand, the habits of intemperance and of waste connected with it are not acquired.’ He then goes on to say, ‘All this applies chiefly to the country. In towns,

¹ Vol. iv. p. 85.

and in the manufacturing districts, the evil could hardly be diminished by such regulations.'

From the little I have seen and the much I have heard, either the county magistracy of 1872 must have greatly relaxed the wholesome restrictions of 1817, or the peasantry, in the interim, must have been greatly contaminated by the vicious example of the towns. Let me, however, in the present confine myself to what I observed in Edinburgh.

Understanding that the railway companies and many of the principal firms had long been in the habit of paying their workmen's wages on the Friday instead of the Saturday, I was curious to judge for myself how far the employers of labour had been rewarded for their benevolent consideration. To this end I took up a position on the threshold of a decent shop in the Canon-gate, on the two last days of two consecutive weeks, and I saw before me a heaving, surging sea of human beings, tossed to and fro, wave after wave, under the tempestuous influence of ardent spirits. There were lads of fourteen or fifteen years of age, with battered hats on their heads and short pipes in their mouths, nearly swept off their legs by the reflux tide. There were young men from twenty to twenty-five years of age, with glassy eyes and vacant stare, tottering and staggering against each other; parents, in the prime of life, swearing at their barefooted little ones, who were trying to drag them away from temptation; silent old men and sulky old women, wrangling and snarling at one another, and ready on the slightest provocation to fight it out.

The evidences of rampant vice among the masses

which I saw on every side recalled to my mind some of the sanguinary scenes which had been enacted in that immediate vicinity. I fancied that I could realise, as I had never done before, the formidable characteristics of an Edinburgh mob when once 'stirred up to any sudden act of mutiny.'

The impetuous Irishman, never so much in his element as when in actual conflict with his fellow, rushes forth, shillelah in hand, eager to seek the bubble reputation even in a faction-fight. Though a sinister look be enough to fan the smouldering embers of party spirit into a blaze, yet, when once blood has been freely shed, and a skull or two has been cracked, they are quickly extinguished, and die out in penitential ashes.

The pugnacious Englishman, impatient to square accounts with his antagonist, turns back his wristbands and appeals to his fists for his redress; and if he succeeds in vindicating the affront he has received, he is ready to forget and to forgive it.

But the same determined will which renders the phlegmatic Scot, under the stimulus of loyalty or patriotism, invincible in battle, makes him, under personal affront, implacable—at least until his enemy lies dead at his feet. Then, to assuage the smart of a reproving conscience, or deaden the fear of condign punishment, he flies to the universal panacea for all the ills of life—the dram bottle. Women, who have the same propensity, having broken down the two great bulwarks of virtue—modesty and remorse—lose all their sense of shame, defy public opinion, and flaunt about the streets in filth and finery, more like fiends than females.

That the drink-fever, and the whole train of moral evils which follow in its wake, should continue to rage with unabated virulence among a people so religious as the Scotch, is an anomaly not easy of explanation. The clergy of Scotland are an earnest, God-fearing body of men, who, by the constitution of their Church, are assisted in their pastoral and parochial ministrations by lay agency to an extent unequalled in any other community. In Presbyteries, in Synods, in General Assemblies, there are associated together more laymen than ministers ; and yet, in spite of this powerful machinery, in spite of the exertions of the Temperance League, in spite of the energetic stand made by men of such influence, eloquence, character, and spirit, as Chalmers, Candlish, Guthrie, and others, the Goliath Inebriety still stalks triumphantly over the land, making captives of thousands, and defying the armies of Israel. How it is that, with all that has been done and yet is doing, to crush this hydra-headed monster, such scenes as I witnessed in the Old Town should be possible, affords matter for grave reflection, and leads one to conclude, either that the means employed, large as they are, have been inadequate to the requirements, or that there has not been a proper economy in their distribution, or that the strength and zeal which have been exerted have been ill-directed. Great ends have often been accomplished by small means, when those means have been concentrated on a single object ; and if, instead of being conflicting agencies, the forces of all the Churches were combined in cordial co-operation, a great standing reproach to the morals of the country might, in a few

years, be wiped away. But if the visible Church is to remain in its present state of unhappy disruption, and is to be rent asunder in schisms and sections, the activity and utility of its members must necessarily be paralysed by want of cohesion, and 'envyings, and strifes, and divisions' will inevitably eat their way into the very vitals of 'pure and undefiled religion,' and corrupt the body politic as well as the body ecclesiastical. Whereas, if the Established, the Free, the United Presbyterian, and the Episcopal Churches, instead of desultory efforts, would take up common ground, throw aside denominational differences, recruit their scattered ranks from the pick and pith of their several followers, and, shoulder to shoulder, confront the common enemy, ere another generation had grown old myriads of besotted slaves might probably be emancipated from the yoke of a degrading bondage, and be glad to enlist as volunteers under the banner of 'perfect freedom.'

It would seem that in England, men the most opposed on other grounds are disposed to coalesce on this. The Archbishop of Westminster has, more than once, been advocating the same philanthropic cause on the same platform with the High Churchman, the Low Churchman, the Broad Churchman, and the Dissenter. It is of vital importance in England, as well as in Scotland and Ireland, that the sympathies and the energies of both sexes and of all classes should be brought to bear on this one point.

In every town congregation in England there must be men and women with the will, the means, and the leisure to do good, who yet, from want of opportunity

and sanction, feel themselves mere 'cumberers of the ground'—men and women who hold our orders in too great reverence to encroach on ministerial prerogative, and whose chief ambition would be 'to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees' of their pastor, by going forth as his forerunners into the wildest wastes of his parish, to 'make the crooked places straight and the rough places plain' for him. I am aware that there are many of the clergy of this generation who, in our larger towns, gladly utilise lay agency ; but I suspect strongly that there are many more of the past, who either neglect from supineness, or object upon principle, to avail themselves of such help. There are many among the ignorant, depraved, and hardened, who would be more willing, in the first instance, to hearken to the admonitions of sympathetic, disinterested, and benevolent laymen, than to the rebukes or reproofs, or even exhortations, of those they regard as stipendiary spiritual physicians. When first a clergyman is appointed to a cure of souls in a town parish, he endeavours conscientiously to introduce the highest knowledge into the humblest places ; and though he is likely to do so delicately and considerately, yet it is difficult for him to divest himself of a certain official authority derived from his credentials. Now this self-assertion irritates the ignorant and evil-disposed, and excites among the more independent of them a prejudice against him, to which the layman is not exposed, because he is received and admitted on sufferance. Will my brethren forgive me if I say, that the precise and formal cut of the clerical long black frock-coat,

the starched severity of the white stock, the buttonless vest, the measured gravity of deportment, the suavity of speech,—seemly, appropriate, attractive, as they all may be in the eyes of the higher and middle ranks of society,—repel the dangerous classes, and indeed are ridiculed by them as the insignia of a pretentious Pharisaism, in men who deem themselves entitled, welcome or unwelcome, in season or out of season, to enter poor men's dwellings, to proselytise little children, to lead captive silly women, and extort from them categorical answers to inconvenient questions about the wages earned, the tastes indulged, the company kept, and the form of worship favoured by the husband or the father?

That they should feel thus, I must say, in their circumstances, is not to be wondered at. The clergy, especially the more serious and energetic ones (and how few there are in those days who are not both!), have so little time or disposition to mix with the outer world, live so much in a contracted sphere of their own, and associate so exclusively with those of their own order who agree with them in sentiment, that they hardly make sufficient allowance for those who have never had religious training at all; while the country parson's experience of parochial work is so different from that of the town clergyman's, that even *he* can hardly appreciate the difficulties with which his brother has to contend.

There are few rural parishes of moderate dimensions, however vicious, on which the religious influence of the minister is not, directly or indirectly, made to tell, and

through which many who have gone astray are led back into the right path ; but it is not often that a town clergyman succeeds in making any durable impression on the hearts of those who, born of wicked parents and bred up among godless companions, have never gone straight. In the one case, though the good seed may have been trodden under foot, it may, like 'bread cast on the waters, return after many days.' In the other, where good principles have never been implanted, where genial influences have never been exerted, it is unreasonable to expect anything but seared consciences and hardened hearts. One might as well expect to gather figs from thistles as to see good morals prevalent among those who have always breathed an atmosphere that was tainted by theft, prostitution, and drunkenness. And yet, on the chilled and indurated affections of many a waif, the dews of human sympathy have often fallen like gracious rain on grass long parched by drought. Here, surely, the layman's help would not be valueless.

I copy the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. 'Some little idea may be formed of the severe injury which would be inflicted on trade in the event of a general movement in favour of temperance, by the following account given by Bailie Lewis at a meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council on Tuesday, of the number of persons seen by the police to enter one of the "hard-ale" shops in that city during one day. A "hard-ale" shop is a house where customers may get drunk for twopence-halfpenny. One pennyworth of "hard ale," followed by three halfpennyworth of spirits,

will, it is stated, reduce even a seasoned toper to a state of hopeless stupefaction. From 8 to 9 A.M., there entered the establishment in question, on a Saturday in July, 100 men and 38 women; from 9 to 10 o'clock, 120 men and 65 women; from 10 to 11, 90 men and 40 women; from 11 to 12 noon, 110 men and 48 women; from 12 to 1, 85 men and 55 women; from 1 to 2, 100 men and 60 women; from 2 to 3, 115 men and 60 women; from 3 to 4, 112 men and 60 women; from 4 to 5, 67 men and 43 women; from 5 to 6, 108 men and 47 women; from 6 to 7, 128 men and 50 women; from 7 to 8, 75 men and 50 women; from 8 to 9, 120 men and 55 women; from 9 to 10, 100 men and 55 women; from 10 to 11, 81 men and 43 women;—in all, 1511 men and 769 women. If the proprietor of this "hard-ale" shop made only a profit of one half-penny on each individual, he would, as Bailie Lewis observed, have a total profit of £4, 15s. per diem, or no less than £1482 a year. It is remarkable to observe by these figures how steadily "the women" drank throughout the day. There is but little variation in their numbers from hour to hour, in comparison to that to be seen in the case of the "men." The constancy of woman peeps forth in every transaction of life, while man, vile man, is fitful even in his cups.'

Torquay, January 6, 1873.—My man-servant, on opening my shutters at 7 A.M., excited me greatly by telling me that there was a large three-masted vessel in the bay, and opposite my windows, on fire. Seeing that there was

nothing to be done—for I knew that the town fire-engines were useless, and I saw that the crew had got their boats securely moored by the ship's side, and that the flames had got complete mastery—I watched the dreadful but sublime spectacle from my bed.

Towards the middle of the day I learned that the vessel was 1350 tons burthen, that she had come from Boston, in the United States, had been laden with petroleum, had discharged her cargo at Antwerp, and had been on her way homewards, when she was forced by stress of weather to lie off Brixham for the last three days. This morning at two o'clock the alarm was given by the cook, who happened to be on deck, 'Ship afire!' All sail was instantly hoisted, and they ran for this place, never doubting that there would be engines readily available. Alas! though a house had been burnt to the ground on the 16th December, when the fire-engines were found wanting, and though there had been ample time to have repaired them, they were of no more use than garden syringes.

When first my attention was called to the unusual sight, the dawn had not broken; a black pall still hung over the hills behind Tor Abbey, so that the blazing monster stood forth on the bosom of the deep in ghastly relief, and might have not inaptly represented a scene from the *Inferno*. She lay within fifty yards of Cumper's hotel, an inert, unresisting mass, the passive prey of her victorious enemy. There was 'water, water everywhere, but not a drop' for use. The whole population of the town seemed asleep; not a stray foot was to be seen either on the piers, the Paignton road, or

the Strand. There were scores of boats, both rowing and sailing, tossing about inside the harbour, but not a soul to man them or put them in motion. The men on board the doomed ship were rendered conspicuous enough by the luminous glare around them ; but neither gun was fired nor rocket discharged in signal of distress. They might be seen moving about without flurry or agitation, doggedly lowering their kits, and then letting themselves down by rope into their boats—the last man to descend being the captain himself. I talked in the afternoon with one of the sailors, who by some accident had had three fingers and a half torn off. I asked him if he had suffered much pain ? ‘No, sir,’ was his reply ; ‘I had so much to see to, to think of, and to do, that I never knew of my loss till the blood trickling down my trousers told me of it.’ The lambent tongues of fire, as they licked their way greedily through the port-holes, the lurid crimson light reflected on the flapping sails from the blazing entrails of the gutted ship, the thundering crash with which the three masts fell simultaneously overboard, were things not easily forgotten.

About 3 P.M. I sat with John Forster in his apartments at Cumper’s, the better to watch the ravages of the fire in his company. Little property was lost, as the vessel was fully insured, and she had nothing but ballast on board.

On the 14th *January* 1873, on dining at Mrs. Stewart’s, where Lord Lytton had told me he should meet

me, I found that he had written to excuse himself on the score of illness.

On the 15th January my wife received the following note from him:—‘My dear Mrs. Young,—I am most grieved to be compelled to resign the hope of dining with you to-morrow. I have been seized with a severe cold, accompanied with the acutest pains I ever remember to have suffered, and can get no relief night or day from any remedy. I am obliged to keep alone in my room, and be as quiet as possible.’ In consequence of this note I went to Argyll Hall, and found that abscess in the ear was the cause of the suffering.

On the 16th January I went to Argyll Hall to inquire after Lord L., and saw Mrs. Tate, his housekeeper, endeared to him and his son by fifty years’ service in the family. She appears to be, I hope, unnecessarily alarmed about her master. God forbid she have cause.

On the 17th, alas! alas! I found Lord Lytton in imminent danger. A telegram had been despatched for his son. Hearing that he was expected by the 5.20 P.M. train, I went at 7 P.M. and saw him, and wished to be allowed to share the night-watching with him, but found I should only be in the way, as, beside Robert Lytton, there would be Hachs, the valet, in attendance.

On the 18th, Lord Lytton sinking fast! He was quite unconscious, and had been for hours. It is remarkable that when Mr. and Mrs. Lytton left him for London on January 3d, Lord Lytton actually wept at parting from them, and remained in low spirits all day.

Could he have had a presentiment of his coming end ? From the moment of his son's arrival he never spoke ; neither, from that moment, did his son leave his side, or let go his hand till the last sigh was breathed. As a clergyman, I was permitted to be in the chamber to within an hour of his death. At 2 o'clock I received a message to say that all was over. I could not say how deeply we deplore the loss of such a friend ! It is irreparable. We all loved him and looked up to him.

I was reading the History of France in the evening, and found that Francis the Second died Nov. 17, 1560, and that the cause of death was 'the formation of an abscess in the brain which discharged itself through the ear.' This seems to me to resemble very closely Lord L.'s case.

February 3, 1873.—Attended a meeting of the S. P. G. Clark of Taunton, as usual, made a spirit-stirring and effective speech, and Monsell of Guildford, formerly of Egham, warmed up the hearts of his old admirers here by a characteristic appeal. I met them both at dinner afterwards at Archdeacon Huxtable's, whose activity in promoting the cause of Missions by pen and purse and voice is unflagging as ever.

February 4.—I was anxious that Monsell and my friend Hanna should meet ; so we met by appointment in the lodgings of the latter.

'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war'—eh ? Not a bit of it. Though two more dissimilar natures never met, they parted with mutual

good-will, and a desire to know more of each other. It was interesting to me to see them together. The one a sound Anglican, the other a prominent member of the Free Church of Scotland. Both generous, genial, and lovers of humour. One ardent, imaginative, impassioned, zealous, fearless; the other meek, diffident, sympathetic, tender, tolerant. Each, though with very different qualifications for their office, casting his separate gift into the common treasury of the Church Catholic.

It seemed that some considerable time ago Dr. Hanna had been alarmingly ill, and in serious danger. A certain hymn which he mentioned, but which I forget, in Fosbery's collection, had been a source of the greatest consolation to him at the time; and having seen the name of Monsell appended to it, he asked him if he were the author. On learning that he was, Hanna told him, with tears in his eyes and a faltering voice, how much it had comforted him when he had been greatly cast down. Monsell's genial countenance beamed with genuine satisfaction, as he remarked, 'Dear Sir, to learn that any poor words of mine have helped to soothe one saddened heart is sweeter music to my ears than if they had earned me lasting fame.' As much pleasing conversation cropped up as could be expected in a morning's call. Among other topics that came to the surface was 'the law of self-sacrifice.' Felicitous instances of self-abnegation were quoted by each gentleman. At last Hanna told of a private soldier in some regiment, who, in the Crimea, hearing it said by one of his officers that if any one would take up a certain bomb-

shell and fling it over a certain parapet, he would save the lives of nearly a whole battalion, though he would lose his own, sprang heroically forward, did what was suggested, and perished in consequence. 'It is sad to think,' said the narrator of the anecdote, 'that nothing was done for his widow,—no notice taken, of such magnanimity, in high places,—I suppose because the deed was done by a common soldier from the ranks.' 'Nay, never mind,' said Monsell; 'it will be noticed hereafter in a higher place.'

February 5.—Dr. Monsell told me yesterday of having received an impertinent anonymous letter, dated 'York Crescent, Clifton;' and that, among other things, he said that he had been reading his book, with his Bible by his side, and that there were certain statements in it which were quite unauthorized by Scripture—signing himself, 'Yours sincerely, ANTI-HUMBUG.'

To this he sent the following reply:—

'If you were Humbug's uncle,
I soon would let you know
How great an ass I thought you
For writing to me so.

But as you're Humbug's *aunt* (*anti*),
I could not be so rude
As designate your silly prate
As otherwise I should.

My own belief is that you're not
His uncle or his aunt,
But some poor mulish thing begot
By Humbug out of Cant.'

February 6.—The following lines were sent to me to-day in allusion to Dr. Temple's quarrel with Dr.

Hayman, and the letter written by Mr. Scott, one of the recalcitrant masters of Rugby :—

“ ‘ Temple ’-worshippers by Hayman
Extirpated soon would be ;
But is he sure from his own gallows
To escape scot-free ? ’

February 7.—I do not know who is the author of the following lines, but they were sent to me by a very charming person, who, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been the author of them. They were written, I need hardly say, in allusion to the case of ‘ The Plaintiff,’ Sir Roger Tichborne :—

‘ The firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton,
Deny the plaintiff’s Arthur Orton ;
But can’t deny, what’s more important,
That he has done what Arthur oughtn’t.’

The following riddle, too, by Charles James Fox, has been sent to me :—

‘ For I was Adam, Adam I,
And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
In spite of wind and weather ;
Yet was not Mr. Adam, I,
Nor yet was Mrs. Adam, I,
Unless we were to-gether.

Suppose, then, Eve and Adam talking,
With all my heart ; but, if they’re *walking*
There ends all simile :
For tho’ I’ve tongue and often talk,
And legs ; yet when I walk
That puts an end to me.

Not such an end, but that I’ve breath,
Therefore to such a kind of death
I make but small objection ;
But soon, again, I come to view,
And tho’ a Xtian, yet ’tis true
I die by resurrection.’

February 8, 1873.—A very clever young lady, hearing me read the verses on anti-humbug, wrote to my daughter next day to ask me for a copy of them. I wrote to her to say that I could not refuse *her* such a request, but that I hoped she would not give them away, as I did not know whether the author might approve of their getting into extensive circulation, and signed myself by my initials, I. C. Y. I received the following from her in reply :—

'By gratitude prompted, I can't help inditing
A line, my dear sir, just to thank you for writing ;
I took it *so* kind—and the lines are *so* spicy !
And your letter was warm—though its ending was "ICY."

I pondered this over, as you will believe—
That which we don't like we are loath to receive !
Is this ending (I thought) quite according to rule ?
Or do these cold letters mean that *mine* had been *cool* ?

But now *I see why* (O forgive the bad pun !
'Though bad ones, I'm told, always make the most fun) ;
'Twas only correct in the C and the Y ;¹
Your first wanted a tail ('twas, in fact, all your I) ?

Thereby hangs—not advice (which I don't dare to offer),
But just a suggestion I venture to proffer ;
To avoid such mistakes—O, with pen as with tongue,
Don't neglect, while you're able, to call yourself—Young !

I must add a P.S. just to say I'll be true
To the wish, with such reason expressed, sir, by you ;
The lines I'll keep sacred, that wish not forgetting,
Until I can read them within their new setting.'

I have been reading Planché's 'Recollections' with much pleasure. I see he has had the courage to bring

¹ My fair correspondent considered that Julian ought to be spelt with a J instead of an I. But both are equally right. Joseph and John are as often spelt with an I as with a J ; and in my case family usage decided in favour of I.

Tomkison to light. It had been a pity such a gem should have been buried in the dark,—see vol. ii. pp. 126, 127. Having referred to Mr. Planché's reminiscences I will venture to refer to my own! Before saying what *I* have to say about Tomkison himself, I may as well mention something about his family. He had two daughters; the elder was married to the late Mons. de Fauche, H.M. Consul at Ostend; the younger to Major Napier, who made himself conspicuous by his gallantry during the Rebecca riots in Wales. Mrs. Tomkison, their mother, was one of the very handsomest persons I ever saw. Tall, well-proportioned, and stately in figure, she bore a close resemblance to Harlow's picture of Mrs. Siddons in the part of Queen Catharine. She certainly could not boast an eye as eloquent as the great tragedian's, but in no other physical attribute was she inferior to her. Her features were as regular, her dignity of mien was as great, while her complexion was fairer and her expression softer! She was of a placid temper and amiable, sang well, had considerable refinement of manner, and occasionally said good things. One of her *jeux d'esprit* deserves preserving. She was staying at Putney with Mr. Leader, the father of the ex-Member for Westminster, when one day, after a dinner-party, while sitting in the drawing-room with the ladies, who were dissecting the characters of the gentlemen they had just left at the dining-table, the name of one individual came on the *tapis* who had made himself particularly disagreeable, not so much by anything he had said or done as by what he had left unsaid and undone, and by his exclu-

siveness, arrogance, and sullen taciturnity. Each lady present, with the exception of Mrs. Tomkison, having expressed her sentiments pretty freely about the noxious 'party,' *her* opinion was challenged. 'Well,' she said, in her passive way, 'he seems to me to be an anomaly in natural philosophy: he is "*gravity without attraction.*"'

As to the head of the house himself, I can truly say that though I have stumbled upon many characters in my path through life, I never knew his fellow for originality. While I shall not attempt to extenuate his failings, I have too sincere an affection for his memory to wish to depreciate his merits. I despair of conveying by my pen the faintest idea of his peculiarities; Mathews only could do it by imitation. Though short of stature, the intelligence and composure of a very pleasing face, conjoined with great amenity of manner, redeemed him from insignificance. Although he measured but 5 feet 3 inches, he stood high in the estimation of those who, despite his oddities, appreciated his worth. A man of strict integrity in business, he possessed a kindly heart, and had the habits and tastes of a cultivated gentleman. He was an experimentalist in science, an amateur in literature, a connoisseur in art. Strictly temperate in his habits, he had a sensitive palate, and was considered an authority on wine. He used now and then to leave his warehouse in Dean Street, Soho, and attend the sales at the Custom House, buy there a hogshead or two of fine old fruity port at a low figure, and, as a special favour, permit his friends to share it with him at a high one.

Having the penetration of a detective in the inspection of an old master, he would drop in occasionally at Christie's or Phillips', buy, for a mere bagatelle, a Rubens or a Vandyck incrustated in filth, send it off to Brown or Reinagle to be cleaned, and realise a large sum by reselling it. Forty years ago, Sir Edwin Landseer told me that, if he were about to purchase a picture by an old master, and there were any dispute as to its genuineness, he did not know the man whose verdict he would sooner take than Tomkison's. He had a fine bass voice, and was an excellent glee-singer. He had an enthusiastic passion for astronomy, and I believe his attainments in that branch of science were far from contemptible. As a manufacturer of pianos, he was considered in his day to rank next to Broadwood, and though he had never had anything like his sale or connection, yet I have heard professional musicians prefer the tone of his instruments. At one period of his life he had acquired a considerable fortune, and, had he been content with moderate returns and the slow but sure augmentation of his capital, he might have passed his later years in affluence. But he was ambitious of extending his name and trade, and in his efforts to do so made shipwreck of his fortune. Each year saw his resources fall lower and lower, till, on his death, his family were left nearly penniless.

He was the most inveterate alarmist I ever met with, and croaked like a raven. Such an obstinate tendency had he to cry 'wolf' when no 'wolf' was near, that when at last 'wolf' was at the door, no one sympathised with him, for nobody believed him. His gauge

of the prospects of trade generally, and of the prosperity of the nation at large, was his own gain or loss. If he had two or three bad debts on his ledger, or had received fewer commissions than usual, he would go home, and in the most alarming language inveigh against the vices of the Government, and declare that he knew of thousands of causes which converged towards revolution ; that perils were impending the country, which no political precaution could avert ; that, when the thunder-clap came, there would be no conflict of principles, but civil warfare between riches and poverty—between the might of mammon and insurrectionary indigence ; that every other shop in Regent Street was insolvent ; that the dissatisfaction of the working classes was so intense that they only waited their opportunity to rise as one man against all constituted authority ; that the country was on the brink of bankruptcy, anarchy, carnage, and ruin ; that if Providence had not condescended to send him his semi-grads, he and his wife and girls would at that hour be walking the streets ‘in rags—madam ! yes, in rags !’ The application of this eloquent sermon was, that his wife and daughters must at once retrench, or be prepared to follow him to the workhouse ; that he was in such extremity that he did not know where to turn to borrow £50 to pay his men their week’s wages ; and yet that very day he contrived to find funds enough in his exchequer to purchase a ‘Madonna and Child’ by Rubens.

His proneness to what Sam Johnson called ‘hyperbolic amplification’ was so well known, that he rarely

succeeded in deceiving others, though he often deceived himself. Like the Athenians of old, he had an insatiable appetite for 'some new thing.' He was so credulous that nothing was too big for him to swallow. In sensational statements he revelled, and felt grateful to any one who would supply him with a startling incident, that he might have the luxury of horrifying others by telling it. I have myself known him rush to the door from the dinner-table to buy a penny paper, when bawling newsvendors passed under his window with some fictitious announcement of 'great and glorious news,' etc. etc. Although he had been over and over again the dupe of his own irrepressible curiosity, he confessed to me that he never had been proof against the fascination of these penny-trumpet counterfeits. Though he could disburse money profusely for the attainment of any object of taste for himself, he yet exacted the rigidest economy in the necessities of life from his family. Essentially amiable and sweet-tempered, his extreme parsimony in his domestic arrangements, and his gloomy forebodings, plunged his household into dejection as profound and prolonged as if he had been a tyrant. But let me turn to the ludicrous side of his character. It is quite impossible to convey to those who never knew him the artificial movements of his body ; the gruffness at one time, and then the mellifluous modulation at another, of his voice ; the rapid transition from sweetness of speech to severity ; or the oracular pomposity of his prophetic utterances. In the instance I am about to give, I once had a marvellous illustration of his vocal powers, and

of the facility with which he could vary his moods from tenderness to testiness, and from testiness to fury. One summer's evening, after dinner, he proposed that I should accompany his wife and himself in a walk through the Regent's Park. Mrs. T. had gone up-stairs to her room, to equip herself for the proposed expedition. When he had waited for her, as he thought, a reasonable time, he went into the hall (in Russell Place), put on his hat and gloves, and hallooed to her in his most dulcet tones, 'Are you ready, my *sweet* Mary?' No answer, the bedroom door being shut. Walking up and down impatiently, he then cried out to her, in tones of modified sweetness, 'My *dear* Mary.' No answer. Presently, in a tone of reproach, '*Mistress* Mary.' Once more, in a voice of unmistakable tetchiness, '*Madam* Mary;' till at last, his patience quite exhausted, he bawled out, in a bass that would have reflected credit on Caliban, '*Mrs.* Tomkison, and be d—d to you! how much longer are we to wait for your imperial highness?'

He was a devoted, almost an idolatrous, admirer of Turner's genius. I once went with him, on the first day of the opening of the Royal Academy at Somerset House. His familiarity with the style and manner of all the reigning favourites in art rendered *him* independent of a catalogue; and while *I* was slavishly adhering to it, and reviewing each painting as it hung in arithmetical progression, *he* was roaming about the rooms in quest of those of his great favourite. Each time that he came upon one of his works, he darted across the rooms to me, and dragged me away from

what I was looking at, so that he might see me share his raptures over some new exhibition of his idol's genius. For each specimen he had a fresh epithet of commendation—always in the superlative degree. One was '*delectable*, sir—quite *delectable*.' Another was, '*prodigious*, sir.' Another was '*transcendent*, sir ; yes, sir, I say transcendent.' Another was '*sublime*, sir. Am I saying too much when I pronounce it *divinely* sublime ?'

At last he fetched me to one that eclipsed all the former. He literally '*wanted words to say* WHAT he thought of it ;' so, conscious that he had exhausted his vocabulary of laudatory epithets, scorning a repetition of the adjectives he had already impressed into his service, as that would have implied poverty of resource, he first took off his hat, and deposited it on one of the benches, then raised his spectacles to the crown of his pate, then straddled his legs as wide apart as he could safely permit them to go, then clenched his teeth together, as if bent on taking some decisive step, then extended his two arms and hands towards the canvas, and finally drawing up his breath through his nostrils, delivered his testimony, with all the emphasis of an elephant, in a *profound, sonorous, protracted snort*.

Once upon a time he was standing in the street, engaged in conversation with Harry Hunt the singer (a very good-looking, fine-grown man, but a very mediocre pupil of Tom Welsh), with his little bow-legs wide apart, and looking very like a parenthesis, when Hunt observed a man, under the influence of liquor, rush out of a public-house in Tomkison's rear,

thrust the hooked handle of a shabby umbrella between his legs, and pull him violently backwards by it. Poor Tomky, jumping a foot off the ground, writhing with agony, and furious at the indignity put upon him, turned and faced his tormentor, evidently meaning, for once in his life, to inflict condign punishment on the offender. On, however, observing his height and breadth and muscular development, he thought better of it, and, in accents of mingled courtesy and anger, thus addressed him: 'May I take the very great liberty, my good sir, of asking you what is the blessed circumstance to which I am indebted for this diabolical—nay, you must permit me to say, this damnable—outrage upon my person?'

The culprit, on confronting Tomkison, and seeing his face, became suddenly sobered by the mistake he had made, and, in the most apologetic language, expressed his sincere contrition for his error. 'You see, sir,' said he, 'I only seed you from behind; and your back was so werry like the back of a gennelman as I sometimes smoke a pipe with, that I was *that* pleased to see him, that, thinking to show him, as it were, a hearty welcome, I tried to pull him into the house and treat him to a drop.' Tomkison, true to the rule of courtesy, on his steady adhesion to which through life he piqued himself, with inimitable dignity and loftiness thus replied to him, 'My very good sir, you will, I trust, believe me when I say that I never had the honour of smoking a pipe with you in the whole course of my life; and you will, I am sure, bear with me if I add, that after discovering the very peculiar and painful method you have of welcoming your friends, I have no particular desire to be among their number.'

George Harlowe, the artist, had a very great admiration of my uncle George's head. He was so anxious to introduce it into his great picture of the Kemble family, that, knowing him to be entirely engrossed in his profession from 10 A.M. till 7 P.M., he used to take a hackney coach and drive into the City after him to get a sitting before breakfast. While he was engaged on this picture I used, almost daily, to keep Harlowe company, and was often allowed—boy as I was, and home for the holidays—to be present with his sitters. As I am not aware of any key to the picture having ever been published, it may interest some to know the names of the originals introduced. The principal characters speak for themselves: Henry VIII. being represented by Stephen Kemble, Cromwell by Charles, Wolsey by John, Queen Catharine by Mrs. Siddons—all admirable likenesses. In fact, they could not be improved. The subordinate characters—supposed to represent Cardinal Campeius, Cranmer, Dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk, Lord Abergavenny, Lord Sands, Sir Henry Guildford, Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Anthony Denny, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Anne Bullen, and Patience—were filled by William Knyvett (Campeius), Frederick Reynolds the dramatist, Andrewes the barrister; and on the left of King Henry, and below the two last named, Miss Stephens (now Countess of Essex), Miss Torre, and next to her my uncle, with bald head and mustache, and Conway the actor. The striking, eager face leaning forward at the council-table was that of Shuter the barrister, an intimate friend of our family. Not having a copy even of the engraving by me, I forget

who else figure at the table ; but on the right of the picture, among the crowd, is a striking portrait of the artist himself, a man who in conversation and in fact was an affected silly dandy, though amiable ; but the moment his palette was on his thumb, became inspired. But to return to my uncle. He was not only, as I have stated before, among the very foremost in his profession ; but after he had left it was always improving his intellect, systematically keeping up his German and French, studying science and philosophy, a regular attendant for years at all the lectures and meetings at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, the friend of Sir William Knighton, Gooch, Faraday, Gaudrier, Mayo, Astley Cooper, and a very few others. He was a most delightful companion, and a most loveable man ; but he had his little peculiarities, innocent as they were. For instance, frugal in his own expenditure, he was always engaged in some benevolent enterprise or other, giving money largely towards those by whom money was needed, and who were not too proud to accept it, or making presents of furniture to those who would have been affronted by pecuniary oblations, or binding young men as apprentices to some superior trade, or helping others to help themselves ; but he could not endure to be thanked. It was no mock-modesty. It made him seriously angry. Again, he was chivalrous and point-device in his deportment to ladies, always rising from his chair even in a shop when a lady entered it, offering his own if he had one, or getting her one if one were to be had, or if all were occupied, *standing* as long as she was unaccommodated ; and yet

he could not bear any lady to return or even acknowledge his civility, beyond giving him a bow. I remember his one day rising to take leave of a lady whom he sincerely admired (as well he might, for she was lovely), and with whom he had been having a long conversation, when, on his taking up his coat (before I could have reached him, had I even dared to make the attempt), *she* essayed to help him. In the politest manner he declined her help. She insisted; he remonstrated; she advanced upon him with outstretched hands; he retreated each time with a more emphatic 'No, dear lady! no, no!' till he wound up with '*No*, confound it, madam! No, I say! Am I to be believed or *not*?'

Again, when he was taking the waters at Carlsbad, he was favourably impressed by the looks and manners of a young man, attached, if I mistake not, to the hotel in which he was living. Finding that he had a great wish to take service in England—although, as a rule, he did not like being waited on by men—he took him into his, from sheer benevolence of motive. Leopold Kiefer was an intelligent, honest, sober, well-principled creature, but he laboured under one besetting infirmity which he never could get the better of. My uncle had for years suffered from a very feeble heart and a highly nervous temperament. The knowledge of his own infirmity had taught him the expediency of habitual gentleness and deliberation of manner. It was a consideration with him of primary importance that those about his person—such, for instance, as myself (naturally very mercurial), and his body-man Leopold (ditto),—should be tranquil and measured in our movements.

From an intense desire to please the man I loved, I was able to adapt myself to his requirements tolerably well on the whole. But poor Kiefer never could attain to this desirable consummation. Really devoted to his master, from sheer giddiness he would bounce into his room, and bang-to the door with an abruptness and energy that produced the effect of an electric shock on the thin-skinned organisation of George Young. When waiting at table, he would twitch the covers off the dishes with an off-hand slap-dash jerk which would send the life-blood into his cheek. His utterance was so rapid and his articulation so indistinct that—what with his broken English and his German dialect, and his nervous anxiety to satisfy his benefactor—he made himself perfectly unintelligible. My uncle was so indisposed to find fault that he usually contented himself with giving the erring one a look eloquent of reproof. But, on one particular occasion, when he was rattling off his messages in his usual style, he was interrupted in his wild career with this admonition—‘Leopold, don’t be in one of your jack-ass hurries.’ These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, sank so deep into the poor fellow’s soul that he generally, ever after, precluded anything he had to say with the assurance that he ‘was not in a jack-ass hurry.’ I recall, with much amusement, being at dinner with my two uncles on one occasion, when a thundering knock at the front door and a violent ring at the bell caused my uncle George to drop his knife and fork on his plate. The din which unnerved the master only excited the man; a torpedo could not have affected his sympathetic nature more

powerfully. In one instant he had darted out of the room ; in another he had darted in again, and delivered himself of the following statement, with the volubility peculiar to Charles Mathews, and the incoherency peculiar to himself, and with all the words strung together: ‘Eef-you-bleaze-shur-here-ees-a-shentleman-on-a-door-at-a-horse-mit-a-groom-vich-vould-speak-mit-you-on-a-door.’ He was received with a look of sad reproof by my uncle, who had risen from table, napkin in hand, fearing that something serious was the matter. This at once brought the culprit to his bearings. Conscious that he had transgressed, he suddenly *drew himself up*, and, in a manner as stiff and constrained as that of a private when told at drill to ‘Stand at ease,’ and taking care to enunciate his words with a suitable interval between each, he thus corrected himself, ‘Eef—you—bleaze—shur—I—ham—not—in—a—shack—hass—horry—bot—dere—ees—a—shentleman—on—he’s—groom—mit—he’s—horse—on—de—door.’

May 3d, 1873.—Received this day an anonymous letter, whether from male or female hand I cannot discover, pointing out two errors in the dates of my book, but couched in such courteous and discriminating terms that it pains me to think that the writer should have put it out of my power to thank him (or her). Anonymous criticisms which are addressed to the public are necessary and conventional evils, which must be submitted to ! But anonymous letters addressed to an individual, and which are personal, are surely objection-

able ; for, if their subject-matter is complimentary, it is hard that the recipient should be bereft of the opportunity of acknowledging his obligations ; and harder still if he is to be attacked in the dark without having the power of self-defence. However, whether it be so or not, I shall venture to transcribe a few of the remarks contained in the letter alluded to, for reasons which will speak for themselves :—

‘Many of your Wiltshire memories and anecdotes the writer of this note could confirm from former personal knowledge of the Bremhill, Sloperton, and Whetham families.

‘Thomas Moore used to apply to himself his own lines—

“The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorn,”

but by the year 1838 (*vide* p. 242 of your 2d ed.) he had had family bereavement and sorrow enough to shake his nerves, which were always over-sensitive. His “pretty Bessy” was uncultivated, and when the beauty was gone, though amiable and industrious, she was no sufficing companion for Moore, and hated the society which he loved. In his last days she was his devoted nurse, but of both the end was very melancholy. The song and the dance are all very well for summer days, but not enough for the winter of life. As you justly say, “He was not self-sufficing.” For an intensely vain man he was very good-natured, but really of shallow mind ; and to his wife, when “the black cloud” came over him, his leaving home was a relief. Two relatives of the writer’s were at Mr. Money’s

on the memorable evening of the two stockings on Mr. Bowles's one leg.'

I must confess I indorse every word of this extract. But as the name of Moore and his Bessy are on the *tapis*, I must take the opportunity of mentioning a circumstance which the delicacy of my informant has hitherto kept religiously secret from the world, but which I am permitted by him to divulge, now that all the near connections of the parties implicated are no more. I think, as it is an anecdote which reflects honour on the character of Mrs. Moore, it would be an injustice to her memory any longer to withhold it.

Tom Moore was born in Kerry, the county from which his great friend and patron, Lord Lansdowne, derived his second title. His father, John Moore, who also came from thence, was a grocer, and kept an insignificant wine-store in Johnston's Court, Grafton Street. His mother was Anastasia Codd, daughter of Thomas Codd, also a tradesman. From their lowly roof sprang Ireland's bard, the future travelling companion of Lord John Russell, and the favourite of Lansdowne, Holland, Stafford, and Devonshire Houses. When living in Dublin, where he was the observed of all observers, he was engaged in some private theatricals when he made acquaintance with Miss Bessy Dyke, who had recently made her *début* as a ballet-dancer on the Dublin boards. Moore was smitten with her at first sight, and having access to the green-room, used to seek her out and converse with her, whenever he could, behind the scenes.

One night, as the celebrated Sir Philip Crampton,

one of the very ablest medical men that ever lived, was just dropping off to sleep, after a day of great fatigue, he heard a violent and agitated knocking at his bedroom door. 'Come in,' he said, and a voice, which he at once recognised as that of his friend Moore, spoke through the half-opened door, 'Phil, Phil, for God's sake get up and come with me without a moment's delay!' Sir Philip jumped up, hurried on his clothes, and went out with him. It was about two o'clock, in a bright summer's morning, and the streets were entirely deserted. As they walked rapidly together, Crampton in vain appealed to Moore to tell him what was the matter. The only reply he received was, 'You'll see soon enough. Come along quick, for God's sake! There's not an instant to be lost.' They hurried down Dawson Street, reached Suffolk Street—a short street at right angles to Grafton Street,—and about half-way up that street, lying prostrate on the flags, Sir Philip beheld, to his amazement, what appeared to be the body of a young woman. So it proved to be,—not a dead body, but an insensible one, and bleeding copiously from the head, which was severely injured. On going up to it they found an old woman standing by it, and keeping watch over it. Sir Philip Crampton, with Moore's assistance, lifted the body from the ground, and carried it up-stairs to her rooms, which were on the first floor. After a considerable time she was brought back to consciousness by the skill of the great practitioner. The ugly wound which she had received did not prove so serious as had been feared; so that, after a while, she gradually recovered, and (here is the curious

part of the story) the heroine of this little drama lived years and years after, and lived to become 'the darling Bessy' of Tom Moore.

It would seem that on the night in question Moore had accompanied her to her lodgings in Suffolk Street, and while there made use of opportunity to express his feelings towards her passionately. If she were blameable for having admitted a man to her apartments at such an hour, it must be borne in mind that she was really and truly a pure-minded, unsophisticated girl, who, though flattered, naturally enough, by the undisguised admiration of a man so sought after and distinguished as the modern Anacreon, yet had been treated by him invariably with such respect as to inspire her with confidence. However, his advances were made so warmly that his ardour got the better of his prudence, and he rushed forward towards her, hoping to grasp her in his arms. When she perceived his intentions, she said to him in the most decided tone, 'Stop, sir! If you come one step nearer to me I will throw myself out of that window,' pointing to one that, on account of the sultriness of the weather, had been left wide open. Not imagining her to be in earnest, he continued to approach her, and in one moment she sprang out of the window, and fell on the pavement, bruised, mutilated, and insensible. His terror, consternation, and self-reproach may be imagined. All in the house were in bed. The watchmen, as was their wont, were asleep in their boxes; and there was Moore standing appalled and helpless by the bleeding body of his love in the silent solitary street on that memorable summer's morn. At length he suc-

ceeded in rousing up the old woman-servant of the house, and consigning the young lady to her charge, he ran off for his friend Crampton. The rest of the story is easily told. Moore was captivated by the heroic conduct of his virtuous Bessy, and the blind passion which he had conceived for her was converted into profoundest admiration. He made her an honest, heartfelt, earnest proposal of marriage, to which at last she yielded with good grace. She was to the end of her days a loyal and devoted wife to him, and he to her an invariably affectionate husband. They were married at St. Martin's Church, in London, on the 25th of March 1811. They had five children, all of whom died before they did themselves. He died February 26, 1852; she in 1865.

The following is an extract from his Journal when at Hampton Court in 1831 :—

Theodore Hook dined at General Moore's, and as usual was the life and soul of the party. His wit and humour, his sayings and doings, his pranks and his practical jokes, his hoaxes and political squibs, are so well known that I am almost afraid to reproduce any of them, lest I should be accused of bringing stale goods to market. However, I do not think the two following stories, which he told us yesterday, have ever been in print. Not long since, he went by stage-coach to Sudbourne, to stay with Lord Hertford. Inside the coach he had but one companion, a brown-faced, melancholy-looking man, with an expression of great querulousness, quite in character with the tone of his conver-

sation, which was one of ceaseless complaining. 'Sir,' said he, 'you may have known unfortunate men, possibly, in your day,—you may, for ought I know, be an unfortunate man yourself,—but I do not believe there is such another unfortunate man as I am in the whole world. No man ever had more brilliant prospects than I have had in my time, and every one of them, on the very eve of fulfilment, has been blighted. 'Twas but the other day that I thought I would buy a ticket in the lottery. I did so, stupid ass that I was, and took a sixteenth. Sir, I had no sooner bought it than I repented of my folly, and, feeling convinced that it would be a blank, I got rid of it to a friend, who I knew would thank me for the favour, and at the same time save me from another disappointment. By Jove! sir, would you believe it? I know you won't; but it is true,—it turned up £30,000.' 'Heaven and earth!' said Hook, 'it is incredible. If it had happened to me, I should certainly have cut my throat.' 'Well,' said he, 'of course you would, and so did I;' and, baring his neck, he exposed to Hook's horror-stricken gaze a freshly healed cicatrix from ear to ear.

On his return from his visit by the same coach, there were but two inside passengers—a very pretty but very delicate-looking young lady, attended by a very homely-looking maid. The coach stopped for twenty minutes to allow of dinner. Hook returned first to his place; the maid next. During the absence of her young mistress, Hook said to her, in a tone of great sympathy,—

'Your young lady seems very unwell.'

'Yes, sir; she suffers sadly.'

‘Consumption, I should fear?’

‘No, sir; I am sorry to say it is the heart.’

‘Dear me! Aneurism?’

‘O no, sir! it is only a lieutenant in the navy.’

In those days I used often to meet Hook. I had good reason to remember the first occasion on which I saw him. I had been dining at West Moulsey with Mr. John Wilson Croker. In the evening many refreshers dropped in, and there was instrumental and vocal music. I was asked, among others, to sing a song which had only been recently published, and was generally popular — ‘The Mistletoe Bough.’ Although the music was, I think, by Bishop, it had no great pretension to excellence, as a composition; but the story, which was founded on Rogers’s *Ginevra*, was sensational and pathetic, admitted of considerable dramatic expression, and indeed depended mainly on it for its effect. While I was doing my best to elicit the sympathies of my auditors in behalf of young Lovel, the ill-starred bridegroom of the tale, I found, to my chagrin, that I was producing some such effect as Liston produced when he made his *début* on the boards as a tragedian, or as Coates did in *Romeo*, when he so tickled the fancies of the spectators by his death as to be made to die again. The more touching I tried to render the song, the more I seemed to provoke the risibility of my listeners, till, at the final catastrophe, ill-suppressed titters culminated in an explosion of laughter, anything but gratifying to my vanity. I may venture to say, that never before had my feeble efforts to please met with such signal discomfiture. Every one felt for me, and yet no one dared

to offer a word of consolation to me, from conscious culpability. At last the mystery was explained. At the commencement of my song, a gentleman, invisible to me, entered the adjoining room, and gave, behind my back, an exaggerated significance to my words, by pantomimic gesture so ludicrous as to upset the gravity of all who witnessed it. A few minutes afterwards, this gentleman came up to me, and said: 'Mr. Julian Young, I hope you will forgive my impudence in travestyng your song. I did not know that I should have produced quite such an untoward effect on your company, and little meant to wound the feelings of the son of an old friend. I feel as if I had a prescriptive right to ask you to shake me by the hand in token of your forgiveness.' Of course, it was impossible to retain anger after an apology so frankly tendered. I merely said: 'You have heard my name, and done your best to make it ridiculous. May I ask yours?' 'Mine is Theodore Hook.' There never was a readier or wittier man, or, may I add, a man of more consummate audacity; and how it was that, in days when duelling was the fashion, he escaped a bullet, is to me inexplicable. He was pre-eminently a privileged man; for all the trenchant reflections he made on political opponents behind their backs—all the saucy things he said of people to their face—all the nicknames he gave to friends or foes, all the more galling because so generally apposite—all the practical jokes and hoaxes which he played on strangers—all the flippant sarcasms which he vented against the highest and the worthiest—were all tamely swallowed because of the racy wit and high-

flavoured humour which made them digestible, if not palatable. I could select many illustrations of my meaning from my repertory, but I am discouraged from doing so, because Hook's *bon-mots* and *jeux d'esprit* obtained such extensive currency while he was living that I fear to repeat what hundreds may know as well as I. I will conclude my brief notice of this remarkable man by retailing, second-hand, an instance of his facetious effrontery which is not very much known. He was, one lovely summer's day, strolling in company with Mr. B—, in the garden of the Star and Garter at Richmond, when his friend was accosted by two gentlemen, one of whom was a noble Lord, equally remarkable for his colossal fortune, occasional munificence, and general parsimony. While the three conversed together, Hook slowly walked aside. The noble peer observing him, asked B— who was his friend? 'Oh! that is Theodore Hook,' was his reply. On hearing the well-known name, my Lord exclaimed, 'You don't say so! What good fortune! He is a man of all others whom I desire to know. Pray, introduce me to him.' The introduction takes place, and the Marquis tells Hook that he and his friend, Lord — are just going to lunch, and if he and B— will join them in a *partie carrée*, he shall be delighted. Hook, never insensible to the attractions of the table, and persuaded, from the high rank and great wealth of the inviter, that he should fare sumptuously, yielded a cordial and gratified acceptance, and adjourned to the apartment occupied by his recent acquaintance,

On entering the room the bell is rung, and on the

waiter making his appearance the host takes him aside and gives him certain instructions, about the nature of which the two just-invited guests have no doubts. Two additional napkins are laid, two additional chairs are set, two additional wine-glasses grace the board, two pickle-stands—one with red cabbage, the other with pickled onions—take their place in the centre of the table. Hook is rather disconcerted at the sight of merely one small sherry-glass being allotted to each person, but comforts himself with the reflection that the champagne-glasses will be introduced after a few preliminary glasses of Amontillado. At last the banquet is set, the covers are taken off two willow-patterned dishes, one containing four goodly loin chops, the other four fine mealy potatoes, and a pint decanter of sherry crowns the meal. ‘Well,’ thought Hook, ‘I am not certain that this simple kind of repast is not the best for lunch, and I like the fashion of having one’s chop hot and hot, and a change of wines, instead of being confined to one!’ In a few minutes every knife and fork is laid down, every chop and potato has been despatched, and just as Hook is expecting a fresh relay of wine and viand, to his unutterable disgust his entertainer addresses him in the following language:—‘My dear Mr. Hook! I hope you will forgive me, but I have so very often heard of your marvellous talent that I am naturally impatient for an exhibition of it. Would you favour us with a song?’ ‘Oh!’ said the man appealed to, ‘with pleasure!’ To the indescribable astonishment of all present he begins to sing ‘God save the King.’ As he delivered each line his host looked to his inti-

mate friend for something like sympathy—‘What on earth can the man mean by singing us the National Anthem?’ However, his motive was soon explained, for on coming to the following lines—

‘Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,’

he thus rendered them, delivering the words as if under the influence of *too much liquor*—

‘Happ-y and glo-ri-ous,
A pint—between four of us.’

This, I think, was a case of ‘*Chop with Worcester sauce*’ versus ‘*Cheek with Fulham sauce.*’

F. W. ROBERTSON.

SUCH personal knowledge of him as I had was principally derived from certain periodical visits I used to pay him, and several long walks that I was privileged to take with him, when either business or pleasure took me to Brighton. In starting for our rural rambles he would always bargain with me that on our way to the downs we should select the back streets, so as to escape the interruptions and salutations of the fashionable crowds on the eastern or western cliff. Sometimes we were obliged to pass through frequented streets, and while hats were being doffed to him every instant he was constrained and reticent ; but as soon as we had extricated ourselves from the throngs on the Parade, and he had set foot on the turf, he would fling out his arms, expand his chest, and seem to exult in the sense of life, and liberty, and enjoyment.

These walks with him I shall always revert to, if not as the happiest, certainly as the most improving I ever took with any one. Frivolity was banished, and the topics selected, if not always serious, were invariably elevating in their character. In the free and familiar, and sometimes in the confidential interchange of thought between us, I was always a willing listener ; and I can

truly declare, that the superiority of his mind and spirit had such a wholesome influence on mine that I invariably found my tendencies to levity superseded by loftier aspirations. As my intimacy with him ripened, my respect for him increased. There was such harmony and symmetry in his mental and moral constitution that the conviction was indelibly stamped upon my mind that I was associating with a Christian gentleman, actuated in thought, and word, and deed by Christian principle. It was a few days after the last walk I ever had with him that his fatal illness commenced. We had been having a singularly animated disquisition of three hours on 'things about this world and things about the next,' and I was in the act of accompanying him to the training-school in West Street, where he had to deliver a lecture, when, as I was telling him a story of painful and pathetic interest in illustration of a certain theory he had advanced, he exclaimed with convulsive emphasis, 'How shocking!' and fainted in my arms. I carried him with considerable difficulty into an adjoining little shop—a cobbler's,—and as it had only just been taken possession of by a new tenant, and was destitute of furniture, I laid him on the flooring, consigned him to the care of the good man of the house, and ran over the way to a chemist's shop for some salts and sal-volatile. On my return he lay still unconscious, and it was, I should think, a quarter of an hour before he came to. When he recovered consciousness, he was in a state of complete enervation. It was, however, in vain that I urged the propriety of his going to his house with me in a fly. He expressed such determined

repugnance to indulging in such effeminacy, as he called it, that I was compelled to yield to his wishes, and slowly escort him home on foot. On the road he leant so heavily on my arm, and dragged his legs along with such difficulty, that I feared every moment that he would fall. On arriving at home I persuaded him, with infinite difficulty, to put up his feet on a chair, while he reclined on another. I had repeatedly expostulated with him on his disregard of his bodily health, urging on him the necessity of letting his over-wrought and over-cropped brain to lie fallow for some time ; for the meagreness of his appetite, the wakefulness of his nights, and the nervous pallor of his tongue, I thought, were ugly symptoms. But to all my admonitions I received the same answer, 'Yes ; you only tell me what my medical advisers confirm. I have a voice within which whispers to me that, young as I am, my day is far spent, and that my night will soon come. Let me, then, work while it is day, and if I am to die, let me die in harness.' 'Surely,' said I, 'if you wish to do God's work, and serve your fellow-men, you will wish not to curtail your power of usefulness by imprudence, but rather to prolong it by ordinary precaution. I wish I could frighten you.' With a sad and significant smile, he then confessed that though he had often suffered from distressing sensations at the back of his head, he had never conceived them to be of any moment, as he had never suffered in the anterior lobes of the cerebrum, but that he had recently been undeceived on that point.

I visited him next day, and but once afterwards in his bedroom. When I parted from him he gave me a

positive promise that he would come and stay with me at Fairlight and recruit there. Three consecutive days the hour of his coming was named. On each of these occasions I drove in to Hastings to fetch him, and each time was sorely disappointed at his non-appearance. The notes I append were written to explain the cause, viz., that the doctors would not sanction his removal. The last, dated July 8, was written in pencil from his dying bed. Very shortly after receiving it I was obliged to go abroad with my son, and was informed that if I went to Brighton to see him I should not be allowed an interview. I received the intelligence of his death when I was in Italy, with the profoundest regret.

In certain points of view in which I regard him, I look in vain for his fellow.

When I think of his chivalrous sympathy for the weak or the oppressed—his self-abnegation and his generosity to others—his horror of censoriousness or malignity—his intolerance of wrong, injustice, or cant—his dogged prosecution of everything, however distasteful, which wore the stamp or even bore the semblance of duty—his courageous maintenance of the interests of truth whenever he felt they were assailed—I cannot but write him down ‘every inch a man.’

When I reflect on the rapid and abundant harvest of golden opinions which he reaped from all sorts of men in an incredibly brief space of time—viz., that in three or four years, from a position of comparative obscurity, he sprang into signal celebrity—that some of the very highest Peers in the realm, and many of the foremost Commoners in the world of science, literature, and art,

used to come from the metropolis on the Saturday with the express object of sitting at his feet on the Sunday—that he was ‘the observed of all observers,’ caressed by the higher and middle classes, and all but adored by the lower—and recollect how modest was his deportment, how patient under the contradiction of opponents, how forbearing with the presumptuous, the argumentative, and the twaddling—I cannot but ascribe to him the attributes of a gentleman.

And, once more, when I recall his unwearied assiduity in his Master’s service, his invariable courtesy to his inferiors in station as well as to those above him, his ready commiseration for the unhappy, his keenness in detecting the mote in his own eye and his slowness to discern the beam in his brother’s, the avidity with which he recognised one redeeming trait in a weak brother, and, above all, his vivid realisation of the living presence of his Saviour, and the abiding sense he had of his eternal obligations to him, I assign to him without stint the exemplary qualities of a Christian minister.

The language I venture to apply to my dead friend may to those who knew him not savour of extravagant partiality; but to those who were in the circle of his intimates it will be thought but barest justice. From the far-sounding note of sorrow which ascended from his grave, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying, greater justice has been rendered him dead than was awarded him when living.

Many of his opinions were misconceived by his contemporaries, and not without some excuse. He had transcendental insight into certain mysteries which few

could understand. His metaphysical turn of mind occasionally betrayed him into visionary statements, which led some people to doubt his orthodoxy on the Incarnation and the Sacraments. His manner in the pulpit was so inartificial, untechnical, and uncommon, as often to startle prim conventionalism from its propriety. He asserted, dogmatically, so much that was unpalatable to the worldly, so much that was incomprehensible to the natural man, so much that was irreconcilable to mere unsanctified human reason, that his broad views and his strong thoughts, couched as they were in burning words, often induced the wilful misconception of his meaning, often provoked the antagonism of his less outspoken brethren, and roused the bitterest prejudices of narrow sectarianism. These, however, were annoyances to which he was by no means insensible, but to which he submitted without retort, and with a self-controlled dignity quite admirable in one of his naturally quick temper and high courage. Nothing hurt him more than to be accused of disbelief in the Atonement. 'For me to live is Christ, to die were gain,' I have often heard him say. His heart's desire and prayer was not to magnify himself, but to spread his Master's kingdom—to live to the glory of God, and the benefit of his fellow-man. To my certain knowledge flattering overtures were made to him by certain pious and influential leaders of one section of the Church to join them, and take a leading part with them; but party objects or power or popularity were not his objects. He desired to preach Christ, as his people's servant, for Christ's sake. Though charged

with preaching doctrines subversive of authority, no man was more anxious to reconcile the conflicting influences of classes, and to show how mutually dependent they were on each other. He inculcated on the men 'who make to come,' as Cobbett has it, those Scriptural tenets which are essential to the good order and stability of the social system; while on the upper ranks he fearlessly, but affectionately, impressed the obligations imposed by their providential positions on those beneath them, showing that while 'the different orders and degrees of men' are of God's ordaining, yet that they are distinctions limited to time, and not for eternity.

Really, when I ponder on the rare qualifications of Frederick Robertson, and the vast influence for good which he exercised over the most opposite kinds of minds—over the Unitarian, the infidel, the conscientious doubter, the anxious inquirer, the conventional theologian—over those whose intellectual activity was more developed than their spiritual affections, and then think how mighty a work there was for him to do, and what a mine of unworked material there was still in him, I cannot but look upon his loss as a national one. In the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, he shone forth, by holding forth the Word of life, as a burning and a shining light.

In earnestness of purpose, in grasp of mind, in love of truth, in Christian philanthropy, in courage and candour, in moderation and in love of peace, he was not a whit behind the very chiefest of his contemporaries. I believe that, in the day of Christ, he will have reason to rejoice, and that it will then be found that, brief as was

the span of life allotted to him, he had not run in vain, neither had laboured in vain.

‘60 MONTPELLIER ROAD, BRIGHTON,

March 21, 1853.

‘MY DEAR YOUNG (“Sir” being at your request consigned to the official care of Mr. John Ketch),—Thank you very much for your letter, which was encouraging, as all sympathy and approval are to a man baited and worried on all sides as I am. Your belief, however, “in growing influence in Brighton” is the result of a friendly and vivid imagination : for I hear nothing in reference to myself but one confused buzz of all imaginable and unimaginable slanders. What there is in me to make the antipathy and opposition so virulent I cannot guess, and it sometimes puzzles me—since I am not aware that in society I am given to take the lead in conversation, or to lay down the law, which might exasperate. However, there must be something *personally* very offensive in myself, or my manner, or something else ; for mere disagreement with my views would not account for the violence of the abuse that I provoke ; and some of the lies are ceasing to be merely white ones.

‘Your kind advice was quite right, and it was just because I had resolved not to be drawn into controversy that I published the letter which you saw ; for the particular attack which is replied to was too feeble to deserve notice for its own merits, but it gave me a chance of explaining *by the way* and without egotism my reasons for never noticing the attacks, public and private, which have been so incessant, and which have set truth and common civilised courtesy at defiance. I shall not be drawn out again, unless some definite charge is made which can be denied in three lines, and which will not lead to controversy.

‘The reply to my letter in the *Guardian* was satisfactory so far as its dispute with me went ; for that was weak. The only thing I objected to was their praise, which was as much a misrepresentation of my spirit as their blame. However, on the whole, I am out of it without burnt fingers ; and such a get-off from newspaper controversy comes under the injunction of old Horace, that thorough-bred gentleman, *Appone lucro*.

‘The trifling persecution one is subjected to in these emasculated days from emasculated religionism reminds one of the days when truth could only be sustained at a real cost, in comparison of

which the buzz of a whole Brighton is but as the hum of gnats. Yet the incessant sting of gnats even is a semi-maddening thing in the hot dusty noontide of work, when the freshness and hope of its morning are gone, and the soothing cool of its evening is not yet come. Sometimes (much in the same way as a fly may endeavour to comprehend "the gestation of an elephant"¹) I think of Elijah under his juniper-tree, and wish his wish. But it is

"The good die first ;
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."

With this piece of sentimentalism to conclude, believe me, yours
very gratefully,
FRED. W. ROBERTSON.'

' 60 MONTPELLIER ROAD,
Saturday, June 25.

' MY DEAR YOUNG,—On Tuesday I hope to be with you. May I bring my little boy, who will be satisfied with a shake-down in a garret or granary? but as Mrs. Robertson and Ida are going on a visit to Mrs. Lamb, he would be left alone if he were not allowed to come with me.—Yours ever,
FRED. W. ROBERTSON.'

' Monday, June 27, 1853,
60 MONTPELLIER ROAD, BRIGHTON.

' MY DEAR YOUNG,—I am grieved to be so apparently capricious, but I am not yet fit for civilised society, and must wait some days before I can come to Fairlight.

' Allen has asked for a consultation. Taylor was the man I fixed on, for reasons *quæ nunc prescribere longum est*, as *propria quæ maribus* poetically phrases it.

' They both wish me to remain here for some days, and have laid an embargo on Mrs. Robertson too.

' The case is a very simple and a very trifling one, but I grieve to say I must postpone—I hope for not more than a week—my visit.

' The Clericals have blundered Tower's affair—diluted my testimonial to him till it is practically worthless ; and even then, many

¹ When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion on the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of Parliament, 'What!' said he, 'a *nisi-prius* lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! as well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in the year, pretend to understand *the gestation of an elephant*.'—*Vide* Diary of T. Moore, vol. ii. page 204.

who spoke loudly shrank from signing. It certainly is the most quarrelsome of all professions in the matter of a blue or green window, prevenient moonshine, or a bishop's night-cap, and the most cowardly when once it comes to a matter of right and wrong—of what they saw and what they did not see.

'Unless *clergy, of the type I am alluding to*, are forced to serve in the army for five years previous to ordination, to make them men, "let alone" gentlemen, I think the Church, as an establishment, had better be snuffed out.—Yours ever gratefully,

'F. W. ROBERTSON.'

'June 30, 1853.

'MY DEAR YOUNG,—I am grieved to see by your note how much you are disappointed, and fear you may think that I have treated you capriciously or cavalierly. The arrival of the note so late puzzles me. It was posted in time for the 8 P.M. post, and I should have thought would have reached you the next morning. But the truth is, that Taylor and Allen both emphatically forbade my going away or travelling by train even as far as Hurst. Allen, this morning, told me that he said to T., "I do not think Mr. R. should go on the visit he intends," and T. answered abruptly something like "Pooh! he must not." On Monday and Tuesday I was in about the state that Seneca was, after his veins had been open in the hot bath for half an hour. Yesterday and to-day I am forbidden to receive visitors. So you see, my dear Young, that if I wrote, as I fear I did, hurriedly, I had not treated you capriciously, or played fast and loose with your kindness. Do not think this. I must not write more, as I am scarcely up even to such trifling work. I am become an old man, or rather an old woman, fit only to toddle a few yards backwards and forwards in the sunshine. Never mind; I mean to be a compound of a Hercules and an Apollo before many weeks are over.

'Tell Mrs. Young I grieve over the fate of the jellies, etc. etc., not for their own sake, but for the sake of the kind and friendly solicitude which was rendered null by my involuntary failure of my engagement.—Believe me yours most gratefully and regretfully,

'FRED. W. ROBERTSON.'

'BRIGHTON, July 8, 1853.

'MY DEAR YOUNG,—You were kind enough to ask for a bulletin in a week. Well, here it is, briefly:—

'Hot milk as soon as I awake, to prevent fainting. An hour's

siesta. Up. Interesting contest between F. W. R. and a fainting fit. Faint says, "I have you ;" "Not yet," says F. W. R., looking like a ghastly turnip, and falls into a cold bath, the splash whereof robs Faint of his prey. Manful attempts at drying. Operation just concluded ; back comes the white demon. F. W. R. falls on the bed, reflecting sagely on supported vertebral column, and congratulating himself on his profound knowledge of anatomy. Ten minutes elapse. F. W. R. fortifies himself with two spoonfuls of citrate of ammonia, on the strength of which he goes on triumphantly till the barbarous operation of shaving comes, in the middle of which Faint shouts, with a provoking little squeak, "He ! he ! he !" So much for anatomy ; and down goes F. W. R.

'All day long, sofa or bed, languor, pain, uselessness ; luxuries in the shape of ice, claret, *recherché* soups sent from all quarters, reminding F. W. R. unpleasantly of the contrast between the life of Him who would fain have "caudled his morning hunger upon wild figs, and His death thirst upon vinegar," and the invalidism of His modern ministers, bepetted, befondled, with the fat things of earth at command. The only consolation is, that I am too feeble to make any use of them.

'Citrate of iron through the day. Night comes. Blister behind the ears to allay suffering in brain. Morphia to deaden pain and give some chance of rest. Pleasant night following pleasant day ; *i.e.* if the day were pleasant. There is a facetious sketch of my highly useful life. I am very glad I did not go to you. Many a day I cannot walk across the room, or even hold up my head.

'But, Young, I am learning two lessons, or rather having them forced upon me—nothingness and dependence. As I told you before—whether humbly or not, God knows—another thing I learn, and I learn it with all my heart—gratitude for countless attentions and tendernesses. I am tired. I can write no more. As it is, I can only write with a pencil, reclining. With pen and ink I do but splutter. My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Young.
—Ever yours,

FRED. W. ROBERTSON.'

INCIDENTS OF PARISH LIFE.

ON the first Sunday of my preaching at Ilmington, the villagers—Churchmen, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists—crowded into church, curious to see and hear what manner of man their new minister might be. As I was in the very pith and marrow of my inaugural address, I happened to enunciate some sentiment or other which was evidently acceptable to a very little deformed old man, sitting immediately beneath the pulpit. From the moment of my entering the reading-desk, I could not help observing the responsive play of his quaint features, and the tell-tale way in which his emotions were reflected in his small squeezed-up, ferret eyes. After a while, *I* was perfectly electrified, and the congregation startled from its propriety, by seeing him raise his hands aloft and clap them violently together and shout forth, with the energy of a Stentor, the words ‘Glory! glory! glory!’

The effect on a congregation of rustics may be conceived. A universal titter ran through the church, as much excited, I suspect, by witnessing my undignified but irrepressible jump of nervous surprise, as by the unusual and indecent demonstration itself. As soon as I had recovered my equanimity, fearing that, if I uttered a rebuke, I might receive a retort and bring

on a brawl, I 'looked daggers' at the culprit, but spake none, and warded off, during the remainder of my discourse, a repetition of so flagrant an indecorum by a tamer delivery. On expostulating with the man after service on the impropriety of which he had been guilty, he defended his 'applause' by referring me to the 1st verse of the 47th Psalm, which tells '*all* men to clap their hands,' and justified his 'shouting' by assuring me, with perfect civility, and, I now believe, with perfect sincerity, that 'his spirit was stirred within him,' and that he would not 'quench the Spirit' for any earthly consideration. The next day I made further inquiry as to his character, and I learned that he was by nature a silent, reserved, inoffensive creature, patient under trial, contented with his lot, working at half wages on the farm of one of my tenants, almost beyond his strength (his age and the curvature of his spine considered), but that he was a Primitive Methodist. However, I heard so much that was to his credit, that I could not help feeling well disposed to him. I sought him out, and reasoned with him mildly on the impropriety of continuing to indulge in such outbursts of fanatical enthusiasm. Failing, however, to make any impression on him, I told him plainly that, glad as I should have been to have numbered him among the members of my flock, I could not permit his eccentricities in the house of God ; and that if he were obstinately resolved to indulge in such manifestations, I must beg him to confine his attendance to the meeting-house. With this alternative he was more than satisfied, for, said he, 'I AM a Primitive, and I thank God that I am one. A

Primitive I shall live, a Primitive I shall die. Glory ! glory ! glory !

As I had not prohibited him from attending my weekly readings in the schoolroom, he used to attend them very regularly, and whenever any passage of my author met with his approval, he would deliver his testimony with unabated exuberance of feeling. For the first time or two that he did so, his action and vociferation were so stunning that I sprang off my reading-stool as if under the shock of an electric battery, to the immeasurable amusement of my good people. At last I said to them, 'My friends, as this is not a consecrated building, and as we meet here rather for purposes of recreation than edification, and as this good fellow is the last man to wish to offend us, I propose that we permit him to enjoy his little peculiarity. Let him have his shout.' They received my suggestion with great amiability, and soon became so inured to his interruptions that they ceased to notice them. The fact was, his first religious convictions had been derived from the Primitive Methodists, and he felt attached to them in consequence. And though he had imbibed from their teaching tenets which were absurd, yet his walk and conversation were so consistent and exemplary that he inspired his neighbours with respect for him ; and it speaks well both for him and them, that, though ungainly in aspect, unattractive in manner, bent into the shape of the letter C, and standing little more than four feet from his mother earth, and therefore fair game for mischievous boys, he yet could pass through the village at all hours without molestation.

I remember once calling with my elder daughter on the family in whose humble cot he lodged. It was nearly one o'clock. I did not know, when I entered, that it was so near the dinner hour, or I should not have intruded on them ; but on their assuring me that they never sat down to meals till their lodger had joined them, I was prevailed upon to stay. Soon he passed the little latticed window. As I wished my girl to make his acquaintance I lingered on, hoping every minute he would enter. Finding he did not, I expressed to the woman of the house my fear that our presence was the cause of his protracted absence. 'O dear no, sir !' she replied ; 'he is only gone to our wood-house. He always goes there before meals and after (before returning to work), to pray, because it is private, and he gets no interruption there.' Just as we were going, in he came, and I introduced him to my daughter. She said something to him which pleased him, on which he favoured her with one of his customary Halleluiahs ! It was great fun to me, who had been quizzed for being so easily startled, to see the instantaneous flush which dyed my girl's cheek, and told of the quickened pulsation of her heart.

My gardener, a man of high character, had permission to shoot rabbits in the early mornings before coming to work. He assured me that often as early as four o'clock, when stealthily walking under hedges in remote places, he has come upon Johnny Parker (for that was his name) on his knees in prayer ; and that he was so impressed by so unusual a sight, that he always walked away at once, lest he should disturb him.

A year or two after the events I have alluded to, I was one evening returning from a long ride, on a very nervous and high-couraged horse, when I overtook my friend returning homewards from his work. I drew up by his side and entered into conversation with him. After discussing the weather, the crops, and the quality of the turnips which he had been hoeing, I said to him, —‘Johnny, I really believe you to be a God-fearing man, who are living for something beyond the present ; but I wish you would give up that very singular habit of yours—of clapping and bawling in the house of prayer.’

‘Why should I, sir?’

‘Because, my good fellow, it is irrational, indefensible, and unscriptural.’

‘How do you make that out, sir?’

‘Why, thus : Do not you believe God to be everywhere present?’

‘I do.’

‘Do not you believe Him to be about your path and about your bed?’

‘I do.’

‘Do not you believe Him to have a hearing ear?’

‘I do.’

‘Then why do you bellow out to Him “as if His ear were heavy that it could not hear”? Recollect what St. Paul’s advice to the Ephesians was : “Be filled with the Spirit, *speaking to yourselves* in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody *in your heart* to the Lord.”’

‘I tell you what, sir,’ was his answer, ‘there’s *noise*

enough in heaven among the angels—you may depend on 't—when they see one sinner that has repented.'

Whereupon, standing close under my horse's nose, and looking up at me, he fell to clapping and shouting so violently that the animal reared upright, and in doing so hit him in the back with his knee, with sufficient force to send him spinning into a neighbouring ditch full of nettles and mud, in which he lay floundering for some seconds on his stomach, kicking his legs about and trying to clap his hands, and screaming out in a tone of exultation, and with the air of a martyr glorying in his humiliation, 'Glory ! glory ! glory ! glory for ever ! I say for ever !—for ever ! Amen.'

In one of my ministerial rounds at Fairlight, in Sussex, I visited Dame Pankhurst—quite a character in her way : bluff, blunt, and shrewd, and close on the verge of eighty. She was seated at her tea-table, and, with knitted brows and a puzzled expression of face, was poring over her baize-covered Bible. As soon as I entered, she took off her spectacles, wiped them with her checked apron, and deposited them on the chair by her side, and thus accosted me :—' Muster Young, 'tis very handy your coming in just now, for I be sadly put about ; and I ain't, to say, easy in my mind at summut as I've been a reading in this here Book. I've stumbled, I think, on one of the things as St. Peter says "is hard to be understood." ' She then pointed to the 1st chapter of St. James, and desired me to read aloud for her the 2d verse, which had so disconcerted her : 'Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.' When I had complied with her request, she stuck her arms akimbo,

and shaking her head sceptically and defiantly, asked me 'what I thought o' that? If there be meaning in them words, they mean as we are to be glad to fall into temptations! Perhaps there's summut more in the meaning of that word "temptations" than I know on. Anyhow, I can't make head or tail on't.' She then hung down her head and repeated to herself, in tones of dissatisfaction, almost of indignation, the words, 'temp-ta-tions! temp-ta-tions! temp-ta-tions, indeed! What be um, I'd like to know?'

I told her that the word had two meanings—one, signifying 'to allure or entice;' the other, 'to try;' and that in the passage to which she had directed my attention, the word 'temptation' meant 'trial.' That St. James, in writing those words, was exhorting Christians 'to be patient under trial;' and that though God could not directly tempt his servants, yet that sometimes, as in the case of Job and St. Paul, he permitted them to be tempted, that by the confirmation of their faith they might win the more glory, and therefore have the greater cause for joy. In confirmation of my assertion, that God could not himself directly tempt, however he might be said to do so indirectly, I pointed her notice to the 13th verse of the same chapter, on which she fairly exploded, 'What d'ye mean? My mother taught me to pray to God, "Lead us *not* into temptation," from the Lord's Prayer. The Master himself tells us, "Watch and pray, that ye enter *not* into temptation;" and this here St. James, an excellent good man, I suppose, tells us that we're to be uncommon *glad* if we fall into temptations. Why are we to be warned against temptations,

if, when they come, they are to make us happy? And then, again, as to what you've been saying out o' your own head—I mean that God *can't* tempt,—if He *can't* tempt, what's the use of praying to Him *not* to tempt us?'

I won't trouble my readers with my arguments in answer to her difficulties, but refer them to Wordsworth's or Alford's Commentary. I mention the anecdote to show that sometimes the intelligent and thoughtful among the poor do 'compare spiritual things with spiritual.' Nothing, I firmly believe, is a greater stumbling-block in the way of religion than the exhibition of a want of the true spirit of the Cross in our dealings with our fellows. We have always to contend with the natural enmity of the unrenewed heart, and we should therefore be very sure of our ground before we rebuke. The injudicious, harsh censure of a fellow-creature's sin will only aggravate it; whereas unmerited leniency will often help materially to remove it. I wish I had had consistency enough to carry out in practice what my conscience has approved; for whenever I have attended to the dictates of my better genius, and have tried the efficacy of my own conviction, I have been astonished at my success. When I was at Fairlight, near Hastings, there was among the good people there a very prepossessing woman of the name of Turner, whose cottage, when first I made her acquaintance, was the picture of neatness and order, and, for an agricultural labourer's, very well furnished. The walls of the room in which the family lived, and which 'served them for parlour and kitchen and hall,'

were decorated with coloured Scripture prints. There was a goodly dresser filled with a dozen neatly-ranged plates, three or four jugs, four or five mugs, a pudding-dish or two, a brave old clock (six feet high), a capital chest of drawers, on the top of which was a pile of books symmetrically arranged in the form of a pyramid, having a large folio Bible for its base, and a duodecimo *Tale of a Tub* for its apex. The woman in her own person was remarkably tidy; in conduct, a pattern of propriety; by profession, a Wesleyan Methodist. What her husband was in looks or conduct for a long time I did not know, though I heard he hardly ever attended any place of worship. Never being able to find him at home by day, I now and then called at his cottage late in the evening, hoping to catch him then, but invariably without success.

After a while, I thought when I visited the woman that she looked pale, anxious, and less brisk in her movements than heretofore; that the house, though still beautifully clean, looked less cosy; and at a later date, after an absence of three weeks in town, I observed with pain on my return that the twelve white plates were reduced to three, the four jugs to one, the four or five mugs to two; and on going into the garden I saw the sty, which I had last seen tenanted by two well-fed pigs, void. It did not require great powers of vaticination to guess the cause of this altered state of things. I asked Mrs. Turner what had become of the books and the crockery and the pigs, and she told me they had been sold. I asked her if her husband drank. With averted head, and apron to her face, she sobbingly

murmured forth a reluctant confession that he did—that he had long been addicted to the habit, and that it was so confirmed, that she was convinced nothing ever would wean him from the propensity.

A week or two after this painful interview I looked in upon her, and found, to my surprise, her husband, at three P.M., sitting by an empty grate, in his shirt-sleeves, with a beard of two or three days' growth on his chin, and with his head on his arms on the table, the very embodiment of despair. I put my hand on his shoulder, and asked him if his name was Turner, and if he were the owner of the house. (His wife was in the wash-house.) He merely nodded his head. The following dialogue then arose between us:—

J. C. Y.—‘Are you ill?’

Turner.—‘No.’

J. C. Y.—‘I am glad to make your acquaintance at last. It is an odd thing that I should have been here more than twelve months, and never have seen you before—either at home or abroad!’

Turner.—‘Well, you see me now! and what do you think of me?’

J. C. Y.—‘I think I see a very unhappy man.’

Turner.—‘Not far wrong there, parson! (if you be the parson, as I suppose).’

J. C. Y.—‘What makes you unhappy? I should like to know.’

Turner.—‘What’s that to you?—You bain’t *my* minister!’

J. C. Y.—‘If I am not, who is?’

Turner.—‘The Devil.’

J. C. Y.—‘You evidently don’t know what you say. A minister is one who *serves*. You would be nearer the truth if you said he was *your master*. A master is one who compels obedience. Tell me now: do you find that he *serves* you well: that he is a friend?’

Turner.—‘About as good a friend as you are, I take it!’

J. C. Y.—‘How can you say that to me, in a tone of reproach, when you have never given me the opportunity of knowing you? I have come here often in search of *you*. You never come to see *me*; and you never enter the church!’

Turner.—‘Oh! don’t I? Well, I’ve no great opinion of such places; but I’ll come up and have a look at you some o’ these days. That is to say, when I *can*.’

J. C. Y.—‘“Where there’s a will there’s a way.” You say you are not ill. But I fear you are *ill*-disposed to the House of God.’

Turner.—‘I say I ain’t able! I’ve got no decent clothes to go in.’

J. C. Y.—‘Then come as you are.’

Turner.—‘I’ve got no boots to walk in.’ He then lifted up his feet and showed me his toes coming through those he had on, and hardly holding together.

J. C. Y.—‘If, then, you are not deceiving yourself and me, you wish me to infer that you would come to church if you *had* good boots?’

Turner.—‘Perhaps I might.’

J. C. Y.—‘Go, then, in to Hastings and get yourself a pair. I will pay for them.’

Turner.—‘Do you mean it?—raally mean it?’

J. C. Y.—‘I do!’

He made no answer, but burst into tears. His bad habit had been the cause of his being thrown out of work at that time: so that I often saw him then. I took special care not to reproach him though I never lost an opportunity of praising his worthy wife. I never reprovèd him as the cause of her wasted looks and diminished comforts; but left him to the workings of his own conscience. Had I scolded him, he would have hardened his heart against me; but by the mere tribute of a little pity his heart was touched; he came to church; and for two or three years relinquished his evil courses. Whether he continued steadfast in his career of reformation I cannot say. But I have ventured to tell this anecdote as an illustration of the truth of a very common saying, viz., that men are more easily drawn than driven. Reproach from an angel is a hard thing for fallen man to bear; and intolerable to some natures when it falls from the lips of a fellow-creature, who, though he be guiltless of the sin he probes, may yet have sins of his own that—(his superior opportunities or his greater exemption from temptation considered)—may be even less pardonable in the sight of God. Stern accusation begets self-defence, if not retort. I heard a man say once to a brother clergyman, ‘You find fault with me for liking my beer. Don’t you like your claret or your port?’

Many years ago there lived, in a certain village of which I was the rector, a bully, whose chief aim in life seemed to be to thwart and oppose me in every effort I made to better the condition of the poor. Although rarely present at our church services—assigning in

excuse his inability to listen to my nonsense without the power of protest—he yet was never absent from our vestry meetings, which he did his best to make as turbulent as possible ! There he was a free agent—(and a *very* free agent he certainly was !) There, if he had no favour, he had at least a clear stage ! There, he could not be muzzled ! There, he could uplift his testimony, and vent his righteous indignation against the extravagant projects of the parson !

Now, some men are never happy unless they are in hot water. I am never happy unless I am out of it. Of all St. Paul's injunctions, the one which I have always found the easiest to obey has been, 'As much as lieth in me, to live peaceably with all men.' I am, not merely by profession, but by constitution, a man of peace ! Yet here had I an indefatigable and, as I thought, an implacable opponent to contend with ; although I was unaware of having ever wilfully given him cause of offence. Much as he disliked me and my adherents, I must in candour acknowledge that the compliment was reciprocated, for he was shunned almost by every one as a pestilent fellow, whose aim it was to set the parish by the ears, and who would prove a firebrand in it if he were not extinguished by overwhelming numbers. I was as anxious as any one to render the man harmless by drawing his venom-tooth, but the method I resolved to adopt was the very reverse of that recommended ! I resolved to treat him with (ill-merited) confidence. It so happened that just before Easter my churchwarden was obliged by ill-health to resign his office. Every one was speculating

whom I should elect ;—every one was sure whom I should *not* ! On Easter Tuesday, the day appointed for the choice of churchwardens, my supporters were thrown into the direst consternation by hearing me say from the choir ' that I should think myself very fortunate if I could persuade Mr. — to act as my warden ; for that, though he had been an indifferent churchman, no one could deny his merit as a vigilant vestryman ; that, often as my opinions and his had clashed, yet that I was bound by the law of Christian charity to believe his convictions to be as conscientious as my own ; that, respecting any man who listened to the whispers of such a monitor as conscience, I should intrust the guardianship of my interests to his keeping unhesitatingly, assured that he would protect them as jealously as he had watched over the rights of the rate-payers ; that I flattered myself that, when he had gained more knowledge of me and my views from closer contact with me, he would be better qualified to deal impartially with both sides ; that I was sanguine that the added sense of responsibility which he would feel as the clergyman's representative would insure his being, not only a terror to evil-doers in the church and churchyard, but an ensample of regularity in his own attendance on church ordinances.' He not only acceded to my request with grace, and submitted to my exhortation with humility, but from that time fulfilled his functions with temper and discretion, became a regular communicant, and never gave me cause to repent of my choice.

The day following that of his nomination to office,

he sent me, not as tithe in kind, but as a peace-offering, and an earnest of better things to come, a milk-white sucking pig. I ate of it, feeble as my digestion is, with gladness and singleness of heart, for I had converted a foe into a friend, and though the giver had so often disagreed with me, the gift did not. The meal despatched and the cloth removed, I summoned the Rev. Julian Young before me, put him *in foro conscientiae*, subjected him to a very searching examination, and passed the following sentence on him:—‘that, in the tactics he had adopted, he had consulted his own peace and that of the parish rather than the good of the recalcitrant vestryman: that though his motives were not immoral, yet that they argued more of worldly wisdom than of godly simplicity, and that therefore he had more cause for humiliation than for elation at the success of his manœuvre.’ I must say I think the finding was just, and I hope it may teach me in the future to be as slow to take offence as to give it, and, in case of estrangement with another, where the cause of provocation is unknown, to be more ready to condemn myself than to condemn another. Men are apt to think that if they have done nothing intentionally to offend their neighbour they are to be accounted guiltless of offence; forgetting that there are negative wrongs as well as positive ones, and that the neglecting to do something expected or desired by another, is as valid a ground of offence as the actual perpetration of something unexpected and undesired. Amicable relations once established between my churchwarden and myself, I discovered that I had incurred his displeasure, not

from anything I had done, but from neglecting to visit him until I had first visited the sick and poor, 'the fatherless and widows, in their affliction.'

Called on Mrs. ——. On my expressing my regret at never having seen her in church, she smiled, patted me on the shoulder in a most patronising way, and said, 'Oh, don't you be down-hearted! When the weather picks up a bit, I'll come up and have a look at you!'

Although I have no sympathy with doubters, I have sincere pity for them, and could never dare to proscribe them as infidels. These two words are constantly used as if they were convertible terms. Now, I conceive an infidel to be one who has either investigated the evidences of Christianity and rejected them, or who has rejected them without taking the trouble to investigate them; whereas the conscientious doubter is an anxious inquirer after truth, who holds his judgment in suspense, and who, in his very perplexity, desires to be impartial. Infidelity is a positive term; doubt is a middle term between affirmation and negation. Infidelity is a wilful perversity in refusing belief—rejecting the evidence of Christianity; doubt is involuntary, and, though it may argue weakness of faith, does not imply absence of faith. When St. Peter's faith failed him on the water, our Lord did not rebuke him for absence of faith, but for deficiency of faith. His words were, 'Wherefore didst thou *doubt*?' The instances of St. Thomas and St. Philip might also be cited. I have known personally men who, from peculiar mental organisation, and the habit of reducing every problem that came before them to a mathematical demonstration,

could not surrender their convictions on what they considered insufficient evidence. Although one could hardly rank them among the faithful, yet it would be most uncharitable to stigmatise them as infidels. How many thousands of nominal Christians are styled believers because of their outward conformity to the religion of their fathers, who, if they were asked, could not give a categorical reason for the hope that is in them ! While hundreds, who would cut off their right hand or pluck out their right eye for the blessed hope of the believer, are shunned as heathens and publicans, because, having searched the Scriptures for themselves, like the Bereans, they have unhappily been unable to arrive at the desired conclusion. Faith is a revelation of the Holy Spirit, not a motion of the mind. The persistent infidel is in a damnable condition ; the doubter is in a dangerous condition, and, in proportion as he is so, ought it to be the chief object of a minister, after the example of Him who came to call not the righteous but sinners to repentance, to resolve his doubts, and not to taboo him because of his infirmity. The unquestioning spirit is in a hopeful condition, for the open ear and willing heart God delights to honour ; but faith is a gift. What do we read in Luke xvii. 5 ? *Πρόσθες ἡμῖν πίστιν, i.e. 'appone nobis fidem—give us faith.'*

Happy are those who are blessed with minds so docile and tempers so tractable that, in the spirit of little children, they have from infancy imbibed the sincere milk of the Word, and been nourished by it in godly simplicity and in reverence for authority. There are others less happily constituted, whom it is as unjust

to condemn because of their mental mal-organisation, as it would be to point the finger of scorn at one born deformed.

Scripture truth is sufficiently distasteful to the un-renewed mind, in itself; and in proportion as it is so, ought we to administer it cautiously and tenderly and gradually—precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, and not abruptly, roughly, and wholesale; teaching the first principles of the oracles of God, giving milk to such as have need of milk, and strong meat ‘to them that are of full age, even those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.’

When I have occasionally broached to my brethren in the ministry the importance of not disregarding manner in the pulpit or in pastoral intercourse, I have been told that sound matter needs no oily manner to make it go down with willing hearers. With all submission, I must beg to differ from this sentiment. I have known many willing, docile listeners discouraged by the ungracious manner of their minister in his pulpit addresses to them. I must say that the manner of the younger clergy of the present day, even where it is not arresting, is generally very affectionate and earnest; but it is often the reverse among the country clergy of my own age. There is a world of truth in the familiar French adage, ‘*C’est le ton qui fait la musique.*’

Many a man carries in his very face the impress and signature of his manners. And, after all, what are manners? They are often more expressive than words, and can neutralise the effect of words. They are some-

thing more than ceremonious conventionalities. They are morals of minor degree. They are the representatives of good feeling in some instances ; in others, they are the assumption of virtue where it does not perhaps exist. They teach sympathy (and sympathy is the very soul of an efficacious ministry), and sympathy makes us tolerant of different organisations, constitutions, and temperaments—each and all accessible to different influences. ‘There are some fish which will only bite by day,’ says Cecil ; ‘others only by moonlight.’ The fisher of men will therefore adapt his bait and choose his season for fishing to the habits of the fish ; thus becoming all things to all men, if by any means he may gain some. Perhaps, then, Mr. M. has either been disgusted by my unsavoury mode of presenting unpalatable truth, or else my black cloth has operated on his prejudices as scarlet does on those of a bull. There are certain of the industrial classes, occupying a social stratum just above that of the agricultural, who regard a clergyman of the Church of England rather in the light of a Jesuitical policeman than a spiritual watchman, of whose insidious wiles every man should beware. Others, again, there are, who, if dullards, consider sermons above their comprehension, as subtle attempts to throw dust in their eyes ; or if astute but sceptical cavillers, they condemn discursive or illogical discourses as irrational and superstitious fables. A well-known judge, more distinguished for legal acumen than for high-toned piety, while listening to the feeble arguments of a florid preacher, was overheard by a learned brother to whisper, ‘Oh that I

might get up and answer him!' And many a sharp-witted fellow of low degree, though unable, it may be, to refute the statements of his minister, is nevertheless apt to think it a hard thing that he should have it all his own way, and he himself be forced to sit still and listen to turgid platitudes, delivered *ex cathedra* as if they were oracular utterances, and to assent to doctrines as of vital efficacy which are repugnant to his reason, on pain of being ostracised as an infidel. I have heard complaint made that precepts enunciated by the lips of the meekest of men are sometimes enforced by his disciples with the domineering importance of a pedagogue or the self-satisfied pomposity of a beadle, and the sublime example of a sinless life held up for imitation with all the arrogance of authority.

Though I quote, I am far from indorsing these remarks as appropriate to the great body of the clergy. Individuals, no doubt, may be found to whom they may be applicable; but the rather diversified experience of half a century convinces me that the priesthood of our branch of the Church Catholic never stood higher in public estimation than it does at present. At no period during the last three centuries has there been a greater revival—more of earnestness of purpose, more of unselfish devotion, more of unwearying zeal for their Master's honour, their Master's people, their Master's cause, or their Master's house—than by our contemporary clergy. Still one does hear, now and then, of men marring the effect of good matter and good works by infelicities of manner. An undue assumption of superiority by a fellow-worm is calculated to stir up the

bile in the gall-bladder of the very persons he desires to win over to the faith. If an avenging God had come down in the likeness of men, he could hardly affect a more aggressive tone than that adopted by some, or one more calculated to estrange regard, if not to provoke hostility. We are lamentably prone to forget the years of study and of prayer it has cost us to arrive at definite opinions on the vexed questions which agitate the religious world. And we expect those who have never enjoyed our advantages, or if they have, have not improved them, under the inspiration of half an hour's eloquence, to become like-minded with ourselves! Overbearing assertion will never strengthen the hands of any minister. Dogmatic truth should be inculcated unhesitatingly, but dispassionately, not dictatorially. The Word of God, though never to be handled deceitfully, ought always to be expounded with a charitable allowance for the infirmities of fallen flesh and blood. The truth is, we are all deplorably deficient in that faculty of adaptation which we call tact, and with which St. Paul was so pre-eminently endowed, and which he exercised so wisely and so well. Fanatics shake their heads when the word *tact* is breathed and hinted at as a desirable endowment in a minister of the Gospel, though they admit how, in social intercourse with their fellow, it gains over an opponent whom the want of it repels. I conceive that tact, in its legitimate signification, means the spirit of charitable accommodation. If it surrenders truth, or connives at falsehood, it is a subtle device of the devil.

There is much in the matter of our sermons, and in

the manner of their delivery, which offends different classes of minds, and repels them from regular attendance at church.

The virulence and exaggeration with which these charges are sometimes preferred betrays their animus. Yet, if there be a grain of truth to be found in a bushel of falsehood, we ought not to turn a deaf ear to it. It would be odd indeed if, among 15,000 clergy, some, when weighed in the balance, were not found wanting. Sermons, no doubt, are preached—especially in country parishes—which are often addressed more to the head than to the heart, and therefore fail to touch it. Sermons, no doubt, are preached which are illogical, or discursive, and which almost provoke men of acute reasoning power to get up and deny their premises or conclusion. Edification, after all, ought to be the primary consideration with the preacher and the hearer, and not the gratification of itching ears.

To teach dogma is merely to state explicitly positive truth. This was its primary signification; but owing to the laxity of modern times and the indifference to positive truth, a secondary meaning has been given to the word; so that to be dogmatic is now to be warped, intolerant, magisterial, and overbearing in the enunciation of questions which are either unimportant or ought to be considered as open. But for this very reason we should be careful, while not conniving at falsehood, to teach dogma in a manner not dogmatic, but persuasive.

THE foregoing pages formed part of the unfinished Journal which my husband was preparing for publication, and which he carried with him to London when he left Torquay, June 14, 1873. He had been under an engagement for some weeks previously to visit his father's and his own old friends, Lady Burdett Coutts and Mrs. Brown, in Stratton Street, and at length he left home somewhat unwillingly, as I was suffering from the effects of a slight accident and could not go with him. Although he had not spoken to me of any absolute presentiment of the change so close at hand, he had arranged his affairs with the minutest faithfulness, and when his library drawers and desks were opened afterwards, his accounts and letters were found in the strictest order, labelled with his usual clearness and precision. He had seen during the fortnight before his departure from Torquay all the friends he most cared for, and had spoken privately to several intimates of the nearness of the unseen state, and of the necessity of living in hourly expectation of the dread summons. For a long time past his own life had been ruled by this supreme idea, and he had waited as one on the shore of the unknown sea, on which at any moment he might be called on to embark. This deep sense of the

uncertainty of earthly things never affected his genial and happy nature. To the last he entered into all that was mirthful and beautiful with the bright spirits of youth.

The 'heart affluence in discursive talk, from household fountains never dry,' the 'high nature, amorous of the good, but touched with no ascetic gloom,' lightened and gladdened all around him even to the end. He sent me daily long letters from London describing all he saw, and full of regret that I could not share his pleasure. On Monday, the 30th of June, his sixty-seventh birthday, he wrote to me for the last time. He had had a slight attack of cough, but it had ceased, and though he felt ill, he was sitting up writing in the library in Stratton Street. On the 3d of July a telegram reached me, bidding me to come at once. It was ordered by the Divine will that I should not be with him at the last. He had passed peacefully away five hours before I arrived in London. Two of his children and his youngest son's wife were with him, and the friend under whose roof he died stood by his bedside ministering to him with tender kindness.

Those who knew him best can scarcely yet realise that he has passed for ever from their sight. He was so 'human-hearted' that old friends felt that all their interests, joys, and sorrows found a ready response in his loving nature. If to them his removal from their daily paths was a sudden rending of the ties of 'auld

lang syne,' leaving a void never to be quite filled up, how inexpressible is the loss to the wife and children, whose lives he guided and blessed with such gracious influence and unfailing sympathy !

The example which his spirit of humility and charity ever set before them was all the more precious from his perfect self-unconsciousness, and every hour it is missed and longed for with a deeper, tenderer grief.

' All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have looked on ; if they looked in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.'

E. A. G. Y.

FAIRLIGHT, *April* 1875.

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APPENDIX.

I.

ON THE PROPER MODE OF CONDUCTING THE CHURCH SERVICE.

[A paper read at a clerical meeting in a rural district.]

THE lack of heartfelt interest in our Church services generally displayed by our congregations, must be a subject of common regret to us all. There is much in the fact to sadden and to humble us. For if, on the one hand, it forces on us the suspicion that deference to human opinion, rather than obedience to the will of God, is the chief incentive to Church-attendance, on the other, it may well induce serious misgiving in our own minds, whether we have exerted ourselves sufficiently to enlighten our people in their ignorance, and to instil into them clear conceptions of the intention, obligation, and privilege of public worship. Well grounded ourselves in the doctrines and principles of the Christian faith, we are apt to take too much for granted as to the natural intelligence and the acquired information of our flocks. In spite of the great extension of secular and religious instruction during the last five-and-twenty years, there still may be found below the surface of our agricultural population a heavy residuum of crass ignorance, which it will take a generation to remove. However the intuitive acuteness of some, who can neither read nor write, may have been whetted by friction with superior intelligences, the majority of men and women

who compose our audiences are in a state of intellectual chaos—‘darkness, gross darkness, still covereth the people’—and yet we administer divine truth, not in infinitesimal doses—here a little, and there a little, line upon line, precept upon precept, as they may be able to bear it—but in indiscriminate wholesale quantity. We rarely stop to ask ourselves whether, from natural incapacity or want of adequate preparation, they may not be unqualified to learn or inwardly digest what they hear. If we offer them ‘the truth as it is in Jesus,’ we seem to think our prescription must needs succeed. We deliver our testimony, and pause not to inquire whether it has been accepted. We draw our bow at a venture, and are not over-curious to watch whether the arrow of conviction has pierced through the harness and penetrated to the marrow. Now, I apprehend that as the carpenter notes the toughness or tenderness of the wood on which he is going to operate, and adapts the edge of his tools to his work, so it would be well that we should carefully examine the grain and quality of the rough material with which we have to do before deciding on the fittest instrumentality to employ. We ought to remember that we have as much to do with diversities of dispositions as the sower has to do with the different soils on which to sow his seed. Knowing our seed to be good, we sow it broadcast and at random, without considering whether all the ground has been previously prepared for its reception. I conceive that as our sowing is not limited to good ground, but includes the wayside, the stony places, and the thorns as well, we ought, as soon as we know our hearers, to classify them

in our minds under different heads, and rightly divide the Word of truth to each in turn impartially. What is the use of light if the light shine in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not? Admitting, as I do, the insufficiency of mere knowledge for the formation of Christian character, and the absurdity of trusting to unaided reason without impression made on the heart, or application of what is learnt to the conduct, I would humbly ask, how is the heart to be reached but through the avenue of the brain? If the brain has lain for years fallow and untilled, the heart must be inaccessible. It has often struck me as a very pregnant fact that every word in St. Paul's Epistles to Timothy and to Titus refers to the instruction of the people. In the tenth canon made by the Provincial Synod at Lambeth, in the year 1281, it is directed that 'every parish priest should explain the fundamental and necessary parts of religion to the people every quarter.' In proportion, then, as we desire the edification and the sanctification of those committed to our charge ought we to treat the majority as children, and, in the simplest and most paternal manner, invite their confidence and encourage them to state their special Scripture difficulties, and in the cottage and *ex cathedra* do our best to solve them by copious analogy and homely illustration. Unless we do this, the greater part will remain not only 'unlearned,' but 'unstable' as water. Now, the best way of attracting their confidence is by drawing them to us by the cords of sympathy, and this is not to be done by periodical assertion from the pulpit of our interest in their welfare hereafter, unless we manifest it by our participation in

their personal, relative, and domestic trials, and even pleasures, here.

We must recollect that, as in social intercourse, like begets like, and our manners react on those of our fellows ; so congregations, impressible and imitative as they are, will insensibly be influenced by our mode of conducting God's service. If we address our God in tones of indifference, or if, by pompous or artificial enunciation, we excite a suspicion of self-glorification on our parts, we must not wonder if our fellow-worshippers are undevout. If, on the contrary, our whole bearing, from the moment of our quitting the vestry for the reading-desk, denote that we left worldly thoughts behind us as we entered the churchyard, that we feel profoundly the magnitude and weight of temple-work, that we have been with Jesus, that we realise the Great Presence in which we are more immediately, that we respect the place as 'none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven'—if in confession we are penetrated with a sense of our own vileness, if in invocation we mean what we say (our heart being hot within us), if in thanksgiving we magnify God with cordial fervour, if we declare his praise 'with unfeigned lips,' if as we read his Word we show an intelligent appreciation of its diversified contents (distinguishing narrative from dialogue, prophetic denunciation from importunate supplication, the words of Jesus from the words of any other Scripture character)—we shall be sure to commend ourselves to the sympathies of our fellow-worshippers, and probably infect them with our example. Again, I hold it essential to

the end desired that 'the people' should be taught so soon as they are able to learn, that in reading the Liturgy they have definite duties as well as the minister, and that the Liturgy can only be rightly read when each party concerned performs the functions allotted to him faithfully, feelingly, and conscientiously. Too generally the common people rather overhear the prayers of the Priest than unite with him in common supplication.¹ While, then, 'we take heed unto ourselves,' we should take heed also unto them, and see that they are properly taught their obligations in public worship. There may be, no doubt, outward adoration and inward atheism. Separate the spirit from the body, and the man is dead ; separate the heart from the lip, and prayer deserves not the name. But we can't pray in the spirit unless we pray with knowledge.

A man must understand the words of Christ which he hears, or they will not profit him ; if he understand them, by God's grace, he may believe ; if he believe, he will obey ; if he obey, he will be saved. By knowledge, then, the understanding is quickened ; by fervency, the affections ; by sincerity, the will—and all these combined are necessary before prayer can be made in the spirit. 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' Decency and order pretty generally obtain in our churches—but do spirituality and truthfulness ? Granted that the disrelish for divine things, common to unrenewed natures, is one

¹ People are deceived by the phrase *united* prayer. United prayer is composed of units, and each unit should pray for himself. The conjoined effect is united, but each is supposed to pray for himself, as a member 'in particular' of Christ's body.

great reason of their spiritual apathy, are we quite sure that no blame rests at our door because of our supineness? So long as we confine our attention to our own share in the public service of the Church, so long will 'the reading of the Liturgy' be a mere shadow of what it might be. It is meet, right, and our bounden duty, then, to teach our congregations that, though we are, *par excellence*, their priest, as the redeemed of God priestly duties devolve on them, inasmuch as they are about to present their prayers, their alms, their bodies, souls, and spirits, as reasonable and living sacrifices to God, and that it is one of the distinguishing excellencies of our Liturgical service, that they have an ampler share in it than is allowed in any other established form of worship. Once impregnate them with this idea, they will feel a relish for divine worship which they have never known before.

The joining in the responses they will find keep alive attention, promote fellowship, and give earnestness to the whole character of worship. And here I speak from happy experience.

I had not been long at Ilmington ere I dispensed with the nasal services of the clerk, and made my choir, some forty strong, lead the responses and pronounce the Amens, and I soon found that those individuals who used to keep obstinate silence from diffidence of the sound of their own voices, emboldened by such a body of sound, lifted up their voices without stint, while the choir themselves, alive to their new responsibilities, became scrupulous not to mar the unity and harmony of their work by the omission of a single syllable it

devolved on them to utter. It has often struck me as strange that the clergy, as a rule, should take so little pains in drilling the soldiery of Christ in the spiritual exercises of their profession.

Having troubled you with these preliminary remarks, which I consider quite to bear on my subject, I proceed to its more direct and practical consideration.

I learn, then, that the First Prayer-Book of King Edward opened with the Lord's Prayer; but that on its reviewal it was considered too abrupt a commencement, and therefore that the sentences with which our present Prayer-Book begins were prefixed as a means of attuning the minds of the worshippers to spirituality. And here I would observe, in the first place, that the Minister shall *read* one or more of these sentences with a loud voice, and then *say* the

‘EXHORTATION.’

A distinction between reading and saying is obvious, and therefore the Minister's first act on rising from his knees should be rigidly to fix his eyes on the words of Holy Writ, so as to call off the thoughts of the congregation from external objects, and reduce them as sinners to penitence. Then, raising his eyes from the book, and directing them in turn to every part of his audience, he should say, *i.e.* deliver *memoriter*, his address in a tone natural and colloquial, and in a manner grave, impressive, and kindly.

At the close of this ‘Exhortation,’ the Minister desires the people to follow his lead, and say after him (not *read*, but *say*), with pure heart and in an humble voice,

'THE GENERAL CONFESSION.'

And seeing that these directions are very rarely attended to, we should take great care to make our own confession with sincerity of heart, and then we are sure to do so with humility of voice. Certainly the loud, confident, boisterous manner in which it is usually uttered would seem to argue anything but meek self-abasement. If there be an occasion on which one would expect approach to the Mercy-seat to be characterised by profounder awe of spirit than on another, it is when we are about publicly to lay bare our hearts before our God, acknowledging and bewailing our manifold sins and infirmities, and therefore we ought to tell our people how this pathetic and comprehensive form should be delivered. Each should feel as if alone with God, save for that social sympathy which constitutes one of the reasons why public worship was instituted.

Instead of overwhelming the Minister with their vociferation, instead of overlapping the sentences by volubility, each clause should be enunciated slowly and lowly, with closed eyes and uplifted hands, pausing after each sentence, to give the penitents time to ponder the weight of their own words, recall them to a sense of their own vileness and of the 'Presence' they are in, and thus impart to them something of the power of godliness. I found great difficulty in getting my people to make the General Confession as solemnly as if it were particular. At last, however, I have succeeded in getting them to utter it, with bated breath and in subdued accents, as I would have it.

'The confession' ended, there should be a decent pause made by the Priest, so that the transition from the attitude of penitence to the assertion of delegated power should not be too startling. Gradually rising from his knees, he should stand and confidently declare, for the general consolation, that, on the fulfilment of certain conditions, he is authorised to pronounce their

ABSOLUTION.

This should be declared as from an ambassador proclaiming with dignity and simplicity the gracious will of his sovereign ; and as we desire our Lord to present our persons and prayers, expecting their success only through His Blood and Intercession, we should invariably lay a gentle emphasis on the words, 'through Christ,' in recognition of His mediatorial office.

The direction in the Rubric which follows the Absolution enjoins the people at the end of all the prayers to say Amen. Nothing is more delightful than to hear this done with cordial thoroughness ; nothing is more painful than to hear it done flaggingly and tamely, as if the supplicants did not care to ratify their petition with their unfeigned assent and consent. O for the day when our fellow-worshippers shall emulate the zeal of the primitive Christians (whose delivery of this word was like a clap of thunder), and carry their petitions to the throne of grace by general acclamation !

OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

All the preceding parts of the service have been rather a preparation for prayer than prayer itself. After the avowal of our repentance for our disobedience against our God, and having absolved our hearers in Christ's Name, we are now better qualified to address him in the language of faith, as Abba, 'Our Father.' And here I would submit that, whereas our frequent and familiar use of this prayer is apt to superinduce a free and easy utterance, it ought to be given, though audibly, solemnly, and deliberately, as the prayer of prayers.

OF THE VERSICLES OR RESPONSES.

Their design being, 'by a grateful variety to quicken the people's devotions, and engage their attention, as were the Minister to do all, they would grow sleepy and heedless,' Priest and people alike having alternated their petitions, and having a confidence that pardon has been granted, all stand up, and the uplifting of their voices denoting the elevation of their hearts, give glory to the Trinity for the hopes they entertain.

The *Penitential* office being finished, 'the Priest,' addressing the congregation, exhorts them in a clear, strong voice to commence the office of praise.

95TH PSALM.

Though the Rubric leaves it to the option of the Minister and people to *say*, or to *sing* this Psalm, the

invariable practice in St. Ambrose's time (and long after), and the opening words of the Psalm themselves, determined me to prefer the singing them. To *read* the Psalm, and yet say, 'O come, let us *sing*,' seems to me a self-evident incongruity. For a long time I used to dislike chanting, as unsuitable to the village church, and as aping the more imposing ritual of the cathedral. Where it is distasteful to the people themselves, I still think its introduction should be deprecated ; but I have been taught that, the prejudice once overcome, it is greatly enjoyed by the poor ; it gives life and variety to the service, and is more consistent with the meaning of true psalmody. One great advantage I have enjoyed since I have introduced the chanting of the canticles has been the opportunity it has afforded me, during week-day rehearsals, of analysing them into their constituent elements, and in explaining to my flock why and where they should sing loudly or softly, imparting to them thus a significance which, but for such tuition, would have been hidden from them.

THE FIRST AND SECOND LESSONS.

As to the best mode of reading the Lessons there is a great diversity of opinion. Some insist on their being read monotonously. I have no sympathy with this opinion. I hold that the reader's manner should vary with the matter read. If David mourns for the death of Absalom, I conceive the words 'O Absalom, my son ! my son !' should be read in tones of intense anguish. If Elijah taunts the priests of

Baal in the language of irony, I think his words should be given in the tone in which such language would be uttered. In reading the words of our Lord, I think we cannot be too calm, and generally dispassionate ; I say generally, because a slight increase, rather suggestive than actually expressive, of warmth, might be given in such passages as those in which he is denouncing woe on the Pharisees and Scribes, or is upbraiding the unthankfulness of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum ; as, assuredly, difference of tone should be given when he is praying to his Father, or praising him for his wisdom, in revealing the gospel to the simple. Of course, everything approaching to action in the reading-desk is reprehensible. Even change of voice, cadence, inflection, will be objected to by some. For myself, I can only say that, not only might I quote the testimony of the greatest living authorities in favour of a chastened impersonation in reading dialogue from the Scriptures, but the invariable appreciation of it by the poor. They say the Lessons read after such fashion bring vividly before their mind's eye the scenes and the persons described, and make a real and lasting impression on them—as good as a sermon !

It has been said that good reading, though helpful to the illiterate, is a distraction to the educated auditor, inasmuch as attention is diverted from the subject-matter to the reader. If this be true of good reading, how much more must it be the case with bad reading, which not only provokes the contemptuous criticism of the intelligent, and offends the taste of the refined, but actually misleads the judgment of the ignorant ?

The 'Te Deum' and the 'Benedictus' being hymns, the 'Benedicite' a canticle, the 'Jubilate,' the 'Cantate,' the 'Deus miseratur,' being psalms, the 'Nunc Dimittis' being a song, I must think where a choir (even though it cost trouble) can be got up, they ought to be sung. I rejoice to perceive the taste and cultivation of sacred music spreading. It is a great help to devotional feeling. It is a great means of attraction. Of this the Roman Catholics and Dissenters are perfectly aware, and accordingly they introduce it largely into their services. There is no doubt that the highest end for which the faculty of speech was given is the praise of God; and if we make 'psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs,' of secondary importance, we shall not be fit to take part in the anthems of praise which are chanted before the throne of the Eternal Jehovah.

THE CREED.

Having recently heard the Word of God twice read, we now profess our faith in the Trinity, the Incarnation, in Remission of sins here, and in the Resurrection to Eternal Life hereafter. The Apostles', as also the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, being of a totally different character from prayer, each clause should be delivered staccato, audibly, and resolutely, as professing our faith and protesting against heresy. The congregation being now about to enter more especially on the work of prayer and supplication the Minister blesses them, and the people return his salutation as if they really felt towards him as his brethren in the Lord should feel.

When, immediately after, the Minister calls on the people to pray, he should do so very earnestly; *ἐκτενῶς δεήθωμεν* are the words, and in repeating the words 'Lord have mercy upon us,' let the second time of his doing so be with redoubled earnestness and fervour, as if the services in which he had hitherto been engaged had quickened his perceptions of God's greatness and glory, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Here the Lord's Prayer, the Versicles, and the three Collects, follow; and at the end of the last (that for Grace), in choirs and places where they sing, the anthem or hymn should follow. It is not only the proper place appointed for us, but the appropriate place, for up to this point we have been praying for ourselves. That which is to follow is mostly intercessional. It is also a relief to the congregation, who, if they have given their minds and hearts to the foregoing parts of the office, may be somewhat wearied by the tension.

THE LITANY.

I have nothing to say on this branch of my subject, except that I conceive that though the general tone should be earnest and equable, yet that there are certain positions in which our intonation and inflection of voice should be modified by the force of the words, and our own feeling of them.

On Good Friday 1773, Boswell tells us he went to church with Johnson. He says, 'I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced

the awful petition in the Litany, "In hour of death, and in day of judgment, good Lord deliver us."'

THE PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

The words 'as may be most expedient for them' ought to be read with marked meaning, implying that, as we might have asked what it might not be for our welfare to have granted, we would submit ourselves wholly to His holy will and pleasure. The Grace, not to be delivered as a blessing, but as a benedictory prayer.

[These hints were offered at a Rure-decanal Chapter held at Ilmington many years since, and were not intended for publication. All present, including the late distinguished Arthur Haddon, were earnest in approval of the suggestions as applicable to the services of the Church in rural parishes.]

II.—SERMONS.

I.

‘A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another ; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.’—
JOHN XIII. 34, 35.

HERE we have a royal proclamation of universal obligation issued in the tone of rightful authority by him who, till the moment he uttered it, had been as one that served. He declares it to be a new commandment, and so it was. Not that its novelty consisted in his ordering his disciples to love one another (for to love their neighbour as themselves was the very pith and essence of the Mosaic law, with which the Jews had been familiar from their cradles), but in the new extent, the new manner, the new model, and the new motive by which the ordinance was enforced,—‘as I have loved you.’ Natural love, the love which is founded on instincts of flesh and blood, and on the considerations of interest and pleasure, is a very ancient one indeed, for it is as old as the world. Such love is found in exercise among bad and good, such love is the common property of beasts as well as men,—for every animal, from the tiger to the hen, loves its own ; but the love

with which our Lord would have us love our neighbour is a new love, because it is supernatural, and makes us love our neighbour for God's sake.

He who had set in his own person the most marvellous example of obedience, even to the death on the cross, now insists that, as he had proved his love for them, so that they who would follow him must prove their love to him by taking up their cross, and laying down their lives, if need be, for the brethren. This was to be the badge and the test of the heartiness and sincerity of their discipleship. True, the heavenly host might recognise them by the new name inscribed upon their brow; but their fellow-men were to distinguish them from an ungodly world by their practical fulfilment of this impressive injunction, 'that ye love one another.'

On this text I would ground two arguments. The first is, that the love of Christ should inspire us with a benevolent construction of each other's conduct.

If it be true that the gospel lays the axe to the root of bitterness and strife, it is no less true that it sows in the hearts of those who embrace it the gracious principles of peace and unity. We see a whole garland of these sweet flowers growing in one bed in Gal. v. 22. Hark, 'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance'! The spirit of self-denial which prefers in honour another before self; the spirit of long-suffering, which is not easily provoked, of gentleness which, if moved by wrong, is still open to reconciliation, and is easy to be entreated;—this is not fruit that we can gather off every hedge—no, it is the

fruit of the Spirit. It is a rare fruit, only produced from gospel seed, and, alas ! rarely met with in these our palmy days of loud-tongued profession. It is a state of things, however, foretold by our blessed Master : ' The love of many shall wax cold.' (Self-love waxes hot enough.) It was foretold again by his servant Paul : ' In the last days men shall be lovers of their own selves.' I confess that, in spite of the nominal extension of gospel principles, in spite of the instances of religious devotedness, zeal, and sacrifice which might be cited, I think that our lot is cast in days of imminent peril to vital godliness. I apprehend that among many other assignable reasons for this state of things there are two which are paramount,—the one, the spurious and fashionable credit which attaches to the mere profession of piety, and which engenders a cheap and conventional, a superficial and ostentatious, a talking and not a doing religion, a religion therefore lacking reality, depth, substance, effort ; the other is the baleful wind of controversy which has lately set in upon our land with so much force and virulence, and which has given an untimely check to many favoured spots in the garden of our Lord, which were a few years ago blossoming like the rose, and replete with the products of faith, hope, and charity. The consequence is, our platforms are filled with busy agitators, our pulpits with unquiet spirits, our domestic hearths with relative estrangements. I hope in what I am going to say I am not going to water the noxious weed I would fain tear up by the roots, but let me ask you, friends,—think you, in your inmost hearts, that the temper and deportment of the

different partisans in the ecclesiastical warfare now waging is in harmony with the spirit inculcated in my text? Love is to the soul what animal heat is to the body—it gives vigour, and enables it to perform all the offices of life. But is unkindly interpretation, and arbitrary censure, and the dogmatic assumption of right, the becoming livery of servants whose specific message is the gospel of peace, whose duty it is to direct others to walk in the way of peace, whose orders are to pray in behalf of the Church for the increase of peace, and whose dying wish will be that they may depart in peace? Why, if we are ‘the elect of God, holy and beloved,’ we shall ‘put on bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness.’ If we are the subjects of divine grace, we shall long to be the channel of it to others, we shall walk in wisdom towards them that are without, we shall try to tempt others to taste and see how gracious the Lord is, by making our own religion attractive and of good report, not repulsive and unloveable; we shall cultivate a discreet moderation in pursuit of the things we deem right, and put a charitable interpretation on the acts and opinions of others. What if one man prefer to sing the Psalms, and another to read them? What if one man prefer to preach in a gown, and another in a surplice? What if one man like to turn to the east as he rehearses his creed, and another prefer not to do so? What if one man think gesture and the outward demonstration of reverence is a mode of glorifying God in his body, and another is content with the inward prostration of his spirit?—Is the body of Christ to be divided for such matters of mint

and cummin—if on both sides the heart be right with God, and each love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth? The kingdom of God does not stand in meats and drinks, or æsthetics, but in holiness, righteousness, godliness, charity, peace, and obedience.

Is it then right that slight infirmities of judgment should disarm us of charity? Mephibosheth was a cripple, but the perfect love of Jonathan cured or covered his impotency. While we are men we must be infirm, and we shall not quarrel with each other's infirmities if we are Christians. What is religion after all? Love. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Oh that in our many controversies we went back to first principles, and remembered the apostle's sentiment—'though he spake with the tongues of men and angels,' though he had the combined eloquence of the highest seraph or the greatest orator, though he gave his property to feed the poor, or died at the stake as a martyr, yet, if he had not Christian love, he could not be saved! The world stands by witnessing our miserable disputes, and secretly asking, Where is their religion, if religion be love? Let us recollect that all the works of God in nature, and all the ways of God in providence, are stamped with unity in essentials, diversity in circumstantialia. There are diversities of administrations, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same Spirit. Surely, then, men of diversified opinions on matters of ritual and ceremonial may be borne with by their non-fallible brethren, so long as they hold the fundamental verities in common. I confess (cheaply as a neutral may be held for wishing the peace of all parties, and caring for the

prejudices of none) I believe that all baptised Christians, who know and bewail their own sinfulness, who look to the same Saviour, who seek to imitate him in their lives, will attain to the same salvation ; and though their names may not be found in the records of a particular church on earth, where charity faileth, yet that they will be found written in the Lamb's book of life, and shall for ever be joined in the fellowship of the Church Catholic in heaven. Oh for the day when there shall be free and unrestricted converse with the earnest-minded and holy-living of all parties ! Oh for the day when men shall be modest in assertion and gentle in judgment towards all whose consciences have determined them in another direction, and instead of jumping to conclusions without caution, shall be ready to believe that others have sought truth by the same means they have themselves—by meditation, by study of God's Word, and by prayer. In the controversy between Abraham and Lot's servants, who was the readiest for peace ? Abraham, the elder and the stronger saint. He craved it at the hands of his nephew, who was every way his inferior ; and so Paul, as he excelled most others in Christian grace, so did he most others in Christian love. He who had breathed out threatenings and slaughter while a Pharisee, when a Christian breathed forth nothing but love in Jesus Christ to all mankind—Jew, Gentile, circumcision, uncircumcision, bond and free.

The second point which I want to make with you is, that the love of Christ should excite in us a tender sympathy for the wants and distresses of others. In

addressing you as strangers, I am bound to assume that your religion is something more than a mere verbal profession, periodical homage, or unsubstantial formalism. Called on to preach to you and plead with you in behalf of a Scriptural institution, and as a Christian minister, from this place I dismiss all notions of your secularity. I presume you recognise, as Christians, your Christian obligations, and are anxious to embody Christian practice in your lives. I disclaim, as I presume you will, all idea of a Christian philanthropy apart from membership with Christ. As members incorporate of a Body of which Christ Jesus is the mystical Head, I regard you as impelled by one heart and one mind, and as having learned the claims of brotherly love in the sublimest of all schools,—at the foot of the Cross. Taking for granted that Baptism has led you to Holy Communion, and Communion to Christ, I am bound never to overlook that intimate relationship which exists between the Divine Head and the members of His Body. The broad principles of the Holy Catholic Church, throughout the whole of Christendom, however circumstances, education, or temperament may modify their development, are unchangeable. What the Head is, that must the Body be; and the Head is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And as in the human body it is the head which weighs and wills, remembers and judges, so in the spiritual Head are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. As in the human body no one member can suffer or rejoice without the head feeling with it, so in the Lord Jesus we have a great High Priest who is touched with the feeling

of our infirmities, who suffers with His people, and is glorified in them. The fount of our Saviour's sympathy is never dry. Brother never so loved brother, husband never so cared for wife, as Jesus loves his spiritual Bride. Not one member of His Body is persecuted or oppressed but He suffers in all their sufferings. When Saul's hands were imbrued in the blood of His saints, mark how our Lord appropriates the wrongs to Himself: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou *me*?' A cup of cold water given to His people, He has told us He will consider as kindness done to Himself: that we often remember. An offence done to our neighbour is an offence committed against Him: that we are sadly prone to forget. 'He that toucheth you,' saith our Lord, 'toucheth the apple of *my* eye;' and He has warned us that His testimony at the great day will be, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me.'

See how He the Head identifies Himself with the members of His family. If, then, brethren, ye have not the spirit of Christ, ye are none of His. You are then only Christians in name, and I am addressing you on mistaken grounds. But if you are indeed His faithful servants, you will admit that, as vital limbs of a great Christian community, you cannot be single or selfish in your affections. 'You are not your own; you are bought with a price.' Your shoulders are not your own: 'you must bear one another's burdens.' Your hands are not your own: 'working with your hands the thing that is good.' Your hearts are not your own:

‘set your hearts and souls to seek the family of God.’ The language of each will be, ‘Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?’ As Christians, ye are men, but something more,—earthly saints, living temples of the Holy Ghost. Your charity will exclude no one that bears the human face divine; it will pour itself forth on all men, but especially on the household of faith. The tie which binds you together is a tie which death only can dissolve. Distance, so far from weakening, will confirm it. If you see this exemplified in the commercial intercourse between different nations—if you see the inhabitants of one country cultivating the products of the earth, and exchanging them for the manufactures of another—if you see it in the various distinctions ordained of God—if you see the rich man benefiting the poor, and the poor toiling for the rich—the king protecting his subjects, and the subjects contributing to the support of the king—if you perceive that difference of ranks is only a summons to the exercise of different duties,—how far truer is it of Christians! With them there is a reciprocal dependence, which St. Paul speaks of as follows:—‘The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.’ They have all their respective uses; each is necessary to the beauty, strength, and perfection of the whole. A most instructive lesson may be derived from observing carefully the salutations at the close of the apostle’s epistles. Those persons who sent the kind and charitable remembrances to each other often had never seen each other in the flesh, yet were

they knit together by the bonds of common membership to Jesus, and therefore was there this tender solicitude for each other's welfare—they rejoiced with them that rejoiced, they wept with them that wept, they were drawn to each other 'with the cords of a man' in all forms of distress, in mind, body, or estate. Was there one in prison like St. Peter?—prayer was put up for him continually in all the churches. Was there a threat of famine?—then did the brethren determine, each according to his ability, to send relief to their brethren in Judea. And so, brethren, to apply this subject, the same spirit must shine forth in ourselves. Whatever the wants of those bound with us in the same mystical body, temporal or spiritual, if we be members of Christ, we must feel for them as our fellow-heirs. We must prove our faith by our works, we must test our sanctity by that true touchstone, our love for our brethren—for how can we love God, whom we have not seen, if we love not our brother, whom we have seen? 'By God *actions* are weighed.' The strength of the archer's arm when he draws his bow is seen by the force with which the arrow flies. So the strength of our faith may be known by the force with which our love mounts to God, and rebounds upon our fellow-creatures. Would you have nought saved but yourselves? Say you, Love begins at home? So it may. We are to do good, especially, no doubt, unto the household of faith. You are worse than infidels if you provide not for your own; but when your duty is performed to them, widen your charity, recollect what an extensive signification is given by our Lord to the word neighbour. As Abraham

pleaded for Sodom, though himself far removed from danger, so do you for the whole nation. As the heart advances in grace it grows more public-spirited. The higher we mount a hill the wider becomes our prospect. The carnal soul thinks of none but himself, whereas grace elevates and expands the soul, and the more grace a man has the more it will enable him to look from himself into the condition of his brethren. He partakes of the nature of the heavenly bodies, who shed their influences down on the whole world. The Christian's love keeps pace with his faith, and as the heat of the day increases as the sun gets higher, so the higher faith lifts up Christ in the Christian the more thorough will his love to man become, the more certainly will he long to work for him, after the pattern of Him who lived and suffered, died and rose again for us.

II.

‘And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.’—LUKE II. 15.

IT was the dead of night. The last rays of the setting sun had died away from over the western hills ; the high clouds nearest the sunset had long since lost the golden tints and deepened into blackness ; the last twilight had faded, and no traces were left where the bright star had gone down ; the sounds of life had all died away ; the folded cattle had all ceased their lowings ; the footfall of the traveller, as he urged his homeward

way, was no longer heard on the road to Bethlehem ; the flocks of sheep were all gathered together for the night, and the shepherds were keeping watch during the silent hours of darkness. What is that blaze of light that breaks in upon them ? What is that burst of brightness that lights up all around—fields, trees, the sloping hill-side of the deep valley ? Is it a flash of lightning ? Is it some simple meteor coursing in fiery splendour through the sky ? The shepherds look up : a form of light and glory and heavenly majesty is hovering in the air above them. It is the glory of the Lord which shines about them. It is the messenger of Jehovah that stands over them. They are in the presence of a spirit. Their heart trembles ; their flesh shrinks ; they are sore afraid. The gentle angel sees their fears ; the ministering spirit looks with love on those heirs of salvation, and says, ‘ Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you ’—this shall be a token or proof by which you shall know the Saviour—‘ ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.’ Scarcely were the words uttered by the angel, when suddenly the air seemed in one instant alive with forms of glory ; there passed forth on all sides myriads of heavenly beings ; wherever the awe-struck eye glanced, there it saw bright angels hovering ; and there burst from that heavenly host, as from thousands of voices in perfect unison, this song of praise to God : ‘ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.’ A little

while, and that song of praise has ceased ; the rejoicing multitude has gone up into heaven, and the darkness and silence of deep night have settled once more over the fields. But not so over the hearts of those simple shepherds. To them a light has sprung up ; the salvation of God, so eagerly longed for, is at length come ; the long-expected Messiah is in the world ; the Saviour, the anointed One, the Lord, is born, and they are told where they may find him. The shepherds say, ' Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' There is no delay. Off they set at once ; they make all speed ; they soon reach the city of David ; they find the appointed sign in the stable of the village inn ; they find a gentle woman and a meek and humble man standing near, and the Babe, as the angel had said, wrapped in swathing bands and lying in a manger. There was no gilded cradle there, no royal pomp, no purple or fine linen. Though that gentle mother was directly descended from David's royal house, though that little child was the heir of David's crown and sceptre, he was cradled in a manger, His birthplace was the stable of an inn.

But who is this Babe, whose birth this glorious messenger of God's own courts above announces to man, and at whose birth the very choir of heaven pour out the sweetest song ? That Babe is He on whom God Himself fixed the expectation of our fallen parents, as they stood trembling before their God, deserving and expecting punishment, yet receiving the promise of Divine mercy, when God said, ' The Seed of the woman

shall bruise the serpent's head.' That Babe is the Lord God, who should 'dwell in the tents of Shem'—the Eternal Word made flesh, and dwelling in the tabernacle of a human body. That Babe is the seed of Abraham, 'in whom all the families of the earth shall be blessed.' That Babe is the true Isaac, God's Son, only, well beloved, who shall carry the wood for His own Sacrifice up the same Moriah, shall die there, and yet come forth alive to those who are waiting his coming. That Child is the true Joseph, loved by his father, hated by his brethren; who is come to his own, but his own will not receive him; who shall be sold by the real Judah for thirty pieces of silver (the price of a slave); shall go down into the pit, that by the blood of his covenant he may deliver the prisoners out of that pit 'wherein there is no water,' and shall go before to prepare a place for his brethren, 'that when they fall they may be received into everlasting habitations,' even into the true Goshen—the best part of the land of plenty—and may see Him whom they sold as a slave made higher than all, and every knee bowing to Him whom they once despised and hated. That Babe is the Shepherd of Israel, whom dying Jacob saw afar off; the Shiloh who should come when the sceptre had departed, and who was now born in Bethlehem because, by God's appointment, a foreign conqueror had commanded the Jews to go, each to his own city, to be enrolled. That Babe is the 'rod of the stem of Jesse,' and the Branch that should rise out of his roots. That Babe is at once the root and offspring of David—David's son after the flesh, but David's Lord after the Spirit, of whom he wrote, 'The Lord said unto my

Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.' That Babe is the Governor who should feed God's people Israel, whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting.' That Babe is the Child who should be born ; the Son who should be given to us ; on whose shoulder the government of heaven and earth should rest ; who should wear at his girdle the keys of death and hell, and whose name shall be called 'Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.' That Babe is 'Immanuel, God with us.' In that Child 'dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.' In Him, who has taken upon Himself 'the form of a servant,' dwelleth the Almighty Master of the universe ; the Creator is there, 'God manifest in the flesh,' and 'seen of angels ;' and He who as God cannot die, has become man that He may die, that by His death the sinners who deserved death may have life eternal. In that Babe God and man are brought together into one person, never to be divided ; for those who beheld His glory when on earth, 'beheld the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth,' and they who shall see His glory in heaven shall behold the glory of God himself in the face of Jesus Christ.

If we, brethren, had gone with the simple Jewish shepherds to Bethlehem, and had seen the thing which then came to pass, we should have seen only what they saw outwardly—a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes ; and yet that Babe was and is all that God, 'by his holy prophets since the world began,' said that the Christ should be. That Child's face showed no outward re-

splendency ; it was not luminous, as was the martyr Stephen's, as he stood on the brink of eternal glory, and as there poured from the world of light a streak of that glory on his dying face ; and yet the glory of God was there, and there were those who saw that glory and believed on it. These shepherds believed the revelation of God ; their simple hearts felt no doubts. God had made known to them that the Saviour was born, and born for them and for all people, and they believed the record, and set to their seal that God is true. The angel indeed had disappeared, the heavenly host returned to the courts above, the song of jubilee died away on the midnight air, but they never could forget that night. They were all witnesses of what had happened ; they believed that that Babe was the Christ, ' and they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child.' That child grew into a man. When He came forth, still no outward beauty could be seen—no divine brightness glittered in His face. But once, and then only to three witnesses, did He put forth the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. But once did His face shine as the sun, and His raiment glitter as the light. His true character, His real glory, was known to few ; and yet proofs were not wanting. It was the eye to see them that was wanting ; it was the heart to feel them ; it was the honest, guileless heart to receive them, that was wanting.

Multitudes, as we know, crowded round that humble man, but many of them did follow Him, because they did eat of the loaves and were filled. Multitudes followed Him, but it was because they could get their sick

healed. They came to him as a great Physician, for He touched the eyes of the blind, and they saw ; the ear of the deaf, and it was unstopped ; the tongue of the dumb, and he sang ; the lame, and he leaped like a hart ; the leper, and he was cleansed ; the very dead, and they lived, sat up, and walked. But how few of those multitudes knew Him ; how few beheld His true glory ; how few believed that that meek and lowly man was the Saviour of the world ! There were millions in Palestine who had seen His works and heard His words, but how few out of those millions believed that He was the Christ, the Son of God ! How many out of the crowds that had cried ‘ Hosanna ’ one day, joined in the cruel cry, ‘ Crucify him,’ the next !

No, brethren, the world knew Him not. The great mass of men had no eye to see the moral proofs of his true character—no heart to value that evidence which unruffled meekness, unswerving truth, unwearied patience, unflinching courage, untiring zeal, unspotted holiness, inexhaustible benevolence, gave to the perfection of His manhood, as the stupendous works which He did by His mere word and thought gave to the truth of the Godhead. It was the simple shepherds, and such as they—childlike, humble, guileless, honest, earnest men—who did believe ; and such as they were those who received him then, and such are those who receive him now, few though they be. The world, brethren, is not changed ; it is the same world still, and will be to the end. ‘ Me,’ said the Saviour, ‘ it hateth, because I testify concerning it, that the deeds thereof are evil.’ The Cross may glitter on the splendid building, as it

does over what is called Christendom ; it may adorn the gilded Bible of the professor of religion ; but He who died on that Cross is known but to few of those who are called by His name. God does not reveal His Son in any but those whom His grace has made like those simple shepherds, the first-fruits of the Jews, or the childlike wise men, the first-fruits of the Gentiles, meek and lowly, open to conviction, anxious to find the Christ, and ready to worship and adore Him in all His deep humility. 'Wisdom is justified only of her children,' and it is only those who are taught of God that come to Him who is the truth of God. The word of Him who is Truth stands plain and clear : 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.' Heaven is filled with children and childlike men, and Christ's lower heaven, His true Church below, is made up of children and childlike men.

We have seen how secret, in one sense, was His first coming—to how few He was known in His great humility. But how different will be His second coming ! At His first coming, a few only out of the millions of the earth saw Him ; a few only of those who did see Him believed on Him ; a few only of those millions who have now His Word, in which they may see Him as in a glass, believe on, love, and follow Him. His true disciples are a remnant ; the world, even though called Christian, seeth Him not. But then, every eye shall see Him ; no cloud shall veil His glory then ; no imputed sin, no curse, no sorrow, shall hide Him with a veil then ! The blaze of light that shall pour from Him when He sits on the great

white throne, shall shine as the lightning from one end of heaven to the other, and those His enemies who would not that He should reign over them, shall be cast away from His presence. With whom would you and I have our lot on that day? With the shepherds, or with those wise in their own eyes but are fools in God's sight? If we would be where they are who first believed on Him, we must be what they were. Pray therefore for the child-like faith of the poor shepherds, and He whose birth we now celebrate will give us of the Spirit, for their spirit was His. He will make us believe, as they did, God's Good-will to man, and rejoice in it. He will make us glad in our Saviour, as He made them. He will send us to our daily works, as He did them, and we shall meet God daily in our ways. And then, when this short life is over—where those simple-hearted believers doubtless are with Him whom they saw and loved—shall all be who, though they have not seen Him, have loved Him, and believed on Him, and followed Him to life eternal.

III.

'And pray ye that your flight be not in the winter.'—MARK XIII. 18.

THERE is a winter in human life as there is in the seasons of the year. Our spring is infancy, and the bud of our existence which is then cherished opens its flowers during the summer of youth. In riper years, manhood, the fruit is put forth, and this is the autumn of our days. If death spare us a little longer there will come

ice in blood and snow on brow, and all the emblems of a moral winter are thickly strewed over the man. And if there has been no fleeing to the mercy of the Lord whilst the advance of summer and autumn has warned us that our years would soon draw to a close, it will be a hard thing, when the limb has grown stiff, and the blood congealed, and the branches hang from the stem, to drag ourselves along ; and the man, in the winter of his days, when his foot halts, and eye darkens, and blood freezes, is so unfitted to brave the rugged path of winter, that no consideration should weigh heavier with the young and impenitent than the recommendation of the text. It contains a strong warning against that continued impenitence which generally issues in ruin of the soul. It does not mean that flight in the winter of life is impossible. No. It is not too late while the pulse beats, however feebly, not while the eye, however dim, yet moves, not though winter be at its depth, and the sun be touching the horizon, to say to the sinner, ' Haste, and escape to the city of refuge.'

I do not insinuate that there can be no flight during winter, because there has been none before the winter. The very fact of its being the subject of prayer that our flight may not be in the winter implies that flight is at least practicable, though not easy. But then the fact also implies that though a man may flee in winter, and at last be as safe as if he had fled in spring or summer, yet that he will be opposed by difficulties in the one case which would not have hindered him in the other, and that he will be required to make his way against the rough stream and pelting storm, while the avenger of

blood shall track him so closely that he will but just escape, and at last be only 'scarcely saved.'

1st, Difficulties of flight in winter, or, to drop metaphor, of conversion in old age. Now I believe every man is at some time anxious about eternity. No reasonable being can go on for thirty or fifty years, and see those who set out with him in the career of being drop off one by one from this scene, and never think of the destiny to which he himself is travelling. The fate of his soul must be a question of importance. The Spirit strives with every one, and by secret hints, by working on hope and fear, He summons men to consider their ways.

If then all men are plied with inducements and threats, etc., it follows that the aged sinner must have resisted many godly warnings, and now he stands in the winter of his days the hero of a succession of victories, but victories won by lust of flesh, of eye, of pride of life, over the strivings of angels and the merciful interference of God. If a man has resisted such impressions, is not he sure to be hardened against threatenings? if he heeds not the voice of gentleness, he will need the thunder-clap; if he disregarded the silent warning of conscience, he will require the blow of the sledge-hammer. Conversion to him will be a work of enormous difficulty. Flight will be hard, because he is riveted to the ground, just as an oak which an infant may crush in an acorn, a giant cannot stir when it is rooted in the earth. But not only has the aged sinner resisted, he has also invented much. He has his own scheme of salvation, his own mode of quieting alarm. Old people think perhaps

about the future, and cast up accounts with God, and contrive by ingenious arithmetic to strike a balance in their own favour. They have offended much, but then they have suffered much, and the afflictions will atone for the transgressions. Their lives have been excellent. They were in trade half a century, and kept unsullied their character for honour. One is very moral, one very charitable, one repeats over and over that God is a God of mercy, one considers it too late to alter, and things may not turn out as bad as parsons represent. There is a kind of self-satisfaction through which it is harder to penetrate than through a stone wall ; the man has lived too long to be taught. I believe these things I have advanced are grounds for saying conversion in the winter of life is difficult.

It must be further obvious to you that as it would be in natural, so in spiritual things—the infirmities of the old man incapacitate him for flight. The salvation of the soul is a great matter. It is wholly of grace, nevertheless God works by means ; and though He can save the soul of an idiot as well as of an infant, neither of whom has been able to assent to the truths of Christianity, yet He commonly acts on the understanding, will, affections. Now, all I contend for is, that if you look on an unconverted man in the December of his life, you may well tremble for that man. An emaciated body tenanted by an enfeebled spirit, the lack-lustre eye of passion dimmed, not extinguished, the intellect making up in obstinacy what it has lost in sharpness, the temper peevish from inability for enjoyment,—these are the frequent characteristics of old age. And shall it be

said that the old man, thus shattered, enfeebled, broken down, is a willing listener to the message that tells that the rush of judgment is coming on all, that eternity is big with terror to all who have not been born again ? Is the mind of an old, withered, wasted man able to take in what is so overpowering ? No ; the probability is he will sit like one senseless and stupified, just as the bird fascinated by the eye of the serpent which is coiled at the foot of the tree on which it sits, attempts not to escape, but falls an easy prey into the jaws of the rapacious monster. If it be a time to set out on a voyage when the vessel has just sprung a leak, if it be an hour of peril to begin a journey in a foreign land when the sun has left the heavens, if it be a moment of danger to sit at the foot of a mountain when the avalanche is just loosening from the heights, if it be an instant of fearful risk when the drawbridge is tumbling between us and the citadel, then is old age and winter a dangerous season for man to flee from his present condition. There is such a sight in the natural world as a mountain which, while the snow lies thick on its sides, throws out flames from the summit ; but the combination is so strange that all who see it are amazed. Yet this is not so wonderful as to look for conversion in old age. It is expecting a man to send forth the glowing emanations of love to his Maker in the winter of his days. It is not difficult that, like the snow on the mountain, he should subsist in the winter, but the difficulty is to carry the fire through the snow, and to deposit it unquenched within the breast. This is the difficulty, not the covering of Etna with ice and snow while the vol-

cano is burning, but while the ice and snow are on the mountain, producing a pillar of fire.

And, in conclusion, the danger is great, that flight if deferred to winter will be impracticable. It is an old saying, 'To-morrow never comes,' and I may add, few men practically think themselves a year nearer the grave because a year older. Life is an enchanted circle—there seems always to be as much before us as behind. Ask old men of different ages when old age begins, and you will obtain from each a different answer ; but each will fix the date a little later than the period at which he has arrived. The winter of life is the to-morrow of life, and to commence putting off is the same as putting off indefinitely. But few discover that flight, if deferred, becomes less and less practicable, and that if flight be deferred to the winter it will probably not take place at all. 'Pray ye, therefore, that your flight be not in winter.'

Once more : it is the testimony of experience that men are seldom converted in old age. One minister of great piety declared he had never known but two cases over fifty converted to God. Experience is a sound witness on such points. There is a great similarity in God's dealings with his creatures. And if he would be a thoughtless being who would enter a lazaret-house where ninety-nine out of every hundred caught the plague, if he would be a senseless one who drank of the poison-cup from whose destroying influence scarce one escaped, if he would be an idiot who took the serpent to his breast, whose bite in almost every case was death—therefore, he is all these who expects winter

to prove to him what it has hardly proved to two in a million, the period of conversion to God, and who, thinking an exception will be made in his favour, prays not that his flight be not in the winter. Do not you see from what is said that if we would be saved there must be flight? It is not by remaining among evil people, associations, and debasing scenes, that we shall grow up into the image of the Lord. The things I love most I must forsake, the hopes I have cherished most I must renounce. And as the traveller who hurries away with alarm when he comes upon the lion's haunt, and as the eagle who avoids the arrow when it is just laid on the bowstring, thus must I break away from all hindrances, leaving much, and ready to leave more, and with the flight of one who knows that to pause may be to perish, speed on, with the eye fixed on the shore of safety before me. Yes, there must be flight—from sin to holiness, from the creature to the Creator, from the mortal to the immortal, from the ruin and the wreck which the first Adam introduced to the majesty and bliss which the second Adam purchased. Who, therefore, will put off his flight when the Almighty is inviting him to join the ranks of the redeemed? Let us prepare at once for our journey. The days are short, the sunbeams are watery, the time for repentance may soon be at an end. Let us turn to the Lord, and then we shall never know winter at all. Time shall melt so sweetly into eternity, and eternity shall be so swallowed up of life, that we shall breathe the fragrance of the heavenly city without travelling through the difficulties of this

earth's barrenness. I pray God that none of us may rashly defer our flight to the winter.

IV.

'Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone.'—HOSEA IV. 17.

AN awful silence reigns over the battle-field when the last cannon shot has died away, and the clash of the last charge of cavalry has passed away. An awful silence reigns over the grass-grown burial-ground, where hearts which beat no longer, and tongues which speak not, and hands which work not, have retired for ever from life's hot strife. An awful silence reigns within the sick man's room, when the doctor orders that he must be 'let alone,' for that there is no further use in medicine. But there is something more awful than all these ; and that is, the dead silence which reigns over a ruined soul—a silence commanded by God himself ; such a silence as is decreed in the text, where the prophet declares in one breath Ephraim's sin and Ephraim's doom : 'Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone.'

Ephraim's condition and Ephraim's curse are the subject of our thoughts to-day, and much of solemn warning do they contain for the thinking ; for they teach us this, that God may be so provoked as to leave the guilty creature to himself—to use means of grace with him no more—to let him go on without a

check to the edge of that precipice over which he shall be thrust by a mighty hand, too powerful to be withstood by mortal strength.

I direct your attention first to Ephraim's condition. He is represented as being joined to his idols ; *i.e.* as having withdrawn his allegiance from God, and as having gone over to that which was opposed to God.

It was the curse of Israel that it loved strange gods, and was ever ready to leave the Lord and join itself to them. And what is Ephraim but a picture of many of us to-day ? The sin which seems so terrible in him is common enough now-a-days. That worldly men will reject the idea of being under the same circumstances as Ephraim, I know. We are met with an angry denial or a smile of ridicule when we say they stand on common ground with him. Because the outward symbols of idolatry are not the same, men argue that the main principles are different. But in the eyes of God covetousness is idolatry, and a man therefore can be an idolater without worship of wood or stone. A wife or child may be the idol ; gain acquired or expected may be the image, like Nebuchadnezzar's, overlaid with gold. To whatever man gives up his heart, whatever he most cares for, is his god, and before that god's altar he swings the censer of his heart.

Try then whether you are now worshippers of God, or whether you have not some other object of devotion. Remember a practical withdrawal from Christ is enough to ruin a soul ; that a man need not read an open recantation of his faith to be in Ephraim's state.

But Ephraim had not only withdrawn himself from his rightful Lord, and given his allegiance to another ; he had added sin to sin, resisting every means used to bring him back. God did not lightly part with Israel. Prophet after prophet was sent ; affliction after affliction was tried ; sunshine and cloud brightened and lowered over the land before they were let alone, and handed over to the ruin which had been so long delayed. The hand of justice lingered long before it drew the sword ; the hand of mercy trembled long before it let go its grasp. And Ephraim's condition is that of thousands who, having withdrawn from God, have become idolaters. He uses means, and oft they fail. He changes his dispensations, but the change produces no result ; and when everything has been tried, and a last effort has been made, forth comes the decree, ' Let them alone.'

Now, there is not only active, but passive resistance made by many. There shall, perhaps, be no declaration made against the warnings of ministers. Sometimes, no doubt, men will rebel against the message and vilify the messengers ; but this is not common. But how often men are willing to listen, but determined not to mind. Take the preaching of the Word, for instance—a very great instrument for converting souls ; on how many has this means of grace been tried in vain ? In every possible form has the Word come before them ; to every power of mind and feeling of heart has it appealed. It has warned, threatened, exhorted ; it has sought with earnestness, toiled with energy ; and where has been the result ? Little do men know how they

are filling up the measure of their provocations by indifference to sermons. What other outward means are they likely to have? The dead will not come from their shrouds to startle men into thought; the invisible angels will not come and beckon us to the bright land which is their home. The despised ministers of God are all you will ever have, and if you remain 'joined to idols' you may soon expect to be left alone. But the Word is not all that has been resisted; providences, the remonstrances of conscience, the secret whisperings of the Spirit, have all shared the same fate. Oh let us beware lest we fail to read aright the providences of daily life, which are full of the teachings and the voice of God. How many a providence has already been thrown away! The heart has become harder, conscience less impressible, the soul more used to being away from God. Next sermon may be the last with life in it for some of us; the next providence may be the last one with grace. Then, perhaps, all will be still within the soul, for the sentence shall have gone forth, 'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone.'

This sentence contains Ephraim's curse. The words, 'Let him alone,' are as fearful as ever passed from the lips of God. His open wrath did not contain more of death than this quiet command. It involved, first, a withdrawal of enlightening influence, and therefore a plunging of Ephraim into judicial darkness. Now, such a withdrawal often takes place, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly; always surely. And should our wilful ignorance of our own need and our Saviour's power deepen into judicial ignorance, what more is

wanted to ruin us for ever? Let me tell you, if you have not devoted your hearts earnestly to God, the bright light you now have may be removed. It would be a dreadful thing if any were to be singled out by God, and if our ministry were to receive this charge about you, 'Let him alone;' if each sermon were to receive an especial charge to pass you by; if every beam of light were ordered to fall on any other heart but yours; if each enlightening means of grace were to be informed of your name, and told to mark it well, that it might 'let you alone.' Should such an event take place, it is quite possible you will not know it. Under this peculiar curse there is no strife or cry—no sign of sword or fire. There is the silence which goes before the tempest, but the tempest itself has yet to burst. It is possible for this curse to be working, and yet for no outward change to be detected in the man on whom it is laid. It does not follow that he will absent himself from church or outward reverence for holy things; it is enough if the light is taken out from the means in the use of which he is found.

Is not all this enough to make me wish to reach the very centre of your hearts? for begging you not to be satisfied with the outside formalities of religion? for my being dissatisfied with that state of ease which is so common in our congregations, and so much prized? We would not meddle with any man's peace in Christ, but we would rend in pieces all security that is out of Christ. Look well, brethren, to your state, try whence your quietude proceeds, for it will be terrible indeed if it be found out, when this tranquillity is about to be

broken up for ever, that it was but the natural working of the curse of an angry God.

You see, therefore, this declaration of God's as regards Ephraim sealed him up for certain wrath, and the withdrawal of God's providences from us may, by the very ease in which they leave us, secure our future woe. The severe trials under which some of you may smart are perhaps the only means of keeping us away from this deadly ease, which is a poison whose end is death. Have our sorrows, difficulties, strugglings, shakings of heart, drawn us to that worship of God which is alone true? or have we passed through them all without their having had any effect on our souls? Such might be the case, and it will be a solemn question for persons under these circumstances to put to themselves, 'Why am I so entirely left alone?' Some of us have our troubles now. Do we desire to have them sanctified or removed? to have them work out purposes of grace? or to have them prevented from giving us pain? Our wish should be not to have them removed, but sanctified. When God's work is done by each particular trial, that trial will be removed; and when all God's work on us is finished, all trial will be taken away: but woe to the man who is let alone, and who gains peace from being given up. Such a one is reserved for a place in which there shall be no peace, for a state in which there shall be no rest.

You, therefore, who are being stirred up by God, and under convictions of sin, sink not down into torpor, but make the most of the day of visitation which is vouchsafed you. The very fact of your being the subject of

these dealings shows you Ephraim's curse has not yet gone out against your soul, but how soon it may be issued who can tell? 'The Spirit will not always strive with man.' '*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.'

V.

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.—
1 KINGS XVIII. 21.

THAT must have been a most impressive scene on the top of Mount Carmel. An enormous crowd was gathered there to witness the result of a most important dispute. It was whether Jehovah or Baal were the true God of Israel. There were assembled on each side the tens of thousands of Israel. There in the midst, on the one hand, stood the 850 prophets of the dumb idol; there, on the other, one man by himself, the prophet of the living God. Meek, yet majestic; clad in simplest dress; no doubt in his eye, no fear on his brow, he stood forth, and with a voice of thunder shouted forth in the ears of the wavering multitude this thrilling appeal—'How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.' Breathless silence followed. Then the test was given which was to decide the question between the disputing parties. Two rival altars are put up; on

each the wood, on each the bullock, but no fire under : 'and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God.' And all the people who stood by answered and said, 'It is well spoken.' The challenge is accepted, the priests of the dumb idol build their altar, they arrange the wood, they set in order their victim, and 'from morning till noon they cry out, O Baal, hear us!' But there was no voice, neither any that answered. Then at noon the prophet in stern irony 'mocked them, and said, Cry aloud ; for he is a god : either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.' Goaded to madness by these taunts, the miserable idolaters 'cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.' They leaped upon their altar, but it was no use ; there was no voice, none that heard, none that regarded. Then, strong in faith, the prophet of God stood forth and 'said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.' And he set in order the wood, and he placed the victim upon it, and he dug a deep trench round the altar, and, at his bidding, the people deluged the whole with water ; and then Elijah lifted up his eyes and voice to heaven, and called on the living God to turn the hearts of the people. And, lo ! 'the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.' The effect was irresistible. 'All the people fell on their faces : and they said, The Lord, he is the God ; the Lord,

he is the God.' The startling appeal of the prophet is the one I would sound this day in the ears of all those who are halting between God and the world. Oh that the Holy Ghost may be in the midst of us, so that the effect on this occasion may be somewhat like that in the days of old.

The halting between two opinions has been a habit with professing Christians from that time till now. It is a fearfully prevalent one here, in this village. If infidelity slay her thousands, indifference slays her tens of thousands. There are few who have made up their mind to dare the worst for eternity, fewer still to suffer the loss of everything, nay, of anything, rather than the loss of their souls. Most people who bear the Christian name turn a deaf ear to the claims of Christianity, slight its ordinances, and live as if it were a lie. They pay a certain respect to its ordinances; yes—when a child is born, when going to be married, or when they follow the dust of one they have loved to its long home. They do these things from respect to custom rather than Christianity, for it is in vain for them that the bright Lord's Day dawns on them, in vain for them the house of prayer is open, in vain the Sabbath bell rings forth its invitations: they live in habitual neglect of worship and the Word of God. Their Bible is locked up in their drawer as though it were something to be hidden, or it lies covered with dust on a shelf amongst the best cups and saucers—to be looked at, not used. They are neither hot nor cold; lukewarm, they do not deny Christianity, neither do they embrace it. Speak to them of their souls, they are sullen; reason with them, and they are silent.

We, their pastors, meet with civility perhaps, but coldness ; assent, but no interest ; a thousand excuses, few acceptances. We meet with many that are ready to put off the work. They say, 'Time enough ; we are too busy ; cares of life oppress us ; we have a family to provide for, we have not met with "a convenient season ;" but yet we mean some day to repent and prepare to meet our God ; we do not intend to die as we are ; we know we are not ready for death.' Others again live without God and without hope in the world. They say, 'We are but as others. If *we* perish, God help others ! If we are not good enough for heaven we are too good for hell. God is too good to destroy so many. Surely at the last a change will come over us ; sorrow, sickness, old age, deathbed, will bring a change ; we cannot be lost ; we do not intend to be lost : time enough.' And so they go on, wavering, resolving, breaking resolutions, having good impressions, their good impressions passing away like the morning cloud and the early dew. They put their hands to the plough, but soon look back. Sometimes in time of sickness or sorrow they resolve to give themselves to the Lord, but it must be said of them as it was of the lepers, 'Were there not ten cleansed ; but where are the nine ?' There does but return here and there, sometimes, a poor stranger, 'to give glory to God.' It is not right to class all under the twofold character of the fervent believer and the decided unbeliever ; there lies between them a vast middle territory. Between these two extremes—the zealous and the indifferent—there lies the vast, mixed, motley crowd of the wavering many. Here it is that the minister of

Christ perhaps has most to deplore ; here he finds his labours often the most fruitless, because his parishioners are always ready to nod the head in assent, but never ready to consent with the heart. They are always promising, but never performing. They go on in pleasure, amusement, worldliness, sloth, and fleshly sin, determining at some future day to be Christ's, which day never arrives, till death often comes and finds them almost saved and altogether lost,—finds them intending to be Christ's, but remaining the devil's.

Am I exaggerating ? Am I misrepresenting ? Would God the picture were not true ! We appeal to the faithful few—to those who care for their own souls and other people's too ; we appeal to those who are themselves halting between Christ and the world, is not the portrait like some who are here ? Does not the Spirit of God at this moment say to you, 'I am the man' ? The Eye that sees all things sees what is passing within you, and knows therefore whether you are amongst the halting, wavering multitude that call Christ 'Lord, Lord,' but do not the things that He tells them.

In his name, therefore, and as a fellow-sinner, and yet an ambassador of Christ, I say, 'Come and let us reason together.' Let me endeavour to plead with you for yourselves—to plead with yourselves for Christ. Not that I would come to reproach ; nay, I come to beseech. I come not to threaten, but to entreat. I come not to alarm so much as to constrain. 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.' May our words make an impression on your consciences. Let me reason, then, with you on the gross

inconsistency of the position you occupy. You are, whether you will or not, Christian in name, in pledge, and in covenant. You were baptised into Christ; in profession you put on Christ. It was an unspeakable privilege, if you do not convert it into an unspeakable curse. You were signed with the sign of the cross, in token that thereafter you should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but manfully fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's soldiers and servants until your lives' end. If, then, you are not fighting under the standard of the Captain of your Salvation, I arrest you, in his name, as deserters from his cross. You cannot perish as heathen; if you perish, you perish as baptised men and women; and baptised men and women, as they have an immeasurable privilege, have with it an immeasurable responsibility. If the water of baptism on the brow is not the sign of the washing of regeneration by the Holy Ghost in the heart, then will it rise up an awful witness against you in the last day. Out of your own mouths will you be condemned, for you are witnesses against yourselves. The very Christian name by which you are daily called, and by which you sign every letter you write, witnesses your dedication to the Lord. Why have you that name? If your father's name reminds you of your duty to your earthly parent, your Christian name should remind you of your duty to Christ. And if God be a Father, where is His honour? If He be a Master, where is His fear? Beloved, there is no consistent man but the man who is an enthusiastic believer or an utter atheist. But the lukewarm

man, who wavers between Christ and Satan, earth and heaven, time and eternity, his own conscience condemns him ; and of all men he is the most inconsistent and the most foolish. Let me then speak to you on the folly of your conduct. You halt because, you say, the world must be attended to, the family be provided for, cares and distractions overwhelm you. Oh ! but ought not that which is the first to be the first, the chiefest, chiefest ? God above all. Let earth wait, let time wait, let family wait, let appetite wait, let life wait—let all wait for God. ‘Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and everything needful will be added.’ Did ever man put God to the proof on that promise, and found it broken ? Never. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away. What folly then to delay and to trifle ! For, will it become easier to seek God ? Will waiting make evil habit less powerful, evil dispositions less obstinate, a stubborn will easier to bend ? The longer you delay, the harder it will become to repent, if ever you should repent. ‘Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? Then may those that are accustomed to do evil learn to do well.’ The gossamer threads that first were wound around your soul in early life are thickening into cables—chains of iron. Conscience loses its tenderness, the heart its sensibility ; your better impressions fade away, your passions become more violent, your lusts more intense, your evil tongues more uncontrollable, Satan more supreme. No folly greater than to think that change of time, life, scene, circumstance, will change the man. The world will change, but it will not change

you. Circumstances will alter, but will not alter you. You are as the countryman in the fable, who is represented as coming to the side of the swift-flowing river. Because it flowed so swiftly he foolishly fancied it would soon run dry, and he sat down on its bank, and he waited and waited, but it flowed on, and still flows on while earth lasts. So it is with the man that waits till the more convenient time—that waits till altered circumstances shall change his heart. The river of corruption, the river of impediment, runs on, and broadens as it runs, and deepens as it broadens, and bears him on and on to an eternity of woe.

The folly of delay! For is a man delaying that which is a curse or that which is a blessing? Is he putting from him a cup of bitterness, or a cup of blessing? Oh, the stupidity of man, that he should require to be goaded, threatened, terrified, into being blessed! Surely the love of peace, the thirst for happiness, the wish for solace in sorrow, strength in weakness, advice in perplexity, refuge in danger, joy under all circumstances, ought to constrain him, even now, to harden his heart no more.

Again, let me reason with you on the *baseness* of halting between two opinions. It is in God's sight a thing most nauseous and distasteful. Listen to the description which he gave when he walked amid the golden candlesticks, and looked upon a church which had sunk into this state: 'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would that thou wert cold or hot: so then, because thou art neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, I will spue thee out of my mouth.' What

an expression of abhorrence from the lips of infinite Love! Oh, how Jesus must hate an indifferent, lukewarm man! He thinks himself better than others. He knows not what an amount of guilt rests on him, because he is neither altogether Christ's, nor altogether Satan's. He wears a parti-coloured livery. He thinks to go to heaven holding Christ's cross with one hand and the world with the other. But the voice of the Captain of Salvation in his ear is, 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' If I am thy Saviour, serve Me; if the world, serve it.

Ah! brethren, what baseness is involved in indecision for Christ. He was not undecided in his love to thee, sinner. He did not come wavering with half a heart, to go through the agony of the garden and the cross. No. 'Lo, I come,' he said, 'to do thy will, O God;' and when the bitter cup trembled in his hand, he prayed, 'O Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.' Oh then, 'by the agony and bloody sweat, by the cross and passion, by the precious death and burial, by the glorious resurrection and ascension' of Jesus, I entreat thee, undecided one, look on the Crucified; weep, love, till your earthward affections are drawn up to him, and you can say, in those lines you have often sang,—

'When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.'

Now, come and let us reason with you on the unhappiness of halting between two opinions. You have too much conscience altogether to enjoy sin ; you have too little conscience to enjoy holiness and peace. You have rocked to and fro between heavenward desires and earthward habits. You have bitterness of mind in the hour of sorrow and solitude ; you now laugh away these things in the public-house, but it will return again. A man that is all for this world has all that the world gives ; a man that is all for Christ has all that Christ bestows on his saints on earth : but a man that is neither wholly given to the world, nor wholly to God, is swinging between world and church, Christ and Satan ; he has not even his reward in this world, pitiful as it is at best, and he sacrifices his soul for nought. ‘What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?’ But what is the loss of that man who loses his soul, and gains only what the world can give ? Ah ! you put off happiness while you put off decision. To the poorer here especially I say, as you meet here you will meet in the great day before God’s throne. You rob yourselves then, let me assure you, most cruelly when you rob yourselves of the peace, the joy, the consolation of Christ’s gospel. Take from the rich man his hope of heaven, still he has something to live for : he can indulge every whim, gratify every taste, pamper every appetite, eat, drink, and be merry, though to-morrow he die. But take from the poor man, the son of toil and trouble, the bright hope that alone can lighten his burden and sustain his toil, and what has he left ? It struck me the other day very sadly as I passed

along the high-road and looked at a poor man in mid-life and mean attire, as he sat on the top of a heap of broken stones, with goggles on his nose to protect his eyes from the flint, and with his iron ring and hammer in his hands. With this ring he clutched stone after stone, and brought it to the top of a larger stone he had picked for the purpose, and with his hammer he broke it into small pieces. And so it was from early morn till late at night, so it was day after day, week, month, year; he saw no end to his toil, no fruit of his labour but the poor attire and the mean fare he was thus able to eke out, and nothing before him but the parish work-house, and a burial unwept and unnoticed. It struck me sadly. What a miserable existence to live for nothing higher than to break stones, and have no hope beyond! But, oh! if that poor fellow brake stones in faith of Christ and fear of God, if he did it as doing his duty 'in the state of life in which it pleased God to call him,' if he did it 'heartily, as unto God and not to men,' if the love of Christ sweetened his hard crust, and softened his hard pallet, and lighted up even the work-house in his old age, then he had none to envy—no, not the Queen on her throne, for all things were his. 'Whether life, or death, or things present, or things to come,' all were his, for he was Christ's, and Christ was God's. And as it has been nobly said, 'If two arch-angels came from heaven to do God's will on earth, and his will was that one should rule an empire and the other sweep the streets, each would be just as happy as the other, for each would be doing what God would have done, and doing God's will is heaven on earth as

it is the heaven of heaven.' Oh! when the poor man can pray from the depth of his heart, and realise what he prays, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven,' there is none he need envy. 'As poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.'

But let me reason with you, as on the unhappiness, so on the danger of halting between two opinions. What are you wavering about? Between dust and ashes and 'a crown of glory that fadeth not away.' On your right hand is Christ, heaven, bliss; on your left, disobedience, rebellion, discontent, remorse, despair, never-ending death. Between these you are halting. While you are halting, the gulf is forming that will soon be fixed, the character is deepening that will soon be settled for ever. Indecision becomes decision, for you decide for hell while you waver for heaven. And how threatening is the peril of those that are wavering! It is now, or it is never; it is here, or it is nowhere. The door will soon be shut that never can be opened, the dark gulf set that never can be crossed. Oh that I could bring home to every halting one here the position he is in without Christ!

Some may have read a little tale in one of the tracts published for the labouring classes. It tells how a poor man, on one of the rocky coasts of our country, who got his bread by gathering sea-fowls' eggs, went forth one morning on his dangerous adventure, and looking down a terrific steep, he saw midway a ledge abutting on the rock, covered with a cluster of the sea-fowls' nests. He fastened his rope to a tree above the cliff, and

lowered himself cautiously down till he stood on the ledge. In his eagerness to grasp the spoil, he unconsciously dropped the noose of the rope by which he had descended, and it swung, as it appeared, far beyond his reach. And there he stood on that narrow ledge, above him a fearful height he had no hope to scale, below him a terrific precipice, with the sea dashing at its base. It was a moment of unutterable terror. Every one of us can fancy the peril of that man. But how like this, though intensely more awful, the condition of every waverer ! He stands on the narrow ledge of life, above him is the terrific mountain of his sins that he has no power in himself to scale, below him is the fearful abyss of death, the death that never dies. There is but the breath in his nostrils between him and the bottomless pit. Oh ! fellow-man, fellow-sinner, awake to your dangerous position ! It is late, but not too late ! There is yet the rope that hangs from the cross of Jesus, or rather from the throne of God ; that rope can lift thee over the mountain of thy guilt, and land thee on the brink of the shore of eternal safety. Oh, leap and live ! ‘ Flee for refuge to lay hold of the hope that is set before you,’ and, as God liveth, your soul shall live ! ‘ As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner, but rather that he should repent and live. Turn ye, for why will ye die ?’ Oh, the peril of staying in a wavering state ! An infidel said to a believer once, ‘ If Christianity be false, what do you gain ?’ Answer, ‘ If Christianity be true, what do you lose ?’ If it were only a mere possibility that our conduct here determines our destiny hereafter for

heaven or hell, that possibility should outweigh all the realities seeming realities, of earth. But it is no possibility or probability, but certainty ; sure as the sun shines at noon-day, sure as that we have ears to hear and minds to understand.

Now, brethren, I have reasoned with you on the inconsistency, the folly, the base ingratitude, the unhappiness, the peril of remaining in an undecided state of mind ; and what can I say more to persuade you to seek your Saviour now ? ‘ Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.’ There is not a sinner within these walls, whatever his darkness or guilt, though he may have been last night in scenes he would blush to tell his fellow-worms, but in which the Eye of fire saw and searched him through—there is not even such as that we are not allowed to tell, ‘ *Now* there is hope for you.’ We cannot say so of to-morrow. To-morrow is not ours ; it is His in whose hands is our breath. To-night, then—nay, *now*—call upon God. Do not put it off ; delay has well-nigh ruined thee before, it will ruin thee again, and altogether. Cherish the good desire, as you would on a desert island the solitary spark from the flint that was to keep you from cold and starvation. Oh, foster the better desire within you ! Who shall say it may not be the seed of a blessed immortality ? Who shall say it may not be the dawn of the day-spring from on high in thy breast ? Follow it out, fellow-sinner ; take thy neglected Bible, study it on thy knees, water it with thy tears, plead with God, ‘ Open mine eyes to see wondrous things out of thy law.’ ‘ Thou that didst command the light to

shine out of darkness shine into my heart, to give the light of the knowledge of thy glory in the face of thy Son. Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief. Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.' Plead till thou prevaillest. Take no denial. God loves to be importuned. Begin to attend the house of God. Come in such dress as you have, and you shall have better. Go where you hear the simple truth as it is in Jesus, and abide there. Wander not to and fro, but wait patiently on the Lord in His appointed ordinances. In due time mayest thou be led to the blessed Supper of the Saviour, there to renew thy oft-broken covenant, and there to pledge thyself His, and receive the pledge that He is thine.

Dear brethren, has the love of Christ occupied your souls, so that now old things are passed away, and all things are become new? Be more decided for God. You cannot be decided enough. One that had served God faithfully said, when dying, 'The preparation of the longest life is little enough for an hour like this.' Heard you ever of a dying man who regretted he had been too earnest? I have heard numbers bewail their lukewarmness and backsliding. Be earnest to win souls. Look about you, on the right hand and on the left. Rivers, railways, streets, lanes, taverns, tea-gardens, beer-shops, public-houses, skittle-grounds, gaming-houses, brothels,—what multitudes there are! Let the same mind be in you that is in Christ Jesus. Did He come to seek and save the lost? Go thou and do likewise. Be helpers with God. 'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.' Take the hand of your lingering fellow-sinners, as the angels took the

hand of lingering Lot of old, and try to get them to speed their way through the plain of indifference, for behind them is the city of destruction—before, the city of refuge. Warn them to escape for their lives ; and God grant that the working man may exchange the dram-shop for God's house—habits of prayer for habits of excess and self-indulgence. Then may it be said of our country, ' Happy is the people that is in such a case ; yea, blessed the people that have lived for the Lord.' Take then, each of you, to his home, the simple, thrilling appeal, if it belong to you, of the text, and, ere to-morrow's sun, let the decision be come to, formed in God's strength, and kept through faith in Christ Jesus, and it shall be to you the beginning of that path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day of glory.

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